

A BASIC PHONETIC READER

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PART I

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THE PRONUNCIATION OF BASIC ENGLISH

It is the purpose of Basic English to provide a simple form of the English language in which it is possible to express, in a way that will be understood wherever the English language is used, most of the simple and ordinary things that ordinary people talk about on ordinary occasions. Basic English does not pretend to be the language that native-born English-speaking people generally use, and consequently many of the things said in their English must be said differently in Basic ; but wherever the English language is used, Basic will be understood.

But though intelligibility is its primary purpose, the simplification required does not necessarily make it any the less natural ; and even if its way of saying some things may sometimes seem a little strange, that is not a very serious matter. The American way of saying some things seems as odd to British people as the British way does to the American people. But you can be quite sure that both British and American will understand Basic, and that, after all, is something.

What we have to express is of much greater importance in the world than how we propose to express it. But if, when we say it, we *pronounce* it in such a way

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that nobody understands us, then we waste our time ; if we have anything to say, we might as well learn not only the words necessary but also their pronunciation ; otherwise we shall have to keep on writing down on paper what we have to tell people.

You may think English pronunciation is very difficult : perhaps it is. It all depends on what you mean by difficult. Those whose business it is to study these things tell us that every language is difficult to pronounce if it is not your native language ; and we know that this is true. When you have been performing speech all your life in a certain way, making your tongue, your lips, your vocal cords, and all the rest of your speaking machinery perform their thousands of operations, each in its own way and all co-ordinated in one way, you find it very hard to make them perform in another way.

Just as Basic offers you a simple vocabulary, so it can offer you a simple pronunciation. There are, as anybody knows, very many pronunciations of English to be heard in the world today, and thanks to telephones, radio, and films, most of us are familiar with hundreds of these ways of speaking English, or “ pronunciations ” as we call them.

Millions of people all over the world listen daily and nightly to one or other of these pronunciations ; as a rule they listen to several in the same programme, and are scarcely aware of the fact. We may like some and dislike others, but as a rule we do not pay much attention to the pronunciation so long as we can understand

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it; if we fail to understand it, then we get a little upset. But fortunately for us, people who use a pronunciation that is not easily understood, however freely they may make themselves a nuisance when they call us up on the telephone, are firmly excluded from making public appearances before microphones. Nobody willingly pays to hear something that he cannot understand unless of course he wishes to create in the minds of his fellows the impression that he does understand it.

And so, if English is not your mother tongue, and you wish to learn to speak it, you must learn a pronunciation of it; you cannot speak a language without pronouncing it, or trying to pronounce it. If your effort is so bad that no natives understand you, then you are said to be *trying*—and failing—to pronounce it. If natives understand you, then you *are* pronouncing it. If they have no difficulty whatever in understanding you; if, in fact, they would readily take you—in the dark—to be a native like themselves, then you are said to be pronouncing it perfectly. The degrees of efficiency between this state of perfection and complete unintelligibility are numerous. Fortunately, human beings are so intelligent that they can, in the last resort, make themselves understood, or make themselves understand, without words or pronunciation at all. Gestures, motions, pantomime, action, even a box on the ear or a revolver have been known to establish intelligibility where speech has for some reason or other failed.

There are many hundreds of millions of English-

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speaking natives in the world, and you will have to pronounce English very badly indeed not to be understood by at any rate some of these millions. No matter how badly you speak, there will doubtless be somewhere, somebody who will love you sufficiently to make it his, or her, business to understand, to try to understand, what you are trying to say, and to help you out. But you have no right to expect such delicate and painstaking attention from a bus conductor in Singapore, a telephone operator in Scarborough, a dentist in Madison, Wis., or a London policeman. And if it falls to your lot to address the Council of the League of Nations, to speak on the radio, or make a news item on the talking film in this English language, then remember that your chances of success, no matter in what direction you aim at success, will not be enhanced if the millions who may have to listen to you fail to understand you.

How then are you to pronounce Basic? You are to pronounce it so that it will be understood from Los Angeles to Singapore, from Cape Town to Quebec, from Balliol to Sing Sing, and from White House to Log Cabin—and *vice versa*. The King of England, President Roosevelt, Mr. Stanley Baldwin, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. Bernard Shaw, Mr. George Arliss, Mr. Paul Robeson, all speak English. No two of them speak it alike; but they are all understood over the geographical and social areas covered in the preceding paragraph. So are millions of other speakers, and the task before you

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cannot be as difficult as you suppose. It would be a very difficult thing to imitate any one of these distinguished speakers so perfectly that you would be mistaken for him on the radio : fortunately there is no need to carry linguistic ability to this extent. If you wish to know which of the people just mentioned talks the " best " English, then you are merely asking an idle question ; if you are so stupidly conceited as to imagine that only the best English is good enough for you, then there is not much hope for you. Any educated native English-speaking man or woman, born in any part of the world where English is regularly spoken by educated people, is good enough for a learner whose mother tongue is not English. So keep your ears open, and remember all this talk about " educated " people, for it is the educated people who make the standard. A Durham collier, a Chicago newsboy, a Cockney navvy, or a Cape Town stevedore may all talk English, but their pronunciation may be much harder to learn than that of the people mentioned previously ; and what is more, even if you do learn their pronunciation, it will not be particularly useful unless you propose to spend your life as a Durham collier, a Chicago newsboy, a Cockney navvy, or a Cape Town stevedore. If your life is to be lived in any of these environments, there may be a good reason for learning the suitable pronunciation, for any other pronunciation will be a handicap. If you aspire to higher things, then there is also an appropriate pronunciation. If you are going to sell books in

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Atlanta, don't use the pronunciation of people who sell motor-cars in Bond Street ; and if you happen to learn English from an educated Yorkshireman, or Scotsman, or Welshman, or American, don't have an inferiority complex about it. If you happen to be a foreigner, they can all talk English much better than you are ever likely to do, and if you ever attain to anything approaching their achievement, you will have every reason to be proud of yourself.

So we set down in this book, with the help of a phonetic alphabet, a very simple form of English speech that, when pronounced according to instructions, will be understood as widely as you are ever likely to wish. This "phonetic representation," as it is called, is an average picture of all the main kinds of English pronunciation heard in the world today. It is not a picture of the author's English or of that of any of the distinguished speakers of English mentioned a little while ago ; but it contains something of all their pronunciations.

The picture of the English language that you see on this page—the spelling, as we call it—is not a picture of what English sounds like today ; it is rather the picture of what English speech used to sound like three or four hundred years ago. Putting a modern pronunciation on to an old spelling is rather difficult. It may be amusing. Ask anybody who is not very familiar with the rules to read aloud this sentence :

Though the rough cough ploughs me through

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There is one translation of this into sound which is accepted throughout the English-speaking world ; there are several hundreds of wrong ways. To help you to get a right way of pronouncing English we have put the modern picture of English pronunciation on one page, and the old picture on the opposite page, so that you can read which you like. In order to understand the modern picture, you must understand the features of which it is made up. And when you try to reproduce modern English speech from the picture, then you must imitate the features as closely as possible. The features are the *sounds* of English. In the phonetic picture each important English sound has a letter to itself. Some of these letters are usual letters, and they stand for the features they have stood for for many hundreds of years ; these features will be the same in both pictures. Some features have to have new letters : you will learn these in less than no time.

But don't run away with the idea that just because you know your letters you are bound to pronounce English well. It is quite as easy to pronounce phonetic letters badly as it is to pronounce ordinary letters badly. So try your best to imitate your teacher. If you are lucky enough to have a gramophone, then you may be able to *hear* a pronunciation, and hearing is much better for this business than *seeing*. Pronunciation is to be learnt only by listening, listening, and listening, before you try to imitate.

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Here is a complete list of the Sounds of English with the phonetic letters used in this Reader to represent them. Some of the letters are very familiar to you ; but some are strange. Vowel Sounds :

i:	keep	[ki:p]		
i	give	[giv]		
e	get	[get]		
a	have	[hav]		
a:	far	[fa:r]		
o	off	[ɒf]		
o:	for	[fɔ:r]		
u	put	[put]		
u:	do	[du:]		
ʌ	come	[kʌm]		
ɜ:	birth	[bɜ:rθ]		
ə	about	[ə'baʊt]	a boy	[ə 'bɔi]
			after	[lɑ:ftər]

Note that a letter followed by : always stands for a longer sound than when not so followed. We have long vowels and short vowels in English. As a rule a long vowel sounds slightly different in quality from its short partner. Diphthongs, *i.e.* two vowel sounds in one syllable :

ei	make	[meik]
ou	go	[gou]
ai	by	[bai]
au	down	[daʊn]
ɔi	oil	[ɔil]
iə	idea	[ai'diə]
eə	where	[hweər]
uə	poor	[puər]

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Consonants :

p	page	[peɪdʒ]	
b	back	[bæk]	
t	talk	[tɔ:k]	
d	damage	[ˈdæmɪdʒ]	
k	kick	[kɪk]	
g	good	[ɡʊd]	
tʃ	chalk	[tʃɔ:k]	
dʒ	jelly	[ˈdʒeli]	
m	metal	[ˈmetl]	
n	name	[neɪm]	
ŋ	wrong	[rɒŋ]	
l	land	[lænd]	
r	rain	[reɪn]	
θ	theory	[ˈθiəri]	
ð	then	[ðen]	
f	fact	[fækt]	
v	every	[ˈevri]	
s	salt	[sɔ:lt]	
z	as	[æz]	
ʃ	short	[ʃɔ:rt]	
ʒ	measure	[ˈmeʒər]	
h	hate	[heit]	N.B. hour is [aʊər]
w	walk	[wɔ:k]	
j	young	[jʌŋ]	

Wherever the English language is spoken, these sounds will be heard. It does not follow that any one sound will be identically the same in pronunciation all over the world. The sound [a] is different in Yorkshire from what it is in London; the sound [ɪ] heard often in America is different from that heard in Ireland;

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while [r] has so many sounds and so many silences that it requires a special paragraph all to itself.

If we take a word like *rain*, no matter where we turn in this great English-speaking world, we shall hear an [r] sound of one kind or another. It may be the majestic roll of the Scotsman, the pouting apology that is fashionable among superior young ladies in London, the curled-back variety so popular in America and South-Western England, or the throaty choke of Northumberland.

If we take a word like *drink*, or a word like *operation*, the same will be true: all over the English-speaking world there will be heard an [r] sound of one kind or another.

But if we take a word like *far*, or a word like *north*, then we shall notice a difference. Most of the native English-speaking people in the world will pronounce their own particular variety of the [r] sound in these words, but many millions, especially of those who live in England, will not pronounce any [r] at all.

This difference in the treatment of the [r] sound is one of the main causes of variation in English pronunciation throughout the world, and if you are learning English as a foreign language you had better make up your mind very soon what you are going to do about it. If your teacher is a native-born speaker of the English language, you must imitate him—or her. For your information you should know that in what is known as Standard British English [r] is pronounced only when a vowel sound follows, *e.g.* in

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rain, reason, very, stretch. The *r* is not pronounced in this kind of English in any other position, *e.g.* in *far, forward, desire, care, start, garden.*

If you wish to learn this kind of English, then you must go through the phonetic part of this book and cross out all the *r*'s that are to be silent, for this phonetic picture has been made to suit the other kinds of English—American English, Canadian English, Irish English, Scottish English, and Welsh English, not to mention many other varieties of English to be heard up and down the world.

If English is your native language, then all you need do when you are reading the phonetic part is to treat the letter *r* in exactly the same way as you do when reading the ordinary spelling.

If you have the gramophone records that go with this book, you will find that they give the sort of pronunciation just described as Standard English: that is the pronunciation of the man who spoke the records. It is the pronunciation of many millions of English speakers, and there cannot be many educated English speakers in the world who have never heard a pronunciation of this kind. Never mind whether you like it or not; if you use it, you can be fairly certain of being understood. It is no better and no worse than many other kinds of English. If you want to learn one of the many excellent kinds of American English, then you must take as your model a good American speaker.

In addition to the phonetic letters, there is used an

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accent mark, a short vertical stroke standing above the line : ^ˈ. Ordinary English spelling does not use a mark of this kind, with the result that it is difficult for foreigners, and indeed English speakers themselves sometimes, to know where the accent falls on many English words. Fortunately the rules about the position of the accent in Basic English are not difficult, because 513 of the 850 words are words of one syllable only. Of the remaining 337 words, 255 have the accent on the last syllable but one, whether they are words of two, three, or more syllables. So out of the list of 850 words there are only 82 that do not fall in with the general rule that in words of more than one syllable the accent in Basic falls upon the last syllable but one. The phonetic part of this book will help you to learn the exceptions : every time you meet with an exception, underline it, and learn it with its proper accent. You will soon see that most of these exceptions fall into certain groups.

Remember that this accent, or stress, as it is sometimes called, plays a very important part in English pronunciation ; and if you get it right, you will be much more readily understood in the English-speaking world than if you get it wrong. When you see the sign ^ˈ, it is a signal to you that you must say the following syllable with more force than the other syllables ; if you want to know *how* to do this, then you must listen to a gramophone record, or to your English teacher.

You may occasionally be surprised at the presence

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or absence of the sign ¹, and you may ask yourself why, for example, you find the form [həd] in one place, [had] in another, and [hæd] in another. The answer is that these different forms do really exist in modern English, representing various degrees of emphasis, and it has been thought advisable to represent them in this reader at the risk of appearing inconsistent.

One of the most important things in English pronunciation is this "accent" or "stress," so make up your mind to get it right. When you learn a word, learn it properly, that is, learn it so that you will always say it with its accent on the right syllable. And when you learn sentences, or passages of prose or verse, look after these accents: imitate your teacher or the gramophone record.

If you are ambitious enough to wish to learn a really good pronunciation of English, then you must pay some attention to learning English speech-melodies or intonations, as they are called. These must be learnt from a teacher or a gramophone record.

EXAMPLES OF OPEN SOUNDS

- h:** 'pli:z 'ki:p ði:z 'stri:ts 'kli:n.
 ðə 'mi:tɪŋ 'si:md tə 'si: ðə 'ni:d fər 'pi:s.
 hi: wil 'si: ðə 'si:d bi'kɑ:m ə 'tri:z.
 in ði: 'fi:st ðə 'si: 'si:zmz tə bi: 'sli:pɪŋ.
- i** hiz 'sistə wil 'gɪv hɪm səm 'prɪntɪŋ-ɪŋk.
 'kwɪk, 'gɪv səm 'mɪlk tə ðə 'pɪɡ—it ɪz 'ɪl.
 hiz 'stɪk hæz ə 'θɪk 'bɪt əv 'skɪn 'fɪkst ɪn ði: 'lɛnd.
 ðə 'mɪst wəz 'lɪftɪd baɪ ə 'stɪf 'wɪnd.
- e** 'ljes, let əs 'send hiz 'frend səm 'help.
 'ðɪs 'lɛnd əv ðə 'bed ɪz ðə 'hed.
 'get ðə 'belz 'ɒf ðə 'nek əv ðæt 'dres.
 ə 'bɑ:d 'leg ɪz ə 'test əv 'lenɪwɑ:nz 'sens əv 'smel.
- ɑ:** ðə 'mɑ:nɪdʒər hæz ə 'stɑ:p ənd səm 'wɑ:ks.
 hiz 'bɑ:d 'ɑ:kt hɑ:d ə 'sɑ:d 'lɛnd.
 ðə 'mɑ:n hæz ə 'blɑ:k 'hɑ:t-bɑ:nd.
 ðə 'kɑ:t ɪz 'nɒt əz 'fɑ:t əz ðə 'bɑ:d 'rɑ:t.
- ɑ:** wɪ: ər 'fɑ:ɪr frəm ði: 'ɑ:ɪt əv ðə 'pɑ:st.
 ðeɪ meɪd ə 'stɑ:ɪt fər ə 'fɑ:ɪr 'pɑ:ɪt əv ðə 'dɑ:ɪrk
 'hɑ:ɪrbər.
 ðə 'lɑ:st 'brɑ:ntʃɪz ər ɪn ðə 'fɑ:ɪrm-'kɑ:ɪt.
 hiz 'ɑ:ɪrm wəz 'kɑ:t wɪð ə 'ʃɑ:ɪp 'pɑ:ɪt əv ðə 'hɑ:ɪrd
 'glɑ:z.

EXAMPLES OF OPEN SOUNDS

- i: Please keep these streets clean.
The meeting seemed to see the need for peace.
He will see the seed become a tree.
In the east the sea seems to be sleeping.
- i His sister will give him some printing-ink.
Quick, give some milk to the pig—it is ill.
His stick has a thick bit of skin fixed in the end.
The mist was lifted by a stiff wind.
- e Yes, let us send his friend some help.
This end of the bed is the head.
Get the bells off the neck of that dress.
A bad egg is a test of anyone's sense of smell.
- a The manager has a stamp and some wax.
His bad act had a sad end.
The man has a black hat-band.
The cat is not as fat as the bad rat.
- a: We are far from the art of the past.
They made a start for a far part of the dark
harbour.
The last branches are in the farm-cart.
His arm was cut with a sharp part of the hard
glass.

EXAMPLES OF OPEN SOUNDS

- o ðə 'bɒks hæz 'nɒt ə 'lɒk.
 ðə 'rɒd iz ɒn ðə 'tɒp əv ðə 'klɒk.
 ðə 'dɒg dɪd 'nɒt 'ɡet ðə 'nɒt ɒf.
 ə 'drɒp əv 'waks hæz 'ɡɒn ɒn hɪz 'sɒks.
- ɔː ðə 'bɔːrdz ənd 'kɔːrd ər 'stɔːrd baɪ ðə 'dɔːr.
 'ɡet juər 'hɔːrs ənd 'ɡoʊ tə ðə 'stɔːr fər 'mɔːr
 'fɔːrks.
 ðə 'ɡreɪt 'bɔːl həd ə 'fɔːl frəm ðə 'wɔːl.
 put 'ɔːl ðə 'smɔːl 'kɔːrks ɒn ðə 'flɔːr.
- u hɪz tuk ə 'ɡʊd 'lʊk ət ðə 'wʊmənz 'fʊt.
 hɪz 'pʊt ðə 'wʊl ɒn ə 'hʊk.
 'ðɪs 'ruːm iz 'fʊl əv 'ɡʊd 'bʊks.
 'ɡɪv ðə 'wʊl ə 'pʊl ənd ðə 'wʊd ə 'pʊʃ.
- uː 'lɜː jʊː sɪː ðə 'muːn frəm ðə 'ruːf ?
 'hʊː sɛd ðə 'ruːt əv hɪz 'nʃuː 'tuːθ wɛz 'luːs ?
 'fruːt ənd 'suːp ɑːr 'tuː sɔːrts əv 'fuːd.
 ðə 'bluː 'buːts ənd 'ʃuːz wɛr 'muːvɪd wɪð 'maɪ
 ə'pruːvɪ.
- ʌ ə 'næt hæz 'kɑːm ɒf ðə 'pɑːmp.
 ðə 'spændʒ iz 'kɑːvəd wɪð 'blɑːd frəm hɪz 'kæt 'θɑːm.
 hɪz 'ɡɑːn sɛnt ðɪː 'lɑːðər 'sɑːn ɒf ət ə 'rɑːn.
 'sɑːmwɑːn iz 'kɑːmɪŋ wɪð ə'nɑːðər 'kɑːp.
- əː ðɪː lɔːrli 'bɔːrd ɡets ðə 'fɔːrst 'wɔːrm.
 'tɔːrniŋ 'skɔːrts ənd 'ʃɔːrts hæz bɪːn hɛr 'wɔːrk
 fər 'ʃɪəz.
 ðə 'kɔːrvɪd 'fɔːrm əv ðɪː lɔːrθ iz 'lɛvər 'tɔːrniŋ.
 ðə 'wɔːrst 'wɔːrk fər 'sɔːrtɪn 'pɔːrsnz iz 'lɔːrniŋ
 'wɔːrdz əv 'vɔːrs.

EXAMPLES OF OPEN SOUNDS

- o The box has not a lock.
The rod is on the top of the clock.
The dog did not get the knot off.
A drop of wax has gone on his socks.
- ox The boards and cord are stored by the door.
Get your horse, and go to the store for more forks.
The great ball had a fall from the wall.
Put all the small corks on the floor.
- u He took a good look at the woman's foot.
He put the wool on a hook.
This room is full of good books.
Give the wool a pull and the wood a push.
- ur Do you see the moon from the roof ?
Who said the root of his new tooth was loose ?
Fruit and soup are two sorts of food.
The blue boots and shoes were moved with my
approval.
- ʌ A nut has come off the pump.
The sponge is covered with blood from his cut
thumb.
His gun sent the other son off at a run.
Someone is coming with another cup.
- æ The early bird gets the first worm.
Turning skirts and shirts has been her work for
years.
The curved form of the earth is ever turning.
The worst work for certain persons is learning
words of verse.

EXAMPLES OF OPEN SOUNDS

- a** ən ə'maunt ; ðə 'kælər ; ə 'bit əv 'bætər.
- ei** ðə 'greit 'sneik hɜz ə 'grei 'teil.
 ðə 'rein 'keim θruː ə 'speis in ðə 'pleits.
 hiː 'put ən ðə 'breiks hwen ðə 'trein 'keim tu ə
 'seɪf 'pleɪs.
 'teɪk səm 'peɪst : ðeɪ ər 'pleɪɪŋ ət 'meɪkɪŋ ə 'keɪk.
- ou** 'lʊvər wɪː 'gʊ in ðə 'kʊld 'snʊ.
 ðiː 'lʊld 'gʊt went 'rʊlɪŋ 'lʊvər ðə 'stʊnz.
 ðeər ər 'nʊ 'lʊld 'bʊnz in ðə 'kʊl-hʊl.
- ai** maɪ 'gaɪd 'went baɪ ðə 'saɪd əv ðiː 'laɪs.
 hɜːr 'braɪt 'laɪz hɜv ə 'kaɪnd 'smail.
 ðə 'fleɪmz meɪd ə 'braɪt 'laɪt in ðə 'naɪt.
- au** 'hau wɪl aɪ 'get ðə 'paʊdər 'laʊt əv maɪ 'maʊθ ?
 ðə 'kau ənd ðə 'braʊn 'faʊl ər 'naʊ 'ded.
 hɪz 'haus ɪz 'daʊn in ðə 'sauθ əv ðə 'taʊn.
 ə 'laʊd 'saʊnd 'keɪm frəm ðə 'klaʊdz.
- oi** 'dʒɔɪnɪŋ ðə 'bɔɪz wɪː 'gɒt ðə 'stʊn ɪntə ðə 'bʊlɪŋ
 'oɪl.
 ðə 'pɔɪnt wəz 'peɪntɪd wɪð 'pɔɪzn.
 'ðen keɪm ðə 'nɔɪz əv 'bɔɪz 'vɔɪsɪz.
- iə** aɪ hɜv ən aɪ'diə aɪ əm 'hiəriŋ ə 'biː 'niər maɪ 'liər.
 hɪz 'θiəri əv 'fiər ɪz 'kliər tu 'evriwʌn 'hiər.
- eə** 'hweər ɪz ðeər səm 'leər ?
 ðə 'gærl in ðə 'skweər teɪks 'keər əv hɜːr 'heər.
- uə** juər 'krʊəl tə ðə 'puər.

EXAMPLES OF OPEN SOUNDS

- ə An amount ; the colour ; a bit of butter.
- ei The great snake has a grey tail.
The rain came through a space in the plates.
He put on the brakes when the train came to a
safe place.
Take some paste : they are playing at making a
cake.
- ou Over we go in the cold snow.
The old goat went rolling over the stones.
There are no old bones in the coal-hole.
- ai My guide went by the side of the ice.
Her bright eyes have a kind smile.
The flames made a bright light in the night.
- au How will I get the powder out of my mouth ?
The cow and the brown fowl are now dead.
His house is down in the south of the town.
A loud sound came from the clouds.
- oi Joining the boys we got the stone into the
boiling oil.
The point was painted with poison.
Then came the noise of boys' voices.
- iə I have an idea I am hearing a bee near my ear.
His theory of fear is clear to everyone here.
- eə Where is there some air ?
The girl in the square takes care of her hair.
- uə You're cruel to the poor.

EXAMPLES OF OPEN SOUNDS

- aiə** ʼput θi: ʼaiərn ʼwaiəɹ on ðə ʼfaiəɹ.
in hiz diʼzaiəɹ fəɹ ʼkwaiət ðə ʼtaiərd ʼman went
 ʼhaiəɹ.
- auə** auəɹ ʼflauəɹz hav ðə ʼpauəɹ əv ʼpliziŋ fəɹ ən
 ʼlauəɹ.
- i: i** ʼwil ʃi: ʼgɪv mi: θi:z ʼfri: ʼtikits?
 θis ʼtɪnd ʼswɪ:t iz ʼmikst wið ʼbitəɹ ʼsɪdz.
 wi: wil ʼsi: him in ðə ʼmiðl əv ðə ʼdi:p ʼrɪvəɹ.
 hi: ʼki:ps θi:z ʼsɪks ʼʃi:p in hiz ʼkli:n ʼʃɪp.
 θis ʼsɪ:mz tə bi: ʼprɪntɪd in ʼgrɪ:n ʼɪŋk.
 hi: iz ʼrɪ:diŋ ðə ʼsɪkɪt ʼə ʼgrɪ:mənt bi:twɪ:n ʼhim
 ənd ʼmi:.
 hi: ʼsɪ:mz tə ʼgɪv θɪn ʼrɪ:znz fəɹ hiz ʼdi:p ə ʼpɪnjənz.
- e a** ʼmen hu: hav ʼfat ʼneks ʼnevəɹ hav ʼflat ʼtʃests.
 ʼget səm ʼwet ʼsænd frəm ðə ʼman wið ðə ʼred
 ʼhandz.
 θi: ʼlæŋɡri ʼkæt həd ðə ʼhed əv ə ʼded ʼræt.
 ðə ʼded ʼman həd ə ʼmas əv ʼblæk ʼled in hiz ʼleft
 ʼhand.
- a a:** ðə ʼɡlɑ:s həd ə ʼdɑ:rk ʼbænd ʼmɑ:rkɪt in ʼblæk
 ʼstɑ:ɹz.
 ðə ʼbɑ:skɪt əv ʼæplz iz frəm ʼfɑ:ðəɹz ʼbæk ʼɡɑ:ɹdn.
 ə ʼblæk ʼkæt wəz ʼhæŋɪŋ frəm ðə ʼfɑ:ɹ ʼbrɑ:ntʃ.
 ðə ʼdɑ:rk ʼman həd ə ʼflat ʼpɑ:ɹsɪl in hiz ʼhand.
 ə ʼhæpɪli ʼmæɪɪd ʼman hɑ:z ə ʼtʃɑ:ns əv ʼteɪkɪŋ ə
 ʼpɑ:rt in ðə ʼhɑ:ɹməni əv ðə ʼfæmɪli.

EXAMPLES OF OPEN SOUNDS

- aia Put the iron wire on the fire.
In his desire for quiet the tired man went
higher.
- auə Our flowers have the power of pleasing for an
hour.
- i: i Will she give me these free tickets ?
This tinned sweet is mixed with bitter seeds.
We will see him in the middle of the deep river.
He keeps these six sheep in his clean ship.
This seems to be printed in green ink.
He is reading the secret agreement between
him and me.
He seems to give thin reasons for his deep
opinions.
- e a Men who have fat necks never have flat chests.
Get some wet sand from the man with the red
hands.
The angry cat had the head of a dead rat.
The dead man had a mass of black lead in his
left hand.
- a az The glass had a dark band marked in black
stars.
The basket of apples is from father's back
garden.
A black cat was hanging from the far branch.
The dark man had a flat parcel in his hand.
A happily married man has the chance of
taking a part in the harmony of the family.

EXAMPLES OF OPEN SOUNDS

o ɔ: ðə 'wɔ:ɪr wəz ðə 'kɔ:ɪz əv 'ɔ:l 'sɔ:ɪts əv 'ʃɔ:kɪŋ
 'ɪstɔ:rɪz.
 ðɪz 'bɜ:fə əv 'smɔ:l 'prɒfɪts ɪn 'kɒtn ænd 'kɔ:ɪrk
 wəz 'stɒpt.
 ðə 'tɔ:l 'dɔ:ɪr wəz 'bɔ:rnəməntɪd wɪð ə 'lɒŋ 'kleθ.
 hɪz sɔ: ə 'strɒŋ 'nɒt ɪn ðə 'kɔ:ɪrd ɒn ðə 'dɒgz
 'kɒlə.
 aɪ 'gɒt ə 'drɒp əv 'wɔ:tə fə ðə 'hɔ:rs frəm ðə
 'tɔ:l 'bɒtl ɒn ðə 'flɔ:ɪ.
 ðə 'klɒk ɒn ðə 'hɒspɪtl 'wɔ:l ɪz 'pɒlɪʃt wɪð ə sɔ:ɪt
 əv 'strɒŋ 'sɔ:ɪt.
 ɒn ðə 'flɔ:ɪr wəz ə 'nɒtɪd 'kɔ:ɪrd, ə 'smɔ:l 'kɒpə
 'pɒt, ænd ə 'fɔ:ɪrk əv 'pɒlɪʃt 'hɔ:rn.

o: ʌ ðə 'hɔ:rməl 'lʌv əv 'lɔ:ɪr ænd 'ɔ:rdə ɪz ə 'strɒŋ
 sə'pɔ:ɪt ɪn ðə 'strʌktʃə əv 'gʌvərnmənt.
 'ʌndə hɪz 'tʌŋ wəz 'nɒt ə 'bɔ:l bət ə 'smɔ:l 'nʌt.
 ðə 'frʌnt 'dɔ:ɪr wəz 'ʃʌt 'lɒŋ bɪfɔ:ɪr 'sʌn-ʌp.
 ðə 'mʌni-ɔ:rdəz fə hɪz 'smɔ:l 'sʌn 'kʌm frəm
 ðə 'hɔ:ɪθ.
 'wʌn 'lʌŋ 'dɔ:tə ɪz ðə sə'pɔ:ɪt ænd 'kʌmfərt əv
 'ɔ:l ðɪz 'ʌðəz.
 ə 'rʌb wɪð ə 'rʌf 'spændz ænd 'wɔ:ɪrm 'wɔ:tə ɪz
 ɪm'pɔ:tənt fə 'strɒŋ 'mʌslz.

u ʊ: 'pʊt ðə 'gʊd 'sʊ:p spʊ:nz ɪn ə 'grʊ:p.
 'θʊ: ðə 'rʊf ðə 'mʊ:n wəz 'lʊkɪŋ ɪntə ðə 'rʊ:m.
 'hʊ: 'tʊk ðə 'blʊ: 'bʊk frəm ðə 'sku:l rum ?

EXAMPLES OF OPEN SOUNDS

- o o: The war was the cause of all sorts of shocking stories.
The offer of small profits in cotton and cork was stopped.
The tall door was ornamented with a long cloth.
He saw a strong knot in the cord on the dog's collar.
I got a drop of water for the horse from the tall bottle on the floor.
The clock on the hospital wall is polished with a sort of strong salt.
On the floor was a knotted cord, a small copper pot, and a fork of polished horn.
- o: A The normal love of law and order is a strong support in the structure of government.
Under his tongue was not a ball but a small nut.
The front door was shut long before sun-up.
The money-orders for his small son come from the north.
One young daughter is the support and comfort of all the others.
A rub with a rough sponge and warm water is important for strong muscles.
- u u: Put the good soup spoons in a group.
Through the roof the moon was looking into the room.
Who took the blue book from the school room ?

EXAMPLES OF OPEN SOUNDS

ðə 'gru:p 'went θru: ðə 'wudz 'lukiŋ fər ju:.
ðə 'wumən 'put hæz 'wu:ndid 'fʊt intə ðə 'lu:
'ʃu:.

'put ðə 'hʌk θru: ðə 'wʊd ənd 'gɪv ə 'pʊl.
'lu:s 'wʊl ɪz 'ju:zd ɪn 'gʊd 'kuʃənz.

- ei ai ðeɪ ə 'raɪtɪŋ ət ðə 'raɪt 'reɪt.
ai əm 'weɪtɪŋ tə 'teɪk ðə 'naɪt 'treɪn.
ðə 'hwaɪt 'seɪl wəz 'neɪld 'taɪt tə ðə 'raɪt 'reɪl.
ðə 'teɪl əv ðə 'sneɪk wəz 'weɪvɪŋ frəm 'saɪd tə
'saɪd.
ðeə wəz ə 'waɪd 'smɪl ɒn maɪ 'gaɪdz 'kaɪnd ɪf

EXAMPLES OF OPEN SOUNDS

The group went through the woods looking for
you.

The woman put her wounded foot into the
loose shoe.

Put the hook through the wood and give a pull.
Loose wool is used in good cushions.

They are writing at the right rate.

I am waiting to take the night train.

The white sail was nailed tight to the right rail.

The tail of the snake was waving from side to
side.

There was a wide smile on my guide's kind
face.

EXAMPLES OF STOPPED SOUNDS

- p b ðə 'puər 'bɔiz 'put ðə 'brʊkn 'bɒtlz intə
 'braʊn 'peipər 'hagz.
 hiəz ə 'bjʊrtifʊli 'printɪd 'buk wɪð 'braɪt
 'pɪktʃəz.
- t d ðə 'tɪrtʃɪŋ əv 'delɪkɪt 'trɪks tə 'dɒgz 'teɪks
 'taɪm.
 tə'deɪ hɪz 'teɪk ə 'dɪfrənt 'treɪn tə 'taʊn.
- k g 'gəʊ ənd 'get maɪ 'blæk 'glʌvz ət ðə 'kli:nəz.
 ðə 'kɒfi 'keɪk wəz 'kwɪkli 'kʌt baɪ ðə 'gæ:rl ɪn
 'grɪ:n.
- f v wɪz həd əuər 'fɜ:rst 'vju: əv ðə 'faɪər-faɪtɪŋ
 'veslz.
 ðə 'frɪ: 'vɜ:rs əbaʊt 'fɜ:ls 'lʌv həd ə 'vaɪələnt
 ɪ'fekt ɒn hɪz 'frend.
- s z ðə 'sɪz 'sɒŋ ɪz ɪn həz 'vɔɪs ənd ə 'streɪndʒ
 'sɪ:kɪt ɪz ɪn həz 'smɪl.
 ðeə wəz ə 'sʌdn 'nɔɪz əv 'steɪps ɪn ðə 'strɪt
 ənd 'vɔɪsɪz 'saʊndɪŋ ɪn ðə 'haʊs.

EXAMPLES OF STOPPED SOUNDS

- p b** The poor boys put the broken bottles into
 brown paper bags.
 Here's a beautifully printed book with
 bright pictures.
- t d** The teaching of delicate tricks to dogs takes
 time.
 Today he'll take a different train to town.
- k g** Go and get my black gloves at the
 cleaner's.
 The coffee cake was quickly cut by the girl
 in green.
- f v** We had our first view of the fire-fighting
 vessels.
 The free verse about false love had a
 violent effect on his friend.
- s z** The sea's song is in her voice and a strange
 secret is in her smile.
 There was a sudden noise of steps in the
 street and voices sounding in the house.

EXAMPLES OF STOPPED SOUNDS

- θ ð ðis ðik ðred wil ðnot ðgou ðsmu:ðli ðru: ðə
 'kleθ.
 'θri: əv ðəm wə ð'gouɪŋ ð'nɔ:rθ.
 'ðeər hi: ðiz wið hi: ð'θAm in hi: ð'mauθ.
 'brɪ:ðɪŋ ðru: ðə ð'mauθ iz ð'not ð'helθi.
- tʃ dʒ ʃ hi: wəz ð'wɒtʃɪŋ ðə ð'dʒAdʒ ð'tʃeɪndʒɪŋ hi: ð'ʃu:z.
 ðə ð'tʃi:z iz in ðə ð'tʃest wið ðə ð'fi:ʃ.
 ð'dʒoɪnɪŋ ðə ð'tʃɔ:tʃ ð'meɪd ð'nou ð'tʃeɪndʒ in hi:
 rɪ'lɪdʒən.
 ðə ð'brɪdʒ wəz ð'feɪdɪd baɪ ði: ð'a:tʃɪŋ ð'braɪntʃ.
- ŋ hi: wəz ð'reɪtɪŋ wið ðə ð'rɒŋ lɪŋk.
 ð'tɪ:tʃɪŋ ənd ð'lɔ:rɪnɪŋ a:ɪ ð'dɪfrənt ð'θiŋz.
- h j w hi: wəz ð'jʌŋ in ð'jɪəz bət ð'waɪz in ðə ð'weɪz əv
 ð'wɔ:rdz.
 ð'raʊnd ðə ð'haus wəz ə ð'haɪ ð'jelou ð'wɔ:ɪl ð'ʊvər
 ð'hwaɪtʃ wəz ə ð'vjʊz əv ðə ð'wʊdz.
- l r hi: ð'left ð'leg ð'restɪŋ ɒn ðə ð'lou ð'reɪl, hi: wəz
 ð'reɪtɪŋ ə ð'letər.
 ð'red ð'led ɒn ə ð'lɒŋ ð'rɒd ð'gɪvz ðə ð'reɪt ð'lait.

EXAMPLES OF STOPPED SOUNDS

- θ ð This thick thread will not go smoothly
 through the cloth.
 Three of them were going north.
 There he is with his thumb in his mouth.
 Breathing through the mouth is not
 healthy.
- tʃ dʒ ʃ He was watching the judge changing his
 shoes.
 The cheese is in the chest with the fish.
 Joining the church made no change in his
 religion.
 The bridge was shaded by the arching
 branch.
- ŋ He was writing with the wrong ink.
 Teaching and learning are different things.
- h j w He was young in years but wise in the ways
 of words.
 Round the house was a high yellow wall
 over which was a view of the woods.
- l r His left leg resting on the low rail, he was
 writing a letter.
 Red lead on a long rod gives the right
 light.

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PART II

•

ʔom ʔam

ʔaɪr ʔak in ʔə ʔaɪst, ʔeər wəz ə ʔwudkətər hu wəz ʔmarɪd ənd həd ʔsevn ʔsanz ; ənd ʔiː ʔouldɪst əv ʔə ʔsevn wəz ʔounli ʔten ʔjɪəz ʔould. ʔə ʔman ənd ʔwumən wər ʔveri ʔpuər, ənd ʔeər ʔsanz wər ə ʔgreɪt ʔtrabl ; bɪkəz ʔnɒt ʔwan əv ʔəm wəz ʔould ɪnəf tə ʔduː ʔmætʃ ʔwɜːrk. ɪn əˈdɪʃən, ʔə ʔʒaŋɡɪst wəz ə ʔveri ʔdelɪkɪt boɪ, ənd dɪd ʔveri ʔlɪtl ʔtɔːkɪŋ. hɪz ʔfaːðər ənd ʔmʌðər ʔhəd ʔiː aɪˈdɪə ʔət hɪz wəz ʔfʊlɪʃ, bət ʔə ʔfakt ʔwəz ʔət hɪz ʔkwaɪət ʔtʌŋ wəz ʔə ʔsaɪn əv ə ʔwaɪz ʔhed. hɪz wəz ʔveri ʔsmɔːl. ət hɪz ʔbɛərθ hɪz wəz əbaʊt ʔə ʔsaɪz əv ə ʔmanz ʔʔam, ənd ʔom ʔam wəz ʔə ʔneɪm hwɪtʃ hɪz ʔfaːðər ənd ʔmʌðər ʔgeɪv hɪm.

hwənˈevər ʔeniθɪŋ ɪn ʔə ʔhaus ʔwent ʔroʊ, ʔom ʔam wəz ʔsed tə bɪː ʔə ʔkɔːz, ənd ʔhiː ʔɡɒt ʔə ʔpʌnɪʃmənt. bət hɪz həd ʔmɔːr ʔnɒlɪdʒ ənd ʔkwɪkər ʔbreɪnz ʔən hɪz ʔbrʌðəz. hɪz keɪpt hɪz ʔmaʊθ ʔʃat, bət hɪz ʔɪəz wər ʔəʊpən ʔɔːl ʔə ʔtaɪm.

ʔeər keɪm ə ʔveri ʔbəd ʔwɪntər, hwən ʔfuːd wəz ʔhaɪrd tə ʔɡet, ənd ʔə ʔman ənd ʔwumən wər ʔnˈleɪbl tə ʔkiːp ʔeər ʔsanz enɪ ʔlɒŋɡər. ʔwan ʔnaɪt, hwən ʔə ʔtuː wər ʔsɪtɪd ɪn ʔfrʌnt əv ʔə ʔfaɪər, ənd ʔeər ʔsanz wər ʔɔːl ɪn ʔbed, ʔə ʔwudkətər ʔsɒdli ʔsed : “ wɪː hʌv ʔnɒt ɪnəf ʔfuːd

TOM THUMB ¹

Far back in the past, there was a Woodcutter who was married and had seven sons ; and the oldest of the seven was only ten years old. The man and woman were very poor, and their sons were a great trouble ; because not one of them was old enough to do much work. In addition, the youngest was a very delicate boy, and did very little talking. His father and mother had the idea that he was foolish, but the fact was that his quiet tongue was the sign of a wise head. He was very small. At his birth he was about the size of a man's thumb, and Tom Thumb was the name which his father and mother gave him.

Whenever anything in the house went wrong, Tom Thumb was said to be the cause, and he got the punishment. But he had more knowledge and quicker brains than his brothers. He kept his mouth shut, but his ears were open all the time.

There came a very bad winter, when food was hard to get, and the man and woman were unable to keep their sons any longer. One night, when the two were seated in front of the fire, and their sons were all in bed, the Woodcutter sadly said : " We have not

¹ From *Stories from France*, Charles Perrault, pp. 80-83.

TOM THUMB

fær ðəm. ðei ər getiŋ ʰin ənd ʰil; ənd ðə ʰθɔ:t əv ðə ʰfju:tʃər ʰki:ps mi: əʰweik ət ʰnait. təʰmərəu wi: wil ʰteik ðəm ʰfa:ɪr intə ðə ʰwud; ənd ðen ʰkɑ:m əʰwei hwen ðei ər ʰnɔ:t ʰlukiŋ. ðei wil hav ʰnou aɪ'diə hwitʃ di'rekʃən tə ʰteik—ənd ʰðat wil bi: ði: ʰend əv ðəm.”

“ʰhwɔ:t?” sed ʰmisiz ʰwudkætər. “ʰwil ju: bi: ʰsou ʰkruəl əz tə ʰlet ðəm ʰkɑ:m tə ʰsætʃ ən ʰend?” hi: ʰkept ʰseiŋ hau ʰpuər ðei wɛər, bət ʃi: ʰwud nɔ:t ʰgiv hɛər əʰgri:mənt tə hi:z səʰdʒestʃən. ʃi: wəz ʰpuər, bət ʃi: ʰwəz ðeər ʰmɑ:ðər. bət ðen ʃi: geiv ʰsɑd ʰθɔ:t tə ðə ʰfju:tʃər, hwen ʃi: wud ʰsi: hɛər ʰlitl ʰboiz getiŋ ʰniərəɪər ənd ʰniərəɪər tə ʰdeθ ʰevri ʰauər; ənd ət ʰla:st ʃi: ʰsed ðə ʰwudkætər wəz ʰrait, ənd ʃi: went ʰkraiiŋ tə ʰbed.

ʰevriθiŋ ðei həd ʰsed həd ʰkɑ:m tə ði: ʰliəɪəz əv ʰtɒm ʰθɑ:m. ʰhiəriŋ ðeər ʰvoisiz, hi: həd ʰgɔt aut əv ʰbed ənd ʰsoftli ʰkɑ:m tə ðə ʰfaɪəɪpleis ənd gɔt ʰlɑndər hi:z ʰfa:ðəɪəz ʰsi:t. ʰsou, wiðʰaut haviŋ bi:ɪn ʰsi:ɪn, hi: həd ʰnɔlɪdʒ əv hwɔ:t hi:z ʰfa:ðər ənd ʰmɑ:ðər ʰhəd in ʰmaɪnd. ðə ʰlitl ʰboi went ʰbæk tə ʰbed; bət hi: həd ʰnou ʰmɔ:ɪ ʰsli:p ðat nait—hi: wəz ʰtɛ:rniŋ ʰlouver in hi:z ʰmaɪnd aɪ'diəz fər ʰki:piŋ hi:m'self ənd hi:z ʰbrɑ:ðəɪəz ʰseɪf frəm ə ʰkruəl ʰdeθ. ʰɛərli in ðə ʰmɔ:ɪrniŋ, hi: ʰwent ʰdaʊn tə ði: ʰledʒ əv ə ʰrɪvər, ənd ʰgɔt hi:z ʰpɔkɪts ʰful əv ʰsmɔ:l ʰhwaɪt ʰstəʊnz, ənd ðen keɪm ʰbæk tə ðə ʰhaus. in ə ʰʃɔ:t ʰtaɪm, ʰɔ:l ðə ʰboiz ʰwent aut tə ʰgeðər wið ðeər ʰfa:ðər ənd ʰmɑ:ðər; ənd ʰtɒm ʰθɑ:m sed ʰnɑ:θiŋ tə hi:z ʰbrɑ:ðəɪəz əbaut ði: ʰi'vents əv ðə ʰnait bi:fɔ:r.

TOM THUMB

enough food for them. They are getting thin and ill ; and the thought of the future keeps me awake at night. Tomorrow we will take them far into the wood ; and then come away when they are not looking. They will have no idea which direction to take—and that will be the end of them.”

“ What ? ” said Mrs. Woodcutter. “ Will you be so cruel as to let them come to such an end ? ” He kept saying how poor they were, but she would not give her agreement to his suggestion. She was poor, but she was their mother. But then she gave sad thought to the future, when she would see her little boys getting nearer and nearer to death every hour ; and at last she said the Woodcutter was right, and she went crying to bed.

Everything they had said had come to the ears of Tom Thumb. Hearing their voices, he had got out of bed and softly come to the fireplace and got under his father’s seat. So, without having been seen, he had knowledge of what his father and mother had in mind. The little boy went back to bed ; but he had no more sleep that night—he was turning over in his mind ideas for keeping himself and his brothers safe from a cruel death. Early in the morning, he went down to the edge of a river, and got his pockets full of small white stones, and then came back to the house. In a short time, all the boys went out together with their father and mother ; and Tom Thumb said nothing to his brothers about the events of the night before.

TOM THUMB

ðei went ə lɒŋ lwei intʊː ə lveri lθɪk lwud, lsou lθɪk ðæt ðei wər ʌnlɪbl tə lsɪː fər lɪmɔːr ðən lten lʃaɪrdz. ət llaɪst ðə lwudkætər lsedː “ai wil lget tə lwɜːrk lhiər; lðis lsɪmz ə lgud lpleɪs. hwail lai əm lkatiŋ ə ltriː daʊn, ljuː lboɪz lgou ənd lget səm ldrai lstɪks fər lfaiərwud.” ðə lsevn litl lboɪz ldid əz ðeər lfaːðər lsed; ənd lhwen ðei həd biːn lwɜːrkiŋ fər lsam ltaim, ðə lman ənd lwumən went lslouli ənd lkwaɪətli lfrəm ðəm. lhwen ðə lboɪz wud lnou lɒŋgər biː leibl tə lsɪː ðəm, ðei went lkwikli lbak tə ðə lhaus.

læftər ə ltaim, ðə lboɪz wər lkənʃəs ðæt ðeər lfaːðər ənd lmaðər wər lgən; ənd ðə lsɪks lbraðərz geɪv llaʊd lkraɪz fər lhelp. it wəz lnou ljuːsː ðeər lkraɪz wər lweɪstɪd ɒn lθɪː ʌnlhiəriŋ ltriːz. ltəm lθam meɪd lnou ətempt tə lkɪːp ðəm lkwaɪət; bət hiː wəz lsɜːrtn ðei wud lɔːl lget lbak lseɪfli. lɒn ðə lwei laʊt, hiː həd lkept ldrɒpiŋ hiːz lstaʊnz; ənd sou levri lʃaɪrd əv ðə lroud tə ðə lhaus wəz lmaɪrkt. lhwen hiːz lbraðərz wər ltaɪərd əv lkraɪiŋ, hiː lsed tə ðəmː “lhav lnou lfɪər. auər lfaːðər ənd lmaðər həv lgən lfrəm əs, bət lai wil lteɪk juː lbak tə ðə lhaus. lkam wið lmiː.”

ðei lwent wið him, ənd hiː ltuk ðəm lbak. ðə lstaʊnz lkept ðəm ɒn ðə lraɪt lroud. lhwen ðei wər lbak et ðə lhaus, ðei lkept in lfɪər ʌʊtsaɪd ðə ldoːr. lhwət wud ðeər lfaːðər ənd lmaðər lduː tə ðəm?

TOM THUMB

They went a long way into a very thick wood, so thick that they were unable to see for more than ten yards. At last the Woodcutter said : " I will get to work here ; this seems a good place. While I am cutting a tree down, you boys go and get some dry sticks for firewood." The seven little boys did as their father said ; and when they had been working for some time, the man and woman went slowly and quietly from them. When the boys would no longer be able to see them, they went quickly back to the house.

After a time, the boys were conscious that their father and mother were gone ; and the six brothers gave loud cries for help. It was no use : their cries were wasted on the unhearing trees. Tom Thumb made no attempt to keep them quiet ; but he was certain they would all get back safely. On the way out he had kept dropping his stones ; and so every yard of the road to the house was marked. When his brothers were tired of crying, he said to them : " Have no fear. Our father and mother have gone from us, but I will take you back to the house. Come with me."

They went with him, and he took them back. The stones kept them on the right road. When they were back at the house, they kept in fear outside the door. What would their father and mother do to them ?

'kru: sou givz 'help tə 'fraidei

in ðə 'mænθ əv di'sembər, in 'kru: souz 'twenti-θə:rd
'jɪər ɒn ði: 'lailənd, hi: wəz səp'praizd tə si: ə 'faɪər ɒn
ðə 'sændz, ənd 'nain 'blak men 'da:nsɪŋ 'raʊnd it. it
wəz 'kwait 'kliər ðət ðei həd 'kæm tə ði: 'lailənd in 'tu:
'bouts. ə'nʌðər 'gru:p, in 'θri: 'bouts, 'keim tə ði: 'ʌðər
said əv 'kru: souz 'lailənd, ənd 'həd ə 'mi:əl əv ðə 'men
ðei həd 'put tə 'deθ. 'hwen ðei həd 'gɒn hi: 'keim
ə'krɒs ə 'nʌmbər əv 'bəʊnz, ðə 'sainz əv ðeər dis'gæstɪŋ
'mi:əl.

'hwen 'kru: sou 'sɔ: ðei həd 'gɒn, hi: 'kwikli put 'tu:
'ganz ɒvər hi: 'a:rm ənd 'tu: 'hænd-ganz in hi: 'traʊzər
bænd, ənd 'tʊk ə 'militəri 'bleɪd. 'ðen, wið'ɔ:t 'ləs əv 'taim,
hi: 'went tə ðə 'sləʊp hwēər hi: həd 'fɜ:rst 'si:n ðə 'bouts
əv ðə 'blak men. ðeər wəz 'nəʊ 'daʊt ðət ðeər həd bi:n
'θri: 'ʌðər 'bouts et ðə 'pleɪs, ənd hi: 'sɔ: ðəm 'ɔ:l ɒn ðə
'si: tə'geðər.

ə'gen hi: 'pi:s əv 'maɪnd wəz 'gɒn, ənd hi: 'went
ə'baut 'ɔ:l ðə 'taim in 'fiər ðət hi: 'maɪt 'kæm ə'krɒs ðəm
et ə 'taim hwen hi: wəz nɒt 'redi fər ðəm. bət it wəz
'mɔ:r ðən 'fifti:n 'mænθs bi'fɔ:r 'eni əv ðə 'blak men 'keim
tə ði: 'lailənd ə'gen.

CRUSOE GIVES HELP TO FRIDAY¹

In the month of December, in Crusoe's twenty-third year on the island, he was surprised to see a fire on the sands, and nine black men dancing round it. It was quite clear that they had come to the island in two boats. Another group, in three boats, came to the other side of Crusoe's island, and had a meal of the men they had put to death. When they had gone he came across a number of bones, the signs of their disgusting meal.

When Crusoe saw they had gone, he quickly put two guns over his arm and two hand-guns in his trouser band, and took a military blade. Then, without loss of time, he went to the slope where he had first seen the boats of the black men. There was no doubt that there had been three other boats at the place, and he saw them all on the sea together.

Again his peace of mind was gone, and he went about all the time in fear that he might come across them at a time when he was not ready for them. But it was more than fifteen months before any of the black men came to the island again.

¹ From *Robinson Crusoe*, Daniel Defoe (in Basic English), pp. 67-72.

CRUSOE GIVES HELP TO FRIDAY

in ðə 'midl əv 'mei in ðə 'jɪər 'æftər, hwen ðə 'weðər wəz 'veri 'bəd, ðə 'saund əv 'ganz frəm ə 'ʃip in 'trabl 'keim tə 'kru:souz 'hɜ:z.

hiz 'sez in hiz 'dei-buk: "ai 'got tə'geðər 'ɔ:l ðə 'drai 'wud hwitʃ wəz 'niər, ənd 'meid ə 'faɪər wið it ən ðə 'tɒp əv ðə 'sloup. ðə 'wud wəz 'drai, ənd ðə 'fleimz 'went 'hai, ənd ðu ðə 'wind wəz 'veri 'strɒŋ, it 'went ən 'bɜ:rnɪŋ 'veri 'wel. hwen ðə 'faɪər wəz 'stɑ:rtɪd, ðeər 'keim tə mai 'hɜ:z ðə 'saund əv ə'næðər 'gʌn, ənd 'æftər ðæt ə 'nʌmbər əv 'ʌðəz, 'ɔ:l frəm ðə 'seim di'rekʃən. ai 'kept mai 'faɪər 'bɜ:rnɪŋ 'ɔ:l 'θru: ðə 'nait til ðə 'mɔ:rnɪŋ: ənd 'hwen it wəz 'deɪləɪt ənd ðɪ: 'leər həd 'bɪkʌm 'kliər, ai 'sɔ: 'sʌmθɪŋ ət ə 'greɪt 'dɪstəns 'laʊt tə 'sɪ:, 'fɪrst əv ðɪ: 'aɪlənd.

"ai həd ə 'lʌk ət it 'frɪ:kwəntli 'ɔ:l ðæt 'dei, ənd in ə 'ʃɔ:rt 'taɪm 'sɔ: ðæt it wəz 'nɒt 'mʊ:vɪŋ, sʊ ai wəz əv ðɪ: ə'pɪnʒən ðæt it wəz 'prɒbəbli ə 'ʃɪp ət 'rest. ai 'tʌk mai 'gʌn in mai 'hænd, ənd 'went 'kwɪkli in ðə di'rekʃən əv ðə 'sauθ-'fɪrst 'saɪd əv ðɪ: 'aɪlənd, tə ðə 'stəʊnz. baɪ ðə 'taɪm ai 'got ðeər, ðə 'weðər wəz 'gʊd, ənd tə mai 'greɪt rɪ'gret ai 'kliərli 'sɔ: ə 'dʌmɪdʒd 'ʃɪp hwitʃ həd bɪ:n 'fɔ:rst in ðə 'nait ən tə ðə 'mʌsɪz əv 'stəʊn 'niər ðɪ: 'aɪlənd, hwitʃ wəz 'kept frəm 'vju: baɪ ðə 'weɪvz.

"ai wəz 'nɒt 'levər 'sɜ:rtn ɪf ðeər wəz 'leni 'lɪvɪŋ 'men ən ðæt 'ʃɪp ɔ:r 'nɒt; bət ai meɪd ðə 'sʌd dɪs'kʌvəri, 'sʌm 'deɪz 'leɪtər, əv ðə 'bɒdi əv ə 'bɔɪ hwitʃ həd 'kʌm ʌp ən tə ðə 'sʌndz ət ðɪ: 'lænd əv ðɪ: 'aɪlənd 'niərɪst ðə 'ʃɪp."

hwen ðə 'weɪvz 'gɒt 'les, ənd ðə 'sɪ: wəz 'kwaiət,

CRUSOE GIVES HELP TO FRIDAY

In the middle of May in the year after, when the weather was very bad, the sound of guns from a ship in trouble came to Crusoe's ears.

He says in his day-book : " I got together all the dry wood which was near, and made a fire with it on the top of the slope. The wood was dry, and the flames went high, and though the wind was very strong, it went on burning very well. When the fire was started, there came to my ears the sound of another gun, and after that a number of others, all from the same direction. I kept my fire burning all through the night till the morning : and when it was daylight and the air had become clear, I saw something at a great distance out to sea, east of the island.

" I had a look at it frequently all that day, and in a short time saw that it was not moving, so I was of the opinion that it was probably a ship at rest. I took my gun in my hand, and went quickly in the direction of the south-east side of the island, to the stones. By the time I got up there, the weather was good, and to my great regret I clearly saw a damaged ship which had been forced in the night on to the masses of stone near the island, which were kept from view by the waves.

" I was not ever certain if there were any living men on that ship or not ; but I made the sad discovery, some days later, of the body of a boy which had come up on to the sands at the end of the island nearest the ship."

When the waves got less, and the sea was quiet,

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'kru:sou 'went 'aut in hiz 'bout and 'got tə ðə 'damidʒd 'ʃip, hwitʃ wəz 'fɪkst bitwi:n 'tu: 'masiz əv 'stoun. ə 'puər 'dɒg, 'o:lmoust 'ded frəm 'nɪrd əv 'fu:d, keim 'dʒampɪŋ 'aut əv ðə 'ʃip intə 'kru:souz 'bout; bət 'ðæt 'si:məd tə bi: ði: 'ounli 'lɪvɪŋ 'θɪŋ ən ðə 'broukn 'ʃip. 'kru:sou put ðə 'dɒg and 'tu: 'tʃests frəm ðə 'ʃip, tə'geðər wið ə 'paudər-ho:rn, səm 'faɪər-aɪənz, and səm 'ketlɪz, intə hiz 'bout. hi: 'got 'bak tə hiz 'aɪlənd ət 'sæn-daun, 'taɪərd wið hiz 'hɑ:rd 'wɜ:rk.

ðə 'tʃests wər 'ful əv 'ʃɔ:rts, 'pəkit linin, and 'nek kləʊs. ðə 'bɒksɪz in ðə 'greɪt 'tʃests 'həd in ðəm 'bægz əv 'mɑ:nɪ and 'masiz əv 'gould. əbaut 'ði:z 'kru:sou 'sɛz:

“it iz 'tru: ðæt ai 'həd 'mɔ:rn 'mɑ:nɪ ðən ai 'həd bɪ'fɔ:rn, bət ai wəz 'nou 'betər 'ɒf. ai 'həd 'nou 'mɔ:rn 'ljʊ:s fər it ðən ði: 'lɪndʒənz əv pə'rʊ: 'həd bɪ'fɔ:rn ðə 'spanjərdz wənt ðɛər.”

əbaut ə 'ljɪər and ə 'hɑ:f 'went 'baɪ, and 'ðen, 'wʌn 'mɔ:rnɪŋ, 'kru:sou wəz sər'praɪzd tə si: 'faɪv 'bəuts 'kʌm tə ði: 'aɪlənd tə'geðər. ðə 'blæk men 'keɪm ən 'lænd—ðər wər əbaut 'θɜ:rti əv ðəm—and in ə 'ʃɔ:rt 'taɪm wər 'da:nsɪŋ raund ə 'faɪər hwitʃ ðei 'həd 'meɪd. 'ðen, 'tu: 'ʌn'hɑ:pɪ 'men wər 'pʊld aut frəm ðə 'bəuts, and 'wʌn əv ðəm wəz 'kwɪkli 'put tə 'deθ wið ə 'weɪtɪd 'stɪk.

ðə 'sekənd 'got ə'wei əz 'kwɪkli əz 'pɒsɪbl in ðə dɪ'rekʃən əv 'kru:souz 'hɑ:us, wið 'θri: 'men 'ɑ:f'tər him. hi: 'got ə'krəs ði: 'ɪnlet; bət ounli 'tu: əv ði: 'ʌðər men 'went intə ðə 'wɔ:tər 'ɑ:f'tər him, bɪkəz it 'si:məd ðæt ðə 'θɛ:rd wəz 'nɒt ə 'swɪmər.

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Crusoe went out in his boat and got to the damaged ship, which was fixed between two masses of stone. A poor dog, almost dead from need of food, came jumping out of the ship into Crusoe's boat ; but that seemed to be the only living thing on the broken ship. Crusoe put the dog and two chests from the ship, together with a powder-horn, some fire-irons, and some kettles, into his boat. He got back to his island at sun-down, tired with his hard work.

The chests were full of shirts, pocket linen, and neck cloths. The boxes in the great chests had in them bags of money and masses of gold. About these Crusoe says :

"It is true that I had more money than I had before, but I was no better off. I had no more use for it than the Indians of Peru had before the Spaniards went there."

About a year and a half went by, and then, one morning, Crusoe was surprised to see five boats come to the island together. The black men came on land—there were about thirty of them—and in a short time were dancing round a fire which they had made. Then, two unhappy men were pulled out from the boats, and one of them was quickly put to death with a weighted stick.

The second got away as quickly as possible in the direction of Crusoe's house, with three men after him. He got across the inlet ; but only two of the other men went into the water after him, because it seemed that the third was not a swimmer.

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ʔkru:sou ʔnau ʔkeim intə ʔvjuz. hi: ʔmeid ə ʔsain fər ðə ʔman huz wəz ʔranɪŋ əʔwei tə ʔkam tə him, ənd ʔslouli ʔwent in ðə di'rekʃən əv ði: ʔʌðər ʔtu: ʔmen.

ʔkru:sou ʔsɔ: ðət it wəd bi: ʔbest ʔnɒt tə ʔlet əf hi: ʔgən, bi:kəz ðə ʔnoiz mait meik ʔɔ:l ði: ʔʌðəz ʔkam ʔraund him. sou hi: went ʔkwikli tə ðə ʔfə:rst əv ðə ʔtu: ʔmen, ənd geiv him ə ʔhæ:rd ʔblou wið ðə ʔhand-pa:rt əv hi: ʔgən ənd ʔsent him tə ði: ʔæ:rθ. it wəz ʔnɒt ʔkliər tə ði: ʔʌðər ʔhwɒt həd ʔteikn ʔpleis; bət hi: ʔsɔ: ðət hi: wəz in ʔdeindʒər, ənd wəz əʔbaut tə ʔsend ən ʔarou¹ ət ʔkru:sou, hwen ʔkru:sou ʔlet əf hi: ʔgən ət him. ðə ʔpuər ʔman huz həd bi:n ʔranɪŋ əʔwei, ʔslouli ʔkeim niər ʔkru:sou, went ʔdaun ən hi: ʔni:z, ənd ʔgeiv ði: ʔæ:rθ ət hi: ʔfɪ:t ə ʔkis. ðen hi: ʔput hi: ʔhed ən ði: ʔæ:rθ, ənd ət ðə ʔseim ʔtaim put ʔkru:souz ʔfut ən it.

ʔhwen ðə ʔman huz həd bi:n meid ʔn'kɒnʃəs bai ðə ʔblou frəm ʔkru:souz ʔgən meid ə ʔmu:v, ʔkru:souz ʔnju: ʔfrend meid ʔsainz tə him tə ʔlet him ʔhav hi: ʔbleid. ðen hi: went ʔkwikli tə ðə ʔman, ənd ʔtuk hi: ʔhed əf. hwen ʔkru:sou həd put ðə ʔtu: ʔded ʔmen in ðə ʔsand, hi: ʔtuk him tə ðə ʔholou, hweər hi: ʔgeiv him ʔfud, ənd ʔmeid him ʔhav səm ʔslɪ:p.

“ʔæftər hi: həd bi:n ʔslɪ:pɪŋ ə ʔlitl ʔmɔ:rr ðən ʔhæ:f ən ʔauər,” sez ʔkru:sou, “hi: ʔkeim əʔweik, ənd ʔkeim ʔaut tə mi:z, bi:kəz ai həd bi:n ʔmilkiŋ mai ʔgouts in ðə ʔfi:ld niər ʔbai.

“ʔhwen hi: ʔsɔ: mi:z, hi: keim ʔranɪŋ tə mi:z, ənd əʔgen went ʔdaun ən ði: ʔæ:rθ, ənd meid ʔkliər bai ʔevri ʔsɔ:rt

¹ ʔpointid, ʔfeðəd ʔstik.

CRUSOE GIVES HELP TO FRIDAY

Crusoe now came into view. He made a sign for the man who was running away to come to him, and slowly went in the direction of the other two men.

Crusoe saw that it would be best not to let off his gun, because the noise might make all the others come round him. So he went quickly to the first of the two men, and gave him a hard blow with the hand-part of his gun and sent him to the earth. It was not clear to the other what had taken place ; but he saw that he was in danger, and was about to send an *arrow*¹ at Crusoe, when Crusoe let off his gun at him. The poor man who had been running away, slowly came near Crusoe, went down on his knees, and gave the earth at his feet a kiss. Then he put his head on the earth, and at the same time put Crusoe's foot on it.

When the man who had been made unconscious by the blow from Crusoe's gun made a move, Crusoe's new friend made signs to him to let him have his blade. Then he went quickly to the man, and took his head off. When Crusoe had put the two dead men in the sand, he took him to the hollow, where he gave him food, and made him have some sleep.

"After he had been sleeping a little more than half an hour," says Crusoe, "he came awake, and came out to me, because I had been milking my goats in the field near by.

"When he saw me, he came running to me, and again went down on the earth, and made clear by

¹ Pointed, feathered stick.

CRUSOE GIVES HELP TO FRIDAY

əv 'sain 'hau 'plɪzɪd hɪz 'wɒz tə həv bɪn 'keɪpt frəm 'deθ,
ənd hau 'redi hɪz 'wɒz tə 'bɪz maɪ 'frend.

“ət 'læst hɪz 'put hɪz 'hed 'flæt ɒn ðɪz 'lærθ, 'nɪər maɪ
'fʊt, ənd put maɪ 'ʌðər 'fʊt ɒn hɪz 'hed, əz hɪz həd 'dʌn
bɪ'fɔːr. 'æftər ðɪs hɪz meɪd 'sainz əv 'greɪt rɪ'spekt, tə
'let mɪz 'sɪ: ðæt hɪz wəd bɪz 'hæpi tə bɪ'kʌm maɪ 'sɜːrvənt
fər ðə 'rest əv hɪz ɪg'zɪstəns.

“in ə 'ʃɔːrt 'taɪm, aɪ 'sed səm 'wɔːrdz tə hɪm, ənd
'meɪd ə 'stɑːrt ət 'tɪtʃɪŋ hɪm maɪ 'lʌŋgwɪdʒ. 'fɜːrst
aɪ 'meɪd ɪt 'kliər tə hɪm ðæt hɪz 'neɪm wəd bɪz 'fraɪdeɪ,
hwɪtʃ wəz ðə 'deɪ aɪ 'keɪpt hɪm frəm 'deθ, ənd aɪ 'geɪv
hɪm 'ðɪs 'neɪm ɪn 'meməri əv ðə fakt.”

'hwɛn hɪz 'went tə ðə 'pleɪs hwɛər ðə 'blæk mɛn həd
'kʌm ɒn 'lʌnd, 'krʊsəʊ 'sɔː ə 'greɪt 'nʌmbər əv 'mɛnz
'bəʊnz, ənd bɔːl ðə 'sainz əv ðə dɪs'gæstɪŋ 'mɪːl ðeɪ həd
'teɪkən 'æftər hævɪŋ gɒt ðə 'best əv 'sʌm 'faɪt. 'krʊsəʊ
put 'sʌnd ɒvər ðə 'bəʊnz ənd 'ʌðər 'sainz əv ðə 'mɪːl,
ənd ðen went 'bæk tə hɪz 'haʊs wɪð 'fraɪdeɪ.

CRUSOE GIVES HELP TO FRIDAY

every sort of sign how pleased he was to have been kept from death, and how ready he was to be my friend.

“At last he put his head flat on the earth, near my foot, and put my other foot on his head, as he had done before. After this he made signs of great respect, to let me see that he would be happy to become my servant for the rest of his existence.

“In a short time, I said some words to him, and made a start at teaching him my language. First I made it clear to him that his name would be Friday, which was the day I kept him from death, and I gave him this name in memory of the fact.”

When he went to the place where the black men had come on land, Crusoe saw a great number of men's bones, and all the signs of the disgusting meal they had taken after having got the best of some fight. Crusoe put sand over the bones and other signs of the meal, and then went back to his house with Friday.

¹dʒeriz ¹nju: ¹ʃiə

¹krisməs ənd ðə ¹nju: ¹ʃiə ɜz ¹veri ¹hapi ¹taimz fə
¹səm pɜ:rsnz; bət fə ¹draivəz ənd ¹draivəz ¹hɔ:rsiz
ðei ɜ ¹nou ¹rest taim, ðou ðei ¹mei bi: ə ¹gould main.
ðɜ ɜ ¹sʌtʃ ə ¹nʌmbə əv ¹mɪtɪŋz, ¹dɑ:nsiz, ənd ¹pleisiz
əv ə¹mju:zmənt ¹loupn, ðət ðə ¹wɜ:k iz ¹hɑ:rd ənd
¹fri:kwəntli ¹leit. ¹səmtaimz ¹draivə ənd ¹hɔ:rs ɜ
¹kept ¹weitiŋ fə ¹laʊəz in ðə ¹rein ɜr ¹snou, ¹stɪf wið
¹kould, hwaɪl ðə ¹hapi ¹pɜ:rsnz in¹dɔ:rs ɜ ¹dɑ:nsɪŋ tə ðə
¹mju:zɪk. ai hʌv ¹dauts if ðə ¹bju:stɪfʊl ¹wɪmɪn ¹levə gɪv
ə ¹θɔ:t tə ðə ¹taɪərd ¹draivə ¹weitiŋ ɔn hɪz ¹sɪ:t, ənd hɪz
¹kwaɪət ¹animəl ¹kept ¹ðeə wið¹laʊt ¹mʊ:viŋ, tɪl hɪz hʌz
¹nou ¹fɪ:liŋ in hɪz ¹legz.

ai hʌd ¹nau ¹moust əv ðə ¹nait wɜ:k, bɪkɔz ai wəz
¹kwaɪt ¹ju:st tə ¹not ¹mʊ:viŋ, ənd ¹dʒeri hʌd ¹mɔ:ɜ ¹fɪə əv
ðɪ: ¹ðɜ ¹hɔ:rs getɪŋ ə ¹kould. wɪz hʌd ə ¹greɪt ə¹maʊnt
əv ¹leit ¹wɜ:k in ðə ¹krisməs wɪ:k, ənd ¹dʒeriz ¹kɔf wəz
¹bʌd; bət haʊ¹evə ¹leit wɪz wɜ:ɜ, ¹pɒli ¹kept ¹ʌp fə hɪm,
ənd ¹keɪm ¹laʊt tə hɪm wið ðə ¹laɪt, lʊkiŋ ¹sɪəriəs ənd
¹trʌblɪd.

ɔn ðə ¹nait əv ðə ¹nju: ¹ʃiə, wɪz hʌd tə teɪk ¹tʊ: ¹mɛn
tʊ ə ¹haʊs in wʌn əv ðə ¹wɛst ¹lɛnd ¹skweə:z. wɪz ¹pʊt
ðəm ¹daʊn ət ¹nain, ənd wɜ ¹bɜ:rdərd tə ¹kʌm ə¹ʒen ət

JERRY'S NEW YEAR¹

Christmas and the New Year are very happy times for some persons ; but for drivers and drivers' horses they are no rest time, though they may be a gold mine. There are such a number of meetings, dances, and places of amusement open, that the work is hard and frequently late. Sometimes driver and horse are kept waiting for hours in the rain or snow, stiff with cold, while the happy persons indoors are dancing to the music. I have doubts if the beautiful women ever give a thought to the tired driver waiting on his seat, and his quiet animal kept there without moving till he has no feeling in his legs.

I had now most of the night work, because I was quite used to not moving, and Jerry had more fear of the other horse getting a cold. We had a great amount of late work in the Christmas week, and Jerry's cough was bad ; but however late we were, Polly kept up for him, and came out to him with the light, looking serious and troubled.

On the night of the New Year, we had to take two men to a house in one of the West End squares. We put them down at nine, and were ordered to come

¹ From *Black Beauty*, Anna Sewell (in *Basic English*), pp. 73-77.

JERRY'S NEW YEAR

illevn. "lbat," sed lwan əv ðəm, "ðər iz tə bix lka:rd-pleiɪŋ, sou ju: lmei bix lkept lweitiŋ lwan ɔ:r ltur lminits, bət ldount bix lleit."

lhwaitl ðə lklok wəz lsaundiŋ illevn, wir lkeim ʌp tə ðə ldɔ:r. ldʒeri wəz lnot levər lleit. ðə lkwɔ:rtər-lauərz wər lsaundid—lwan, ltur, lθri:z, ənd lðen ltwelv—bət ðə ldɔ:r wəz lstil lʃat.

ðə lwind həd kam lfɔ:rst frəm lðis, lðen frəm lðat dil'rekʃən, wið lfɔ:lz əv lrein in ðə ldei, bət lnau ðər wəz lʃa:rp ldraiviŋ lsnou ənd lrein, hwitʃ lsixmd tə kam lɔ:l ðə wei lraund; it wəz lveri lkould, ənd ðər wəz lnou lkavər. ldʒeri got lɔf hiz lsirt ənd lkeim ənd put lwan əv mai lkloθs ə litl lmɔ:r louver mai lnek; ðen hiz ltuk ə lstep ɔ:r ltur ʌp ənd ldaun, lstampiŋ hiz lfirt; ðen hiz meid ə lstart tə lgiv himself lblouz wið hiz laxrmz, bət lðat meid hiz lkɔf kam ɔn; sou hiz got ðə lfɔ:r-lhwizlər ldɔ:r loupn ənd tuk ə lsirt ɔn ðə lfɔ:r wið hiz lfirt ɔn ðə lfutwei, sou lðat hiz lhad səm lkavər. lstil lnou wan lkeim. ət lha:f-pa:st ltwelv, hiz lgeiv ðə lbel ə lpul ənd lsed tə ðə lsɛ:rvent lwud hiz bix lnixdid lðat lnait.

"lou, ljes, ju:l bix lnixdid ɔ:l rait," sed ðə lman, "ldount lgou, it iz lɔ:lmoust louver," ənd əlgen ldʒeri tuk ə lsirt, bət hiz lvois wəz lsou lraf it wəz lha:rd tə lmeik laut lhwɔt hiz lsed.

ət ə lkwɔ:rtər lpa:st lwan ðə ltur lmen keim laut; ðei lgɔt intə ðə lfɔ:r-lhwizlər wið laut ə lwɔ:rd, ənd lsed hwear ldʒeri wəz tə lgou; lðat wəz lɔ:lmoust ltur lmailz. mai lleggz wər lsou lkould lðat ðər wəz lnou lfiziŋ in ðəm, ənd ai had lfɛər lðat ai lmait lmeik ə lfɔ:ls lstep. lhwen

JERRY'S NEW YEAR

again at eleven. "But," said one of them, "there is to be card-playing, so you may be kept waiting one or two minutes, but don't be late."

While the clock was sounding eleven, we came up to the door. Jerry was not ever late. The quarter-hours were sounded—one, two, three, and then twelve—but the door was still shut.

The wind had come first from this, then from that direction, with falls of rain in the day, but now there was sharp driving snow and rain, which seemed to come all the way round; it was very cold, and there was no cover. Jerry got off his seat and came and put one of my cloths a little more over my neck; then he took a step or two up and down, stamping his feet; then he made a start to give himself blows with his arms, but that made his cough come on; so he got the four-wheeler door open and took a seat on the floor with his feet on the footway, so that he had some cover. Still no one came. At half-past twelve, he gave the bell a pull and said to the servant would he be needed that night.

"Oh, yes, you'll be needed all right," said the man, "don't go, it is almost over," and again Jerry took a seat, but his voice was so rough it was hard to make out what he said.

At a quarter past one the two men came out; they got into the four-wheeler without a word, and said where Jerry was to go; that was almost two miles. My legs were so cold that there was no feeling in them, and I had fear that I might make a false step. When

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ðə 'men got 'aut, ðei 'did not 'sei ðei had 'eni ri'grets ə'bout 'ki:piŋ əs 'weitiŋ fər 'sou 'lɒŋ, bət wər 'aŋgri ət ðə 'praɪs; bət 'dʒeri 'nevər tuk 'mɔ:z ðən wəz 'rait, sou 'hi:z 'nevər tuk 'les, ənd ðei 'had tə məɪk 'peɪmənt fər ðə 'tu: 'laʊəz ənd ə 'kwɔ:rtər əv 'weitiŋ; bət it wəz 'hɑ:rd-ɪ'gɒt 'mɑ:ni tə 'dʒeri.

ət 'lɑ:st wi:z got 'bæk; 'hi:z 'vɔɪs həd 'ɔ:lməʊst 'gɒn, ənd 'hi:z 'kɒf wəz 'ʃɒkiŋ. 'pɒli did 'nɒt put 'eni 'kwɛstʃənz, bət 'gɒt ðə 'dɔ:z 'ləʊp, 'gɪviŋ 'him ə 'laɪt.

"meɪnt ai 'du: sʌmθɪŋ?" ʃi:z 'sed.

"ɪ'es, 'get 'dʒæk 'sʌmθɪŋ 'wɔ:rm, ənd 'ðen 'gɪv mi:z sɛm 'bɔɪliŋ 'mi:l 'mɪkst wɪð 'mɪlk."

'ðis wəz 'sed in ə 'rʌf, 'ləʊ 'vɔɪs: it wəz 'hɑ:rd fər 'him tə 'get 'hi:z 'breθ, bət 'hi:z 'gɛɪv mi:z ə 'rʌb 'daʊn əz 'hi:z 'dʒenərəli did, ənd 'lɪv'n 'went 'ʌp intə ðə 'ru:f fər sɛm 'mɔ:z 'bedɪŋ. 'pɒli 'gɒt mi:z ə 'wɔ:rm 'mi:l 'hwɪtʃ 'meɪd mi:z 'hʌpi, ənd 'ðen ðə 'dɔ:z wəz 'lɒkt.

it wəz 'leɪt ðə 'mɔ:rnɪŋ 'ɑ:f'tər bɪ'fɔ:z 'eni wʌn 'keɪm, ənd 'ðen it wəz 'ləʊnli 'həri. 'hi:z 'meɪd əs 'kli:z ənd 'gɛɪv əs əʊər 'fʊd, ənd 'tuk ðə 'weɪst 'aʊt əv ðə 'bɒksɪz; 'ðen 'hi:z 'pʊt ðə 'bedɪŋ 'bæk ə'gen əz 'ɪf it wəz 'sʌndei. 'hi:z wəz 'veri 'kwaiət, 'nɒt 'hwi:slɪŋ, ənd 'ðər wəz 'nəʊ 'sɒŋ ɒn 'hi:z 'lɪps. 'leɪtər in ðə 'deɪ 'hi:z 'keɪm ə'gen, ənd 'gɛɪv əs əʊər 'fʊd ənd 'wɔ:tər: 'ðis taim 'dɒli 'keɪm 'wɪð 'him; ʃi:z wəz 'kraɪɪŋ, ənd it wəz 'kliər frəm 'hwɒt ðei 'sed 'ðət 'dʒeri wəz 'siəriəsli 'lɪl, ənd ðə 'medɪkəl mæn 'sed it wəz 'veri 'hʌd. sou 'tu: 'deɪz went 'baɪ, ənd 'ðər wəz 'greɪt 'trʌbl in 'dɔ:rz. wi:z 'ləʊnli 'sɔ: 'həri, ənd 'sʌmtaɪmz 'dɒli. it wəz 'maɪ aɪ'diə ʃi:z 'keɪm fər 'kʌmpəni, bɪkɔ:z

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the men got out, they did not say they had any regrets about keeping us waiting for so long, but were angry at the price ; but Jerry never took more than was right, so he never took less, and they had to make payment for the two hours and a quarter of waiting ; but it was hard-got money to Jerry.

At last we got back ; his voice had almost gone, and his cough was shocking. Polly did not put any questions, but got the door open, giving him a light.

“ Mayn't I do something ? ” she said.

“ Yes, get Jack something warm, and then give me some boiling meal mixed with milk.”

This was said in a rough, low voice : it was hard for him to get his breath, but he gave me a rub down as he generally did, and even went up into the roof for some more bedding. Polly got me a warm meal which made me happy, and then the door was locked.

It was late the morning after before any one came, and then it was only Harry. He made us clean and gave us our food, and took the waste out of the boxes ; then he put the bedding back again as if it was Sunday. He was very quiet, not whistling, and there was no song on his lips. Later in the day he came again, and gave us our food and water : this time Dolly came with him ; she was crying, and it was clear from what they said that Jerry was seriously ill, and the medical man said it was very bad. So two days went by, and there was great trouble indoors. We only saw Harry, and sometimes Dolly. It was my idea she came for com-

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l'pəli wəz l'teikin l'keər əv l'dʒeri l'ɔ:l ðə l'taim, ənd hi: l'had tə bi: l'kept l'veri l'kwaiət.

ən ðə l'θɜ:rd l'dei, hwail l'hari wəz in ðə l'hɔ:rs-bildin, ðər wəz ə l'sɔft l'blou ən ðə l'dɔ:r, ənd ə l'frend əv l'dʒeriz l'keim l'in.

“ai l'wudnt l'gou tə ðə l'haus, mai bɔi,” hi: l'sed, “bət ai had ə dɪl'zaiər fər l'nju:z əv juər l'fə:ðər.”

“hi: iz l'veri l'bad,” sed hari.

“if ðərz l'eni l'rul ðət l'gud l'men get l'ouvər ðiz l'θiŋz, ai əm l'sɜ:rtn hi: l'wil, mai bɔi,” hi: l'sed; “hi:z ðə l'best l'man ai həv l'evər l'kam əl'krɔs. ail l'kam in l'ɜ:rli təl'mɔrou.”

l'ɜ:rli ðə l'mɔ:rniŋ l'ɔ:ftər hi: wəz l'ðeər.

“l'hwɔts ðə l'nju:z?” sed hi:.

“l'fə:ðər iz l'betər,” sed hari. “l'mʌðər haz l'hups ðət hi: wil get l'ouvər it.”

l'bai dɪl'griz l'dʒeri gɔt l'betər, bət ðə l'medɪkl man sed hi: wəz l'not l'evər tə gou l'bak tə l'draivin əɡen if hi: had ə dɪl'zaiər tə bi: ən l'ould l'man.

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pany, because Polly was taking care of Jerry all the time, and he had to be kept very quiet.

On the third day, while Harry was in the horse-building, there was a soft blow on the door, and a friend of Jerry's came in.

"I wouldn't go to the house, my boy," he said, "but I had a desire for news of your father."

"He is very bad," said Harry.

"If there's any rule that good men get over these things, I am certain he will, my boy," he said; "he's the best man I have ever come across. I'll come in early tomorrow."

Early the morning after he was there.

"What's the news?" said he.

"Father is better," said Harry. "Mother has hopes that he will get over it."

By degrees Jerry got better, but the medical man said he was never to go back to driving again if he had a desire to be an old man.

'florizel ænd 'pæ:rditə

pø'liksəniz, ðə 'kiŋ əv bou'hizmiə, həd ən 'ləunli 'sæn, huz 'neim wəz 'florizel. 'hwən 'ðis 'lʃɑŋ 'prins wəz 'ləut 'wæn 'dei fər 'spɔ:rt niər ðə 'haus əv ðə 'ʃi:p-kizpər, hi: 'sɔ: hi:z 'dɔ:tər; ænd hi: wəz 'sou 'plizd wið ðə 'bjʊ:tɪfʊl, 'kwaiət, ænd 'kwizn-laik bi'heivjər əv 'pæ:rditə ðət hi: bi'keim in 'læv wið hə:r 'streit ə'wei. frəm 'ðis taim 'fɔ:rwəd, ændər ðə 'neim əv 'dɔ:rikliz, ænd 'drest in ðə 'kləʊðɪŋ əv ə 'praivit 'pæ:rsn, hi: keim 'veri 'fri:kwəntli tə ði: 'ləʊld 'mæn:z 'haus.

pø'liksəniz wəz 'træblɪd baɪ ðə 'fækt ðət 'florizel wəz 'fri:kwəntli ə'wei; ænd 'bɔ:rdəriŋ səm 'men tə 'ki:p 'wɒtʃ ən hi:z 'sæn, hi: meɪd ðə dis'kævəri əv hi:z 'læv fər ðə 'ʃi:p-kizpə:z 'bjʊ:tɪfʊl 'dɔ:tər.

pø'liksəniz 'ðen 'sent fər kə'milou—ðə 'gʊd kə'milou hʌ: həd 'keɪpt him frəm ðə 'deθ di'zaind fər him baɪ li'ɒntiz—ænd 'meɪd him ə ri'kwɛst tə 'gəʊ wið him tə ðə 'haus əv ði: 'ləʊld 'mæn, ðə 'fæ:ðər, əz it 'saɪmd tə 'him, əv 'pæ:rditə.

pø'liksəniz ænd kə'milou, 'drest laik 'praivit 'pæ:rsnz, 'gɒt tə ði: 'ləʊld 'mæn:z 'haus 'hwail ðei wər 'hæviŋ ðə 'greɪt 'mi:l əv ðə 'wʊl-kætiŋ 'taim; ænd ðəʊ 'nəʊ wæn həd 'si:n ðəm bi'fɔ:r, 'læt ðə 'wʊl-kætiŋ 'levri 'mæn hʌ:

FLORIZEL AND PERDITA ¹

Polixenes, the King of Bohemia, had an only son, whose name was Florizel. When this young Prince was out one day for sport near the house of the sheep-keeper, he saw his daughter ; and he was so pleased with the beautiful, quiet, and queen-like behaviour of Perdita that he became in love with her straight away. From this time forward, under the name of Doricles, and dressed in the clothing of a private person, he came very frequently to the old man's house.

Polixenes was troubled by the fact that Florizel was frequently away ; and ordering some men to keep watch on his son, he made the discovery of his love for the sheep-keeper's beautiful daughter.

Polixenes then sent for Camillo—the good Camillo who had kept him from the death designed for him by Leontes—and made him a request to go with him to the house of the old man, the father, as it seemed to him, of Perdita.

Polixenes and Camillo, dressed like private persons, got to the old man's house while they were having the great meal of the wool-cutting time ; and though no one had seen them before, at the wool-cutting every

¹ From *Lamb's Stories from Shakespeare*, pp. 96-100.

FLORIZEL AND PERDITA

ʔkamz is ʔgivn ə ʔpleis, sou ðei wər rɪʔkwɛstɪd tə ʔkam
ɪn, ənd ʔteɪk ʔpaɪrt ɪn ðə ʔdʒenərəl əʔmjuzmənt.

ʔɔ:l wəz ʔpleʒər ənd əʔmjuzmənt. ʔteɪblz wər ʔkavərd
ənd ðei wər ʔmeɪkɪŋ ʔredi fər ðə ʔgreɪt ʔmɪzl. səm ʔjʌŋ
ʔmɛn ənd ʔgærlz wər ʔdaɪnsɪŋ ɔn ðə ʔgrʌs bɪfɔr ðə
ʔhaus, hwail ʔʌðərz əv ðə ʔjʌŋ mɛn wər ʔgetɪŋ ʔsɪlk
ʔbændz, ʔglʌvz, ənd ʔsʌtʃ ʔθɪŋz frəm ə ʔtreɪdər hʌz ʔkeɪm
ʔraʊnd tə ðə ʔdɔ:r.

hwail ʔɔ:l ʔðɪs wəz ʔgouɪŋ ʔɔn, ʔflɔrɪzəl ənd ʔpærɪdɪtə
wər ʔsɪtɪd ʔkwaiətli baɪ ðəmʔselvz, ənd sɪrmd ʔmɔ:r
ʔplɪzɪd wɪð ʔwʌn ənʌðərz ʔtɔ:k ðən wɪð ʔðɪz aɪldiə əv
ʔteɪkɪŋ ʔpaɪrt ɪn ðə ʔspɔ:rts ənd ʔfu:lɪʃ əʔmjuzmənts əv
ʔðəʊz ʔraʊnd ðəm.

ðə ʔkɪŋ həd ʔmeɪd hɪmsɛlf ʔsou ʔdɪfrənt ðət ɪt wəz
ʔnɒt ʔpɒsɪbl fər hɪz ʔsʌn tə ʔsɪz hʌz hɪz ʔwɔz; sou hɪz
ʔwɛnt ʔnɪər fər ðə ʔpærpɒs əv ʔouvərʔhɪəriŋ ðɛər ʔtɔ:k.
ʔpɒlɪksənɪz wəz ʔmatʃ sərʔpraɪzɪd baɪ ðə ʔsɪmpl ənd
ʔkwaiət ʔwei ɪn hwɪtʃ ʔpærɪdɪtə wəz ʔtɔ:kɪŋ wɪð hɪz ʔsʌn.
hɪz ʔsed tə kəʔmɪlou, “ðɪs ɪz ðə moust ʔbjʊrtɪfʊl ʔgærl
aɪ həv ʔlevər ʔsɪrɪn ɪn ʔsʌtʃ ə ʔpleɪs əz ʔðɪs; ʔlevrɪθɪŋ ʃɪz
ʔdʌz ɔ:r ʔsez ʔsɪrɪmz laɪk ʔsʌmθɪŋ ʔgreɪtər ðən hərʔself,
ʔkwait laʊt əv ʔpleɪs ʔhɪər.”

kəʔmɪlou meɪd ʔaɪnsər, “trʌzli ʃɪz ɪz ðə veri ʔkwɪzn
əv ʔkʌntri ʔgærlz.”

“ʔplɪz, maɪ ʔgʊd ʔfrend,” sed ðə ʔkɪŋ tə ʔðɪz ould ʔʃɪr-
kɪpər, “hʌz ɪz ðət ʔgʊd-ʔlʊkɪŋ ʔjʌŋ ʔmʌn ʔtɔ:kɪŋ wɪð
ʔjuər ʔdɔ:tər?” “hɪz ɪz neɪmd ʔdɔ:rɪklɪz,” sed ðə ʔʃɪr-
kɪpər. “hɪz sez hɪz ɪz ɪn ʔlʌv wɪð maɪ ʔdɔ:tər; ənd
ʔtrʌzli aɪ əm ʔnʔleɪbl tə sei ʔhwɪtʃ əv ðəm ɪz ʔmoust ɪn
ʔlʌv. ɪf ʔjʌŋ ʔdɔ:rɪklɪz ɪz ʔleɪbl tə ʔget hə:r, ʃɪz wɪl ʔgɪv

FLORIZEL AND PERDITA

man who comes is given a place, so they were requested to come in, and take part in the general amusement.

All was pleasure and amusement. Tables were covered and they were making ready for the great meal. Some young men and girls were dancing on the grass before the house, while others of the young men were getting silk bands, gloves, and such things from a trader who came round to the door.

While all this was going on, Florizel and Perdita were seated quietly by themselves, and seemed more pleased with one another's talk than with the idea of taking part in the sports and foolish amusements of those round them.

The King had made himself so different that it was not possible for his son to see who he was ; so he went near for the purpose of overhearing their talk. Polixenes was much surprised by the simple and quiet way in which Perdita was talking with his son. He said to Camillo, " This is the most beautiful girl I have ever seen in such a place as this ; everything she does or says seems like something greater than herself, quite out of place here."

Camillo made answer, " Truly she is the very Queen of country girls."

" Please, my good friend," said the King to the old sheep-keeper, " who is that good-looking young man talking with your daughter ? " " He is named Doricles," said the sheep-keeper. " He says he is in love with my daughter ; and truly I am unable to say which of them is most in love. If young Doricles is

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him hwot hi: hæz 'litl aildie ov," 'havin in 'maind ðe
 'rest ev 'pærditæz 'dʒuælz; 'hwitʃ, 'aʃtər hi: hæd got
 'ʃi:ʒp in iks'tʃeindʒ fər 'sam ev ðəm, hi: hæd 'kept wið
 'keər tə 'giv hæ:r hwen ʃi: gət 'marid.

pølliksəniz ðen 'sed tə hi: 'san, "lʃaŋ 'man! juər
 'hæ:rt si:mz 'ful ev 'samθiŋ hwitʃ 'teiks juər 'maind of
 ðe 'dʒenərəl ə'mju:zmənt. hwen 'ai wəz 'lʃaŋ, ai 'meid
 'mai 'swi:θhæ:rt 'ofəriŋz; bət 'ju: həv 'let ðe 'treidər
 'gou, ənd həv gət 'nəθiŋ fər 'juər 'gæ:rl."

ðe 'lʃaŋ 'prins, hu: hæd 'nou aildie ðət hi: wəz 'tərkiŋ
 tə ðe 'kiŋ hi: 'fa:ðər, meid 'læ:nsər, "ləuld 'sæ:r, ʃi: iz
 'nət 'intrestid in 'sætʃ 'pleiθiŋz; ði: 'ofəriŋz hwitʃ ə
 'valju:əd bai 'pærditə ə 'ləkt 'ʌp in mai 'hæ:rt." ðen
 'tærniŋ tə 'pærditə, hi: 'sed tə hæ:r, "lou, 'pærditə, 'let
 mi: 'giv mai əndər'teikiŋ bilfɔ:r 'ðis 'ləuld 'man, 'hu:,
 it 'si:mz, wəz ət 'wan 'taim ə 'lævər; 'let 'him 'giv liər
 tuz auər ə'gri:mənt." 'florizel ðen 'meid ði: 'ləuld 'man
 ə ri'kwest tə 'teik 'nout ev ði: əndər'teikiŋ hi: 'nau
 'meid tə get 'marid tə 'pærditə, 'seiŋ tə pølliksəniz,
 "pliz 'giv liər tuz auər ə'gri:mənt."

"ai wil giv liər tə 'ðis, ðət juər ə'gri:mənt iz 'broukn,
 'lʃaŋ 'sæ:r," sed ðe 'kiŋ, 'nau meikiŋ 'kliər hu: hi: 'wəz.
 pølliksəniz ðen got 'aŋgri wið hi: 'san fər 'giviŋ hi:
 'wæ:rd tə get 'marid tə ðis 'puər 'manz 'dæ:tər, 'torkiŋ
 ev 'pærditə əz "ʃi:ʒp-kizpə:z 'beibi, 'ʃi:ʒp-huk," ənd
 ju:ziŋ 'læðər 'bad 'neimz. hi: sed 'aŋgrili ðət if 'lævər ʃi:
 'let hi: 'san 'si: hæ:r ə'gen, hi: wud put 'hæ:r, ənd ði:
 'ləuld 'ʃi:ʒp-kizpər, hæ:r 'fa:ðər, tuz ə 'kruəl 'deθ.

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able to get her, she will give him what he has little idea of," having in mind the rest of Perdita's jewels ; which, after he had got sheep in exchange for some of them, he had kept with care to give her when she got married.

Polixenes then said to his son, " Young man ! Your heart seems full of something which takes your mind off the general amusement. When I was young, I made my sweetheart offerings ; but you have let the trader go, and have got nothing for your girl."

The young Prince, who had no idea that he was talking to the King his father, made answer, " Old sir, she is not interested in such playthings ; the offerings which are valued by Perdita are locked up in my heart." Then turning to Perdita, he said to her, " Oh, Perdita, let me give my undertaking before this old man, who, it seems, was at one time a lover ; let him give ear to our agreement." Florizel then made the old man a request to take note of the undertaking he now made to get married to Perdita, saying to Polixenes, " Please give ear to our agreement."

" I will give ear to this, that your agreement is broken, young sir," said the King, now making clear who he was. Polixenes then got angry with his son for giving his word to get married to this poor man's daughter, talking of Perdita as " sheep-keeper's baby, sheep-hook," and using other bad names. He said angrily that if ever she let his son see her again, he would put her, and the old sheep-keeper, her father, to a cruel death.

FLORIZEL AND PERDITA

ðə 'kiŋ ðen 'went frəm ðəm 'aŋgrili, 'bɔ:rdəriŋ kə'milou
tə kəm 'a:ftə him wið prins 'flɔ:rizel.

'hwen ðə 'kiŋ wəz 'gɔ:n, 'pɛ:rditə, hu:z 'kwɔlitiz əv
'hɔ:rθ wɜ: 'tʌtʃt bæi pɔ'liksəniz 'aŋgri 'wɛ:rdz, 'sed,
"ðu it iz ði: 'lend fə: 'bɔ:l əv əs, ai həd 'nɒt 'mʌtʃ 'fiə;
ənd ai 'bɔ:lmoust 'sed tə him ðət ðə 'seim 'sʌn hwitʃ givz
'laɪt ɔvə: 'hi:z 'greit 'hauz, dʌz 'nɒt 'ki:p hi:z 'feɪs frəm
'hʌər 'puər wʌn, hət iz 'i:kwəli 'braɪt in ðə 'tu: 'pleɪsɪz."
ðen 'sʌdli ʃi: 'sed, "bət 'nau ðət ai əm ə'weɪk, ai wɪl
'teɪk ðə 'pɑ:rt əv ə 'kwɪ:n 'nou 'mɔ:r. 'gou 'frəm mi:,
sɜ:r; 'ai wɪl 'gou tə məi 'mɪlkiŋ ənd məi 'kraɪŋ."

ðə 'kaɪnd kə'milou wəz 'mu:vd bæi 'pɛ:rditəz 'gud
ənd 'swɪ:t bi'heɪvjər; ənd 'si:ziŋ ðət ðə 'lʌŋ 'prɪns wəz
'sou 'di:p in 'lʌv ðət hi: wəz ən'leɪbəl tə gɪv 'ʌp hi:z
'swɪ:θa:rt et ði: 'bɔ:rdər əv hi:z 'fɑ:ðər, hi: 'gɒt ən əɪ'diə
əv ə 'wei tə gɪv 'help tə ðə 'lʌvəz, ənd et ðə 'seim
'taɪm tə gɪv 'ɪfekt tu: ə di'zain hi: həd fə: ə 'lɔŋ 'taɪm
'hʌd in 'maɪnd.

FLORIZEL AND PERDITA

The King then went from them angrily, ordering Camillo to come after him with Prince Florizel.

When the King was gone, Perdita, whose qualities of birth were touched by Polixenes' angry words, said, "Though it is the end for all of us, I had not much fear ; and I almost said to him that the same sun which gives light over his great house, does not keep his face from our poor one, but is equally bright in the two places." Then sadly she said, "But now that I am awake, I will take the part of a Queen no more. Go from me, sir ; I will go to my milking and my crying."

The kind Camillo was moved by Perdita's good and sweet behaviour ; and seeing that the young Prince was so deep in love that he was unable to give up his sweetheart at the order of his father, he got an idea of a way to give help to the lovers, and at the same time to give effect to a design he had for a long time had in mind.

lɣalivər ˈpʊts ən ˈlɛnd tuː ə ˈwɔːr

ˈlɪlɪpət ɪz ˈpaɪrt əv ə ˈgreɪtər ˈstretʃ əv ˈlænd, bət ðɪ
ˈɛmpaɪər əv blɛˈfɑːskjʊr ɪz ən ˈlaɪlənd tə ðə ˈnɔːrθ-ˈlɪst ə
ɪt, frəm ˈhwɪtʃ ɪt ɪz ˈpaɪrtɪd ˈləʊnli baɪ ə ˈwɔːtərweɪ ˈleɪ
ˈhændrɪd ˈʃaɪrdz ˈwaɪd. ˈlʌp tə ðə ˈpreznt aɪ həd ˈno
ˈsaɪn ɪt, ɛnd ən ˈhɪəriŋ ðæt ðeɪ wər ˈɡoʊɪŋ tə ˈmeɪk ə
ˈtəʔək ɔn əs aɪ ˈkeɪpt əˈweɪ frəm ˈðæt ˈsaɪd əv ðə ˈlænd-ɛdʒ
fər ˈfɪər əv bɪrɪŋ ˈsaɪn baɪ ˈsʌm əv ðeər ˈʃɪps, hwɪtʃ hət
həd ˈnoʊ ˈɪnjuːr əv maɪ ˈkʌmɪŋ. ˈpɔːrsnz ˈlɪvɪŋ ɪn ð
ˈtuː ˈkʌntrɪz həd bɪn ˈɔːrdəd tə hʌv ˈnʌθɪŋ tə ˈduː wɪ
wʌn ənʌðər, ˈdeθ bɪrɪŋ ðə ˈpʌnɪʃmənt fər ˈðəʊz hʌz ˈwen
əˈɡɛnst ðɪ ˈɔːrdər; ɛnd ˈəʊər ˈkɪŋ həd ˈɡɪvən ən ˈɔːrdə
kəmˈplɪtli ˈstəpɪŋ ˈɔːl ˈveslz bɪrɪŋ teɪkn ˈlɪn ɔːr ˈlaʊt. ə
ˈɡeɪv ðə ˈkɪŋ ən əˈkaʊnt əv ə dɪˈzaɪn aɪ ˈhəd fər ˈɡetɪŋ
ɪntu əʊər ˈhændz ˈɔːl əv blɛˈfɑːskjʊr ˈʃɪps, ˈhwɪtʃ, ˈsoʊ ð
ˈmɛn hʌz wər ˈsɛnt tə hʌv ə ˈlʊk ˈraʊnd ˈsed, wər ət ˈres
ɪn ðeər ˈhaɪərbər, ˈrɛdi tə ˈmeɪk ə ˈstɑːrt wɪð ðə ˈfɛərs
ˈɡʊd ˈwɪnd. aɪ put ˈkwɛstʃənz tə ðə mʌʊst ɪkˈspɪəriəns
ˈsaɪzmən əbaʊt ˈhau ˈdɪrɪp ðə ˈwɔːtərweɪ ˈsepəreɪtɪŋ ðə ˈtuː
ˈkʌntrɪz wəz. hʌvɪŋ ˈfrɪkkwəntli ˈteɪkn ðə ˈmeɪʒər əv
ɪt, ðeɪ ˈsed ðæt ɪn ðə ˈmɪdl ət ˈhaɪ ˈwɔːtər ɪt wəz ˈsevn
ˈɡlʌŋɡlʌfs ˈdɪrɪp, hwɪtʃ ɪz əbaʊt ˈsaɪks ˈfɪrt ɪn ʒuərəˈpɪər

GULLIVER PUTS AN END TO A WAR ¹

Lilliput is part of a greater stretch of land, but the empire of Blefuscu is an island to the north-east of it, from which it is parted only by a waterway 800 yards wide. Up to the present I had not seen it, and on hearing that they were going to make an attack on us I kept away from that side of the land-edge, for fear of being seen by some of their ships, which had had no news of my coming. Persons living in the two countries had been ordered to have nothing to do with one another, death being the punishment for those who went against the order ; and our King had given an order completely stopping all vessels being taken in or out. I gave the King an account of a design I had for getting into our hands all of Blefuscu's ships, which, so the men we sent over to have a look round said, were at rest in their harbour, ready to make a start with the first good wind. I put questions to the most experienced seamen about how deep the waterway separating the two countries was. Having frequently taken the measure of it, they said that in the middle at high water it was 70 *glumgluffs* deep, which is about 6 feet in European measuring,

¹ From *Gulliver in Lilliput*, Jonathan Swift, pp. 69-74.

GULLIVER PUTS AN END TO A WAR

'meʒəriŋ, ənd ðə 'rest əv it 'fifti 'glamglɑːfs ət 'maʊs
 ai 'went in ðə di'rekʃən əv ðə 'nɔːrθ-lɪst 'lænd-ed
 'pəʒɪt blə'fɑːskjuː. ðeər ai gət 'daʊn ɒn ðə 'sænd ət ð
 'bæk əv ə 'lɪtl 'sləʊp, ənd 'tʊk aʊt mai 'smɔːl 'vjuːz-glɑːs
 'təːrniŋ it ɒn ðə 'ʃɪps ət 'rest, əv hwɪtʃ əbaʊt 'fifti wə
 'wɔːrʃɪps, ənd ə 'greɪt 'nʌmbə 'trəns'pɔːrt ʃɪps. ai ðeɪ
 went 'bæk tə mai 'haʊs ənd 'geɪv 'kɔːrdəz (hwɪtʃ ai hæ
 ɔː'θɔːrɪtɪ tə duː) fɜː ə 'greɪt ə'maʊnt əv 'veri 'strɒŋ 'kɔːr
 ənd 'laɪərn 'stɪks tə bɪː gət. ðə 'kɔːrd wəz əbaʊt ə
 'θɪk əz 'strɒŋ 'θred, ənd ðɪː 'laɪərn 'rɒdz əbaʊt ðə 'saɪz əv
 ə 'wʊl-wɜːrk 'nɪːdl. ai gət 'θɪː 'kɔːrdz 'twɪstɪd tə'geðə
 tə meɪk it 'strɒŋgə, ənd dɪd ðə 'seɪm wɪð ðɪː 'laɪərn
 'stɪks, 'getɪŋ ðɪː 'lɛndz 'bent ɪntu ə 'hʊk. 'hwen ai hæ
 gət 'fifti 'hʊks 'fɪkst tə ðə 'seɪm 'nʌmbə əv 'kɔːrdz, a
 'went 'bæk tə ðə 'nɔːrθ-lɪst 'lænd-edʒ, ənd 'teɪkɪŋ 'ɒf mæ
 'kɒʊt, 'ʃuːz, ənd 'stɒkɪŋz, 'went ɪntə ðə 'sɪː in mai 'leðə
 'lændə-kɒʊt, əbaʊt 'haɪf ən 'laʊər bɪlfɔːr 'haɪ 'wɔːtə. a
 'went θruː ðə 'wɔːtə əz 'kwɪkli əz ai wəz 'leɪbl, 'swɪmɪŋ
 in ðə 'mɪdl fɜː əbaʊt 'θɜːrti 'ʃaɪrdz tɪl mai 'fɪst wɜː
 'tætʃɪŋ 'sænd. ai 'gət tə ðə 'ʃɪps in 'les ðən 'haɪf ən
 'laʊər. ðə 'seɪləz wɜː in 'sætʃ 'ʃɪə hwen ðeɪ 'sɔː mɪː,
 ðæt ðeɪ went 'dʒʌmpɪŋ 'aʊt əv ðeər 'ʃɪps ənd 'swɪmɪŋ tə
 'lænd, hweər ðeər wɜː ət 'lɪst 'θɜːrti 'θaʊzənd 'pɜːsɪnz.
 ai ðeɪ 'tʊk mai əpə'reɪtəs, ənd 'pʊtɪŋ ə 'hʊk ɪntə ðə
 'həʊl ət ðə 'frʌnt əv 'levri 'ʃɪp, ai gət 'ɔːl ðə 'kɔːrdz
 'nɒtɪd ət ðɪː 'lɛndz. 'hwɪl ai wəz 'dʊrɪŋ 'ðɪs, 'ðəʊz ɒn
 'lænd sent ɒf 'θaʊzəndz ə 'pɔɪntɪd 'stɪks, ə 'nʌmbə əv
 hwɪtʃ 'went 'ɪntə mai 'hændz ənd 'feɪs. in ə'dɪʃən tə
 ðə 'greɪt 'peɪn, ðeɪ 'gət in ðə 'wei əv mai 'wɜːrk. mai

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and the rest of it 50 *glumgluffs* at most. I went in the direction of the north-east land-edge, opposite Blefuscu. There I got down on the sand at the back of a little slope, and took out my small view-glass, turning it on the ships at rest, of which about fifty were warships, and a great number transport ships. I then went back to my house and gave orders (which I had authority to do) for a great amount of very strong cord and iron sticks to be got. The cord was about as thick as strong thread, and the iron rods about the size of a wool-work needle. I got three cords twisted together to make it stronger, and did the same with the iron sticks, getting the ends bent into a hook. When I had got 50 hooks fixed to the same number of cords, I went back to the north-east land-edge, and taking off my coat, shoes, and stockings, went into the sea in my leather under-coat, about half an hour before high water. I went through the water as quickly as I was able, swimming in the middle for about 30 yards till my feet were touching sand. I got to the ships in less than half an hour. The sailors were in such fear when they saw me, that they went jumping out of their ships and swimming to land, where there were at least 30,000 persons. I then took my apparatus, and putting a hook into the hole at the front of every ship, I got all the cords knotted at the ends. While I was doing this, those on land sent off thousands of pointed sticks, a number of which went into my hands and face. In addition to the great pain, they got in the way of my work. My

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I'greitist flier wəz fər mai laiz, ðə llos əv l'hwitʃ wud həv
 bi:n l'særtn, if ai həd l'not l'sadnli l'got ən ai'diə. ai
 həd l'kept l'wið mi:z, əmən l'ʌðər l'smə:l l'nesəsəri l'θiŋz, səm
 laiglə:siz in ə l'praivit l'pokit, l'hwitʃ, əz ai həv l'sed
 bilfɔ:r, həd l'not bi:n l'si:n bai ðə l'kiŋ. ai l'tuk ðəm l'aut
 ənd l'got ðəm l'fikt əz l'taitli əz l'pəsi:bl ən mai l'nouz, ənd
 l'ærmd laik l'ðis, l'went l'on wið mai l'wærk wiðl'aut l'flier.
 ðou ə l'nəmbər əv l'pɔintid l'stiks l'keim əgenst ðə l'glə:siz,
 ði: l'ounli l'ifekt ðei l'həd wəz tə l'put ðəm ə l'litl l'aut əv
 pə'zi:fən. ai həd l'nau got l'ɔ:l ðə l'huks in l'pleis, ənd
 l'teikiŋ ðə l'not in mai l'hand, l'geiv ə l'pul. bət wiðl'aut
 l'ifekt, bikəz l'ɔ:l ðə l'ʃips wər l'sou l'strɔŋli l'fikt bai ðeər
 l'əŋkərz¹ ðət ðə l'hærdist l'pɑ:rt əv mai l'əndər'teikiŋ
 həd l'stil tə bi: l'feist. ai l'let ðə l'kɔ:rd l'gou, ənd wið
 ðə l'huks l'stil l'fikt tə ðə l'ʃips, ai l'got ði: l'əŋkər-kɔ:rdz
 l'kat, hwaɪl əbaut l'tu: l'hændrid l'pɔintid l'stiks wər l'sent
 intə mai l'feis ənd l'hændz. ðen ai l'tuk əp ðə l'notid
 l'endz əv ðə l'kɔ:rdz tə l'hwitʃ mai l'huks wər l'fikt, ənd
 wið l'nou l'trəbl, tuk l'fifti əv ðə l'greitist l'wɔ:rsʃips l'a:ftər
 mi:z.

ðe bləfəs'l'kjurdʒənz, hʌz həd l'not ðə l'li:st ai'diə l'hwot
 ai wəz l'gouiŋ tə l'du:z, wər ət l'fɔ:rst ouvər'l'kəm wið
 sər'praiz. ðei həd l'si:n mi:z get ðə l'kɔ:rdz l'kat, ənd
 l'həd ði: ai'diə ðət mai dɪ'l'zeɪn wəz l'ounli tə l'let ðə
 l'ʃips gou l'fɪ:z ɔ:r l'kəm l'vaɪələntli ə'genst wən ənəðər.
 bət l'hwen ðei l'sɔ: l'ɔ:l ðə l'ʃips l'mu:vɪŋ in l'ɔ:rdər, ənd
 l'mi: l'puliŋ ət ði: l'end, ðei geiv ə l'ʃɑ:rp l'krai əv l'satʃ
 l'bitər l'peɪn əz iz l'ɔ:l'moust im'pəsi:bl tə l'giv ən ai'diə
 əv. l'hwen ai l'got l'aut əv l'deɪndʒər ai l'meɪd ə l'stop
¹ l'speʃəl l'aɪərn l'huks l'let l'daʊn bai l'ʃips tə l'ki:p ðəm in pə'zi:fən.

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greatest fear was for my eyes, the loss of which would have been certain, if I had not suddenly got an idea. I had kept with me, among other small necessary things, some eyeglasses in a private pocket, which, as I have said before, had not been seen by the King. I took them out and got them fixed as tightly as possible on my nose, and armed like this, went on with my work without fear. Though a number of pointed sticks came against the glasses, the only effect they had was to put them a little out of position. I had now got all the hooks in place, and taking the knot in my hand, gave a pull. But without effect, because all the ships were so strongly fixed by their *anchors*¹ that the hardest part of my undertaking had still to be faced. I let the cord go, and with the hooks still fixed to the ships, I got the anchor-cords cut, while about two hundred pointed sticks were sent into my face and hands. Then I took up the knotted end of the cords to which my hooks were fixed, and with no trouble, took fifty of the greatest warships after me.

The Blefuscudians, who had not the least idea what I was going to do, were at first overcome with surprise. They had seen me get the cords cut, and had the idea that my design was only to let the ships go free or come violently against one another. But when they saw all the ships moving in order, and me pulling at the end, they gave a sharp cry of such bitter pain as is almost impossible to give an idea of. When I got out of danger I made a stop to take out the

¹ Special iron hooks let down by ships to keep them in position.

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tə 'teik 'laut ðə 'pɔɪntɪd 'stɪks hwɪtʃ wər ɪn maɪ 'hændz
ənd 'feɪs, ənd tə 'pʊt lɒn 'sʌm əv ðə 'seɪm 'ɔɪl hwɪtʃ wəz
'gɪvən tə mɪː hwen aɪ 'fɔːrst 'keɪm (əz aɪ həv 'sed
bɪ'fɔːr). aɪ 'ðen 'tʊk ɒf maɪ 'glɑːsɪz ənd 'lɑːftər 'weɪtɪŋ
əbaʊt ən 'laʊər tɪl ðə 'wɔːtər həd gɒn 'daʊn ə lɪtəl, aɪ
'went θruː ðə 'mɪdl wɪð maɪ 'ʃɪps, ənd gɒt 'seɪflɪ tə ðə
'hæʊərbər əv 'lɪlɪpət.

ðə 'kɪŋ ənd lɔːl ðə 'gʌvərnmənt wər æt ðə 'sɪrɪz 'ledʒ
'weɪtɪŋ fər ðɪː 'laʊtkʌm əv ðɪs ɪm'pɔːrtənt ɪ'vent. ðeɪ
sɔː ðə 'ʃɪps 'mʊrvɪŋ 'fɔːrwɜːd ɪn ə 'greɪt 'hæf-'mʊn, bət
wər ʌn'eɪbl tə 'sɪː 'mɪː bɪkɔːz aɪ wəz 'ʌp tə maɪ 'tʃest ɪn
'wɔːtər. 'hwen aɪ 'gɒt tə ðə 'mɪdl əv ðə 'wɔːtərweɪ ðeɪ
wər 'stɪl 'mɔːr 'trʌblɪd, bɪkɔːz aɪ wəz 'lʌndər 'wɔːtər 'ʌp
tə maɪ 'nek. ðə 'kɪŋ 'həd ðɪː aɪ'dɪə ðæt aɪ wəz 'ded, ənd
ðæt ðə 'ʃɪps wər 'kʌmɪŋ tə 'meɪk ən ə'tʌk. bət hɪz 'fɪəz
wər 'kwɪklɪ 'pʊt tə 'rest, bɪkɔːz, ðə 'wɔːtər getɪŋ 'les
'dɪːp wɪð 'evrɪ 'step aɪ 'tʊk, ɪn ə 'ʃɔːrt 'taɪm aɪ 'keɪm ɪn
'hɪərɪŋ, ənd 'lɪftɪŋ 'ʌp ðɪː 'lend əv ðə 'kɔːrd tə hwɪtʃ ðə
'ʃɪps wər 'fɪkst, aɪ 'sed ɪn ə 'laʊd 'vɔɪs, "ə 'lɒŋ 'ruːl tə
ðə 'mʊst 'haɪ 'kɪŋ əv 'lɪlɪpət!" 'hwen aɪ 'keɪm tə 'lʌnd,
ðɪs 'greɪt 'ruːlər 'geɪv mɪː hɪz 'wɔːrmɪst ə'prʊːvəl, ənd
'meɪd mɪː ə 'næːrdʌk 'ðeər ənd 'ðen, hwɪtʃ ɪz ðə 'haɪɪst
pə'zɪʃən ə'mʌŋ ðəm.

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pointed sticks which were in my hands and face, and to put on some of the same oil which was given to me when I first came (as I have said before). I then took off my glasses and after waiting about an hour till the water had gone down a little, I went through the middle with my ships, and got safely to the harbour of Lilliput.

The King and all the government were at the sea's edge waiting for the outcome of this important event. They saw the ships moving forward in a great half-moon, but were unable to see me because I was up to my chest in water. When I got to the middle of the waterway they were still more troubled, because I was under water up to my neck. The King had the idea that I was dead, and that the ships were coming to make an attack. But his fears were quickly put to rest, because, the water getting less deep with every step I took, in a short time I came in hearing, and lifting up the end of the cord to which the ships were fixed, I said in a loud voice, "A long rule to the Most High King of Lilliput!" When I came to land, this great Ruler gave me his warmest approval, and made me a *nardac* there and then, which is the highest position among them.

ðə 'hwisl

'hwen ai wəz ə 'lɪtl 'bɔɪ əv 'sevn, maɪ 'frendz, ɒn
 'deɪ hwen ai həd 'nəʊ 'skʊl-wɜːrk tə 'duː, 'geɪv mɪː
 'pəkiːt fʊl əv 'kɒpərz. ai wɛnt 'streɪt ɒf tʊz ə 'stɔː
 hweər ðeɪ keɪpt 'pleɪθɪŋz. 'bʌt, ɒn ðə 'weɪ, ai wəz 'maɪ
 'plɪːzɪd baɪ ðə 'saʊnd əv ə 'hwisl hwɪtʃ wəz ɪn ðə 'hænd
 əv ə 'nʌðər bɔɪ, ənd ai 'geɪv hɪm 'ɔːl maɪ 'mʌni fɔːr ɪt
 ai 'ðen 'keɪm 'bʌk, ənd wɛnt 'hwɪslɪŋ 'ɔːl əbaʊt ðə 'haʊs
 'mʌtʃ 'plɪːzɪd wɪð maɪ 'hwisl, bʌt 'trʌblɪŋ 'ɔːl ðə 'fʌmɪli
 maɪ 'brʌðərz, ənd 'sɪstərz, ənd rɪ'leɪʃənz, 'hɪəriŋ əv ðɪ
 ɪks'teɪndʒ ai həd meɪd, 'sed ðæt ai həd 'gɪvən 'fɔːr
 'taɪmz əz 'mʌtʃ fɔːr ɪt əz ɪts 'truː 'vʌljʊz. 'ðɪs 'pʊt mɪː
 ɪn 'maɪnd əv hwɒt 'ɡʊd 'θɪŋz ai 'maɪt həv 'ɡɒt wɪð ðə
 'rest əv ðə 'mʌni, ənd ðeɪ meɪd 'sʌtʃ 'spɔːrt əv mɪː fɔːr
 'bɪzɪŋ sʊ 'fʊzɪʃ, ðæt ai baɪkeɪm 'lʌŋɡrɪ ənd ʌn'hæpi. ðə
 'θɔːt əv 'hwɒt ai həd 'dʌn geɪv mɪː 'mɔːr 'peɪn ðən ðə
 'hwisl geɪv mɪː 'pleɪə.

'leɪtər, hauevər, ɪt wəz əv 'ljʊz tə mɪː; bɪkɔːz ɪt
 baɪkeɪm 'fɪkst ɪn maɪ 'maɪnd, sʊ ðæt 'frɪːkwəntli, hwen
 ai 'həd ə dɪ'zʌɪər tə get sʌm ʌn'nesəsəri 'θɪŋ, ai 'sed tə
 maɪ'self: "dʊnt gɪv 'mɔːr ðən ðə 'vʌljʊz əv ðə 'hwisl."
 ənd sʊ ai 'keɪpt maɪ 'mʌni.

THE WHISTLE ¹

When I was a little boy of seven, my friends, on a day when I had no school-work to do, gave me a pocket full of coppers. I went straight off to a store where they kept playthings. But, on the way, I was much pleased by the sound of a whistle which was in the hands of another boy, and I gave him all my money for it. I then came back, and went whistling all about the house, much pleased with my whistle, but troubling all the family. My brothers, and sisters, and relations, hearing of the exchange I had made, said that I had given four times as much for it as its true value. This put me in mind of what good things I might have got with the rest of the money, and they made such sport of me for being so foolish, that I became angry and unhappy. The thought of what I had done gave me more pain than the whistle gave me pleasure.

Later, however, it was of use to me ; because it became fixed in my mind, so that frequently, when I had a desire to get some unnecessary thing, I said to myself : “ *Don’t give more than the value of the whistle.*” And so I kept my money.

¹ From *Wise Words of an Early American*, Benjamin Franklin, pp. 91-93.

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hwen ai wəz ˈbouldə, ənd ˈmɔːr ɪkˈspɪəriənst, ər tuk ˈnɔʊt əv ðə biˈheɪvjər əv ˈmen, ɪt ˈsɪrmd tə miː ðə ðər wər ə ˈɡreɪt ˈnʌmbər hʌz geɪv ˈmɔːr ðən ðə ˈvəlʃu əv ðə ˈhwiːsl.

ˈhwen ai sɔː ˈleniˌwʌn wið ən ˈləʊvər-ˈɡreɪt diˈzaiər t ˈɡet ə pəˈziʃən ɪn ðə ˈkiŋz ˈsɜːrkl, ˈweɪstɪŋ hiːz ˈtaɪm ə səˈsuːti ɪˈvents, ˈɡɪvɪŋ ˈʌp hiːz ˈrest, hiːz ˈɡʊd ˈkwɒlɪtɪz ənd ˈprɒbəbli hiːz ˈfrendz, ˈpuːtɪŋ hɪmself ˈʌndər ðɪ ɔːθərɪt əv ˈʌðəz, ˈsɪmplɪ tə ˈɡet ɪt, ai həv ˈsed tə məɪself : “ðɪ ˈmʌn ɡɪvz ˈmɔːr ðən ðə ˈvəlʃuː əv hiːz ˈhwiːsl.”

hwen ai sɔː əˈnʌðər wið ə diˈzaiər fər ˈpʌblɪk əˈprʊzvl ˈʃuːzɪŋ ʌp ˈɔːl hiːz ˈtaɪm ɪn pəˈlɪtɪkl ˈwɜːrk, ɡɪvɪŋ ˈnɔʊ əˈtɛnʃən tə hiːz ˈbɪznɪs, ənd ˈsoʊ ˈkɔːzɪŋ hiːz ˈdaʊnfɔːl, “hiː ˈsɜːrtɪli ɡɪvz ˈmɔːr ðən ðə ˈvəlʃuː əv hiːz ˈhwiːsl,” ai sed.

ɪf ai ˈsɔː ə ˈmʌni-lʌvər, hʌz ˈgeɪv ʌp ˈlevrɪ ˈsɜːrt əv ˈkʌmfərt, ˈɔːl ðə ˈpleɪə əv ˈduːzɪŋ ˈɡʊd tʌz ˈʌðəz, ˈɔːl ðə rɪˈspekt əv ˈmen, ənd ðə ˈpleɪə əv hævɪŋ ˈkaɪnd ˈfrendz, ˈsoʊ ðət hiː məɪt hæv ə ˈstɔːr əv ˈmʌni, “ˈpuər ˈmʌn,” ai sed, “jʌː ˈsɜːrtɪli ɡɪv ˈmɔːr ðən ðə ˈvəlʃuː əv jʊər ˈhwiːsl.”

ˈhwen ai ˈsɪː ə ˈmʌn əv ˈpleɪə ɡɪvɪŋ ʌp ˈlevrɪ ˈtʃɑːns əv ˈlɜːnɪŋ, ɔːr əv ˈmeɪkɪŋ ə ˈbetər ˈlɪvɪŋ, fər ˈfɪzɪkl ˈfɪːlɪŋ ˈləʊnli, “jʌː ər ɪn ˈlɜːr,” ai sei, “jʌː ər ˈmeɪkɪŋ ˈpeɪn fər jʊəself, ənd ˈnɔʊ ˈpleɪəː jʌː ɡɪv ˈmɔːr ðən ðə ˈvəlʃuː əv jʊər ˈhwiːsl.”

ɪf ai ˈsɪː wʌn wið ə ˈlʌv əv ˈbɜːrtɪfʊl ˈklaʊdɪŋ, ˈbɜːrtɪfʊl ˈθɪŋz fər hiːz ˈhʌʊs, ˈbɜːrtɪfʊl ˈhɔːrsɪz ənd ˈkærɪdʒɪz, fər ˈhwiːtʃ hiː hʌz ˈnɔʊ ɪnʌf ˈmʌni, ənd fər ˈhwiːtʃ hiː ˈɡets

THE WHISTLE

When I was older, and more experienced, and took note of the behaviour of men, it seemed to me that there were a great number who *gave more than the value of the whistle*.

When I saw anyone with an over-great desire to get a position in the King's circle, wasting his time at society events, giving up his rest, his good qualities, and probably his friends, putting himself under the authority of others, simply to get it, I have said to myself: *This man gives more than the value of his whistle*.

When I saw another with a desire for public approval, using up all his time in political work, giving no attention to his business, and so causing his downfall, *He certainly gives more than the value of his whistle*, I said.

If I saw a money-lover, who gave up every sort of comfort, all the pleasure of doing good to others, all the respect of men, and the pleasure of having kind friends, so that he might have a store of money, *Poor man*, I said, *you certainly give more than the value of your whistle*.

When I see a man of pleasure giving up every chance of learning, or of making a better living, for physical feeling only, *You are in error*, I say, *you are making pain for yourself, and not pleasure: you give more than the value of your whistle*.

If I see one with a love of beautiful clothing, beautiful things for his house, beautiful horses and carriages, for which he has not enough money, and for which he

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intə 'det, ənd 'gouz tə 'prɪzn fər ðə 'rest əv hɪz 'deɪz, ə
'sei: "hɪz həz gɪvn ə 'haɪ 'praɪs, ə 'veri 'haɪ 'praɪs, fə
'hɪz 'hwɪsl."

'hwen aɪ sɪz ə 'bjʊtɪfʊl, 'kaɪnd 'gærl, 'marɪd tu: :
'bəd-'hju:mərd 'pɪg əv ə 'mæn, "l'hau 'səd ɪt ɪz," aɪ sei
"ðət ʃɪz həz gɪvn 'sou 'mʌtʃ fər ə 'hwɪsl."

ɪn 'ʌðər 'wɜ:rdz, aɪ 'so: ðət ə 'greɪt 'pɑ:rt əv 'men:
'peɪn wəz 'kɔ:zd baɪ ðə 'fɔ:ls aɪ'diə ðeɪ 'həd əv ðə 'vælju:
əv θɪŋz, ənd baɪ ðeər gɪvɪŋ 'ləuvər-'mʌtʃ fər ðeər 'hwɪslz.

THE WHISTLE

gets into debt, and goes to prison for the rest of his days, I say : *He has given a high price, a very high price, for his whistle.*

When I see a beautiful, kind girl, married to a bad-humoured pig of a man, *How sad it is*, I say, *that she has given so much for a whistle.*

In other words, I saw that a great part of men's pain was caused by the false idea they had of the value of things, and by their *giving over-much for their whistles.*

ðə ˈstreɪndʒ biˈheɪvjər əv ˈmɪstər ləˈɡrænd

it wəz əbaʊt ə ˈmænθ ˈaːftər ðɪs (ənd ɪn ðɪs ˈtaɪm ə ˈhædnt ˈsɪzn ləˈɡrænd) hwen ˈdʒʊːpɪtər, hɪz ˈsɜːrvənt, ˈkeɪn tə ˈsɪː mɪː ɪn ˈtʃaːrlstən. ðə ˈɡʊd ˈbəʊld ˈblæk mæn wəː lʊkɪŋ ˈmɔːr ənˈhæpi ðæn aɪ həd ˈlevər ˈsɪzn hɪm, ənd mæ ˈfɔːrst ˈfɪər wəz ðæt ˈsæmθɪŋ ˈsɪəriəs həd ˈteɪkn ˈpleɪs.

“wel, ˈdʒʊːpɪtər,” aɪ sed, “ˈhwət ɪz ɪt ˈnaʊ? ˈhaʊ mɪstər ˈwɪl?”

“ˈhwai, ɪts ə ˈfækt hɪz ˈnɒt sou ˈwel əz hɪz ˈmaɪt bɪː.”

“ˈnɒt ˈwel? ˈðæts ˈbəd. ˈhwət dæz hɪz ˈsei ɪz ˈrɒŋ wɪð hɪm?”

“ðær! ˈðæts ðə ˈtræbl! hɪz ˈdæznt sei ˈleniθɪŋz ˈrɒŋ —bət ˈstɪl hɪz ˈveri ˈbəd.”

“ˈveri ˈlɪl, ˈdʒʊːpɪtər? ˈhwai dɪdnt jʊː ˈsei sou ət ˈfɔːrst? ˈlɪz hɪː ɪn ˈbed?”

“ˈnou, ˈðæt hɪz ˈnɒt!—hɪː ɪznt ˈlenɪhweər—ˈðæts ðə ˈtræbl. aɪv ɡɒt ˈveri ənˈhæpi əbaʊt ˈpuər mɪstər ˈwɪl.”

“ˈdʒʊːpɪtər, hwət ˈlɪz ɪt jʊːr ˈtɔːkɪŋ əbaʊt? jʊː ˈsei mɪstər ˈwɪl ɪz ˈlɪl. ˈhæznt hɪz ˈsed hwɛts ˈrɒŋ wɪð hɪm?”

THE STRANGE BEHAVIOUR OF MR. LEGRAND ¹

It was about a month after this (and in this time I adn't seen Legrand) when Jupiter, his servant, came to see me in Charleston. The good old black man was looking more unhappy than I had ever seen him, and my first fear was that something serious had taken place.

"Well, Jupiter," I said, "what is it now? How's Mister Will?"

"Why, it's a fact he's not so well as he might be."

"Not well? That's bad. What does he say is wrong with him?"

"There! That's the trouble! He doesn't say anything's wrong—but still he's very bad."

"Very ill, Jupiter? Why didn't you say so at first? Is he in bed?"

"No, that he's not!—he isn't anywhere—that's the trouble. I've got very unhappy about poor Mister Will."

"Jupiter, what is it you're talking about? You say Mister Will is ill. Hasn't he said what's wrong with him?"

¹ From *The Gold Insect*, Edgar Allan Poe, pp. 24-28.

STRANGE BEHAVIOUR OF MR. LEGRA

"'hwai, sər, 'dount get 'langri əbaut it! mīstər 'hi: sez 'nʌθɪŋz 'rɒŋ wið him—bət 'ðen, 'hwət 'me him 'gou ə'baut 'lukiŋ laik 'ðis, wið hiz 'hed 'ha 'daun ənd hiz 'bæk 'bent, ənd hiz 'feis 'ɔ:l 'hwait? 'ðen hiz 'ki:ps ɒn 'nʌmbəriŋ 'ɔ:l ðə 'taim . . ."

"'ki:ps ɒn 'hwət, 'dʒʊ:spitər?"

"'ki:ps ɒn 'traitiŋ 'nʌmbərz ɒn ə 'bɔ:rd—ðə 'streində 'nʌmbərz aiv 'levər 'si:n. aim getiŋ 'veri 'ʌn'hapi əb. it, ai sei. aiv 'got tə 'ki:p ɒn 'ai ɒn 'ɔ:l hiz 'du:zi ði: 'lʌðər 'dei hiz 'gət ə'wei bilfɔ:r 'sʌn-ʌp, ənd hiz 'v 'gon 'ɔ:l 'dei. ai 'got ə 'stik 'kʌt 'redi tə 'giv hin 'gud 'hwipiŋ hwen hiz 'did kʌm—bət aim 'sou 'soft, 'hədnt ðə 'hɑ:rt tʊz, ʌftər 'ɔ:l—hiz 'si:md 'sou 'il."

"'lei?—'hwət?—'lɑ: 'jes. bət 'dount bi: 'rʌf wið 'puər 'mʌn. 'nou 'blouz, 'dʒʊ:spitər—hiz 'nɒt 'strɒŋ i fər 'ðat. bət 'havnt jʊz 'leni aildie 'hwət iz ðə 'kɔ:z ðis 'trabl, ɔ:r ðis 'tʃeində əv bilheivjər? did 'leni 'teik 'pleis ʌftər ai 'went?"

"'nou sər, 'nʌθɪŋ ʌftər 'ðen. ðə 'trabl wəz bilf 'ðen, it 'si:ms tə 'mi:z. it wəz ðə 'seim 'dei ðət 'jʊz w 'ðeər."

"'hau? 'hwɒts ði: aildie?"

"'hwai sər, its 'ðat 'insekt—'ðeər nau!"

"'ðat 'hwət?"

"'ðat 'insekt. aim 'kwait 'sɜ:tn mīstər 'wil gət 'bait 'sʌmhweər ɒn ðə 'hed frəm 'ðat 'gould-insekt."

"ənd 'hwət 'kɔ:z həv jʊz tə sei 'ðat?"

"'kɔ:z əv 'ðis sər. aiv si:n 'nʌθɪŋ 'laik 'ðat 'insek

STRANGE BEHAVIOUR OF MR. LEGRAND

"Why, sir, don't get angry about it! Mister Will, he says nothing's wrong with him—but then, what makes him go about looking like this, with his head hanging down and his back bent, and his face all white? And then he keeps on numbering all the time. . . ."

"Keeps on *what*, Jupiter?"

"Keeps on writing numbers on a board—the strangest numbers I've ever seen. I'm getting very unhappy about it, I say. I've got to keep an eye on all his doings. The other day he got away before sun-up, and he was gone all day. I got a stick cut ready to give him a good whipping when he did come—but I'm so soft, I hadn't the heart to, after all—he seemed so ill."

"Eh?—what?—ah, yes. But don't be rough with the poor man. No blows, Jupiter—he's not strong enough for that. But haven't you any idea what is the cause of this trouble, or this change of behaviour? Did anything take place after I went?"

"No, sir, nothing *after* then. The trouble was *before* then, it seems to me. It was the same day that you were there."

"How? What's the idea?"

"Why, sir, it's that insect—there now!"

"That what?"

"That insect. I'm quite certain Mister Will got a bite somewhere on the head from that gold-insect."

"And what cause have you to say that?"

"'Cause of this, sir. I've seen nothing like that

STRANGE BEHAVIOUR OF MR. LEGRAI

l'kikin' end l'baitin' æt l'evriθin' hwitʃ keim l'nier h
mister l'wil got him l'færst, bæt hix had tæ let him l'g
l'kwik. l'ðat wæz hwen hix l'got ðæ l'bait, l'sirmz tæ l'n
ai l'wœznt l'hapi æbaut hix l'mauθ mai'self, sou ai l'wu
put mai l'fingerz l'nier him. ai l'got him in æ l'bit
l'peipær ai soz. ai l'got him l'intæ ðæ l'peipær end l'pu
l'bit in hix l'mauθ—l'ðat wæz ðæ wei."

"end juær aildie l'iz, ðen, l'ðet mister l'wil got æ l'b
fræm ðis l'insekt, end l'ðat meid him l'il?"

"l'tiznt l'ounli æn aildie; aim l'særtn. l'hwai haz
l'gould on ðæ l'brein in hix l'slirp, if hix l'didnt get æ l'b
fræm ðæ l'gould-insekt? aiv l'kam ækræs l'stozriz
ðouz l'gould-insekts bilfœr l'nau."

"l'hwai dur jur l'sei hixz got l'gould on ðæ l'brein in l'
l'slirp?"

"l'hwai? bikoð hixz l'tœrkin' æbaut it in hix l'slirp
l'ðats l'hwai."

"l'wel, l'dguzpiter, jur l'mei bix l'rait; bæt l'hwai hæv
ðæ l'plegær æv l'sirin' jur tældæi?"

"l'hwots l'ðat sær?"

"l'did mister l'wil l'send jur wið l'eniθin'?"

"l'jes, aiv got ðis l'letær"; end l'dguzpiter l'ðen l'gæ
mir æ l'nout hwitʃ l'went laik l'ðis:

"mai l'diær . . .,

l'hwai havnt ai l'sin' jur fær l'sou l'lœŋ æ l'taim? æ
l'houpin' l'ðet jur hæv l'not l'birn sou l'fuzliʃ æz tæ l'
l'ægri wið mir fær mai l'bad bilheivjær—bæt l'ðat sin
iml'probæbl.

fræm auær l'lærst l'mirtin', ai hæv had l'samθin' on æ

STRANGE BEHAVIOUR OF MR. LEGRAND

insect. Kicking and biting at everything which came near him. Mister Will got him first, but he had to let him go quick. That was when he got the bite, seems to me. I wasn't happy about his mouth myself, so I wouldn't put my fingers near him. I got him in a bit of paper I saw. I got him into the paper and put a bit in his mouth—that was the way."

"And your idea is, then, that Mister Will got a bite from the insect, and that made him ill?"

"'Tisn't only an idea; I'm certain. Why has he got gold on the brain in his sleep, if he didn't get a bite from the gold-insect? I've come across stories of those gold-insects before now."

"Why do you say he's got gold on the brain in his sleep?"

"Why? Because he's talking about it in his sleep—that's why."

"Well, Jupiter, you may be right; but why have I the pleasure of seeing you today?"

"What's that, sir?"

"Did Mister Will send you with anything?"

"Yes, I've got this letter"; and Jupiter then gave me a note which went like this:

"MY DEAR . . . ,

Why haven't I seen you for so long a time? I'm hoping that you have not been so foolish as to be angry with me for my bad behaviour—but that seems improbable.

From our last meeting, I have had something on

STRANGE BEHAVIOUR OF MR. LEGRAN

'maind 'lɔ:l ðə 'taim. ai həv 'sʌmθɪŋ tə 'sei tə jɪ
bət ai əm ʌn'sɜ:rtɪn 'hau tə 'dʊ:z it, ɔ:r ɪf ɪts 'raɪt
'dʊ:z ɪt ət 'lɔ:l.

ai həv 'nɒt bɪn 'kwait 'wel fər 'sʌm 'deɪz, ə
'puər ould 'dʒʊ:pɪtəz 'kaɪnd ə'tenʃənz 'get ɒn m
'nɜ:rvz ənd 'lɔ:lmu:st meɪk mɪz 'ʌŋɡri wɪð hɪm.
'sɪ:mz ɪm'pɒsɪbl, bət ðɪz 'ʌðər 'deɪ hɪd ɡɒt ə 'ɡre
'stɪk 'redi fər mɪz, bɪkɔ:z ai 'went ɒf wɪð'ʌt 'sei
'leniθɪŋ, fər ə 'deɪ əmʌŋ ðə 'maʊntɪnz əkros ðə 'wɔ:tə
aɪm 'kwait 'sɜ:rtɪn ðət 'ləʊnli maɪ 'lu:ks 'keɪpt mɪz 'se
frəm 'pʌnɪʃmənt!

frəm ðə 'taim əv ʌwər 'lʌst 'mɪtɪŋ ai həv meɪ
'ləʊ ə'dɪʃənz tə maɪ 'ɪnsektz.

ɪf ɪts ət 'lɔ:l 'pɒsɪbl, 'plɪ:z, 'kʌm 'ləʊvər wɪ
'dʒʊ:pɪtə. 'dʊ:z 'kʌm. ɪts 'nesəsəri, fər mɪz tə 'sɪz jɪ
tə'nait, ɒn 'veri ɪm'pɔ:tənt 'bɪznɪs. 'teɪk maɪ 'wɜ:z
fər ɪt ðət ɪts 'veri ɪm'pɔ:tənt.

levər 'juəz,

'wɪljəm lə'ɡrænd."

ai wəz 'veri 'trʌblɪd baɪ 'sʌmθɪŋ ɪn ðə 'wɜ:rdɪŋ əv ðɪ
'letər. ðə 'prəʊz sɪmɪd 'kwait 'dɪfrənt frəm lə'ɡrændz
'hwɒt həd hɪz 'ɡɒt ɒn hɪz 'maɪnd? 'hwɒt 'streɪndɪ;
'ɪmpʌls həd 'teɪkən ə 'ɡrɪp əv hɪz ʌn'balənst 'breɪn
'hwɒt "veri ɪm'pɔ:tənt 'bɪznɪs" wəz ɪt 'pɒsɪbl fər 'hɪn
tə 'hav? 'dʒʊ:pɪtəz ə'lkaʊnt əv hɪm 'geɪv mɪz ə 'fɪzɪl
ðət 'lɔ:l wəz 'nɒt 'wel. maɪ 'tʃɪf 'fɪər wəz ðət ə 'tʃeɪn ə
ʌn'hʌpi ɪ'vents həd 'sent maɪ 'frend ɒf hɪz 'hed. sɒ
ai 'ɡɒt 'redi tə 'ɡəʊ wɪð 'dʒʊ:pɪtə wɪð'ʌt 'lɒs əv 'taim.

STRANGE BEHAVIOUR OF MR. LEGRAND

my mind all the time. I have something to say to you, but I am uncertain how to do it, or if it's right to do it at all.

I have not been quite well for some days, and poor old Jupiter's kind attentions get on my nerves and almost make me angry with him. It seems impossible, but the other day he'd got a great stick ready for me, because I went off without saying anything, for a day among the mountains across the water. I'm quite certain that only my looks kept me safe from punishment !

From the time of our last meeting I have made no additions to my insects.

If it's at all possible, please, come over with Jupiter. *Do* come. It's necessary for me to see you tonight, on very important business. Take my word for it that it's *very* important.

Ever yours,

WILLIAM LEGRAND "

I was very troubled by something in the wording of this letter. The prose seemed quite different from Legrand's. What had he got on his mind ? What strange impulse had taken a grip of his unbalanced brain ? What "very important business" was it possible for *him* to have ? Jupiter's account of him gave me a feeling that all was not well. My chief fear was that a chain of unhappy events had sent my friend off his head. So I got ready to go with Jupiter without loss of time.

kil'arwiz 'botl

ðə 'sɪz-ɪdʒərni wəz ə 'ɡʊd wʌn, bət ɔ:l ðə 'taɪ kil'arwi wəz 'kɪ:piŋ 'ɪn hɪz 'breθ, bɪkɔz hɪz həd 'ɡɪv hɪz 'wɔ:rd tə hɪmsɛlf ðət hɪz wʊd ɡɪv 'voɪs tə 'hʌ 'mɔ:r rɪkwɛsts, ənd teɪk 'hʌu 'mɔ:r frəm 'seɪtən. 'taɪm wəz 'ʌp hwen ðeɪ 'ɡɒt 'bʌk. ðə 'hʌus-dɪ'zəɪn 'sed ðət ðə 'hʌus wəz 'redi, ənd kil'arwi ənd lɒu'pɑ:l tʊk 'tɪkɪts ɪn ðə 'hɔ:l ənd 'went daʊn 'kəʊnə weɪ hʌv ə 'lʊk ət ðə 'hʌus, ənd 'sɪz ɪf ɔ:l həd bɪn 'dʌn 'hɑ:zməni wɪð ðə 'θɔ:t ɪn kil'arwiz 'maɪnd.

nau ðə 'hʌus wəz ɒn ðə 'maʊntɪn-saɪd hweər wə mʌɪt 'sɪz ɪt frəm ə 'ʃɪp. 'haɪər 'ʌp, ðə 'θɪk 'wʊd weɪ 'ʌp ɪntə ðə 'klaʊdz əv 'reɪn; 'ʌndər ɪt ðə 'blʌk 'stou həd meɪd 'ʃɑ:p 'sləʊps 'daʊn tə ðə 'sɪz, ənd 'hɪər wə ðə 'restɪŋ-pleɪs əv ðɪ: 'bəʊld 'ru:lərz. ðər wəz ə 'ɡa:rd ə'baʊt ðæt 'hʌus, ɪn hwaɪt wər 'flaʊərz əv 'levrɪ 'kʌlə: ənd ðər wər pə'peɪə trɪz ɒn 'wʌn saɪd ənd 'bredfru trɪz ɒn ðɪ: 'ʌðər, ənd 'streɪt ɪn 'frʌnt, ɪn ðə dɪ'rekʃən əv ðə 'sɪz, ə 'ʃɪps 'haɪ 'seɪl sə'pɔ:t həd bɪn 'pʊt 'ʌp wə ə 'flʌɡ ɒn 'tɒp. 'ʌz fər ðə 'hʌus, ɪt wəz 'θɪr 'flɔ:rz 'hʌ wɪð 'ɡreɪt 'ru:mz ənd 'waɪd 'terɪsɪz ɒn 'levrɪ 'flɔ:r. 'tʊ 'wɪndəʊz wər əv 'ɡlɑ:s, əv 'sʌtʃ 'ɡʊd 'kwɒlɪtɪ ðət ɪt wə

KEÄWE'S BOTTLE ¹

The sea-journey was a good one, but all the time Keäwe was keeping in his breath, because he had given his word to himself that he would give voice to no more requests, and take no more from Satan. The time was up when they got back. The house-designer said that the house was ready, and Keäwe and Lopaka took tickets in the *Hall* and went down Kona way to have a look at the house, and see if all had been done in harmony with the thought in Keäwe's mind.

Now, the house was on the mountain-side where one might see it from a ship. Higher up, the thick wood went up into the clouds of rain ; under it the black stone had made sharp slopes down to the sea, and here was the resting-place of the old rulers. There was a garden about that house, in which were flowers of every colour ; and there were papaia trees on one side and breadfruit trees on the other, and straight in front, in the direction of the sea, a ship's high sail support had been put up with a flag on the top. As for the house, it was three floors high, with great rooms and wide terraces on every floor. The windows were of glass, of such good quality that it was as clear

¹ From *Keäwe's Bottle*, Robert Louis Stevenson, pp. 24-29.

KEÄWE'S BOTTLE

ez 'klier ez 'wærtər ənd ez 'brait ez 'dei. ðər wər
 'teiblz, 'sirts, 'kæbərðz, 'ʃelvz, ənd 'levri 'pɒsibl 'kæmfərt
 in ðə 'ru:mz. ðər wər 'piktʃərz ɒn ðə 'wɔ:lz in 'gould
 'freimz; 'piktʃərz əv 'ʃips ənd 'men 'faitiŋ, əv ðə moust
 'bʒʒɪfʊl 'wimin, ənd əv 'streindʒ 'pleisiz; 'nəʊhweər
 ər ðər 'piktʃərz əv sou 'brait ə 'kælər əz 'ðəʊz kil'æwi
 'sɔ: 'hæŋiŋ in hiz 'hauz. əz fər ði: 'ɔ:rnəmənts, ðei
 wər 'moust 'bʒʒɪfʊl; 'klɒks 'saundiŋ ði 'lauerz, ənd
 'mʒʒɪk-bɒksiz. 'lɪtl 'men wið 'ʃeikiŋ 'hedz, 'bʊks 'fʊl
 əv 'piktʃərz, 'wɔ:z 'ɪnstrʊmənts əv 'greit 'vælʒʊz frəm
 'lɔ:l 'sɔ:rts əv 'streindʒ 'kæntriz, ənd 'pleiðiŋz fər ði:
 ə'mʒʒɪzmənt əv ə 'mæn 'liviŋ baɪ him'self. ənd bi'kɔ:z
 'nəʊ wæn wʊd bi: 'hæpi 'liviŋ in 'sætʃ 'ru:mz, ənd wʊd
 'ləʊnli bi: 'ɪntrestɪd tə 'gəʊ 'θʊz ənd 'si: ðəm, ðə 'terisiz
 wər 'səʊ 'waɪd ðæt ə 'taʊn 'fʊl əv 'pɛərsnz maɪt həv
 bi:zn 'kwait 'hæpi 'liviŋ əpən ðəm; ənd kil'æwi wəz 'nɒt
 'sɛərtn 'hwiʃ geɪv him 'moust 'pleʒər, ðə 'teris ət ðə
 'bæk, 'hweər ʒʊz gɒt ðə 'lænd wɪnd, ənd wər 'lʊkiŋ 'laʊt
 'ləʊvər ðə 'frʊt tri:z ənd ðə 'flauerz, ɔ:z ðə 'frant
 'teris, 'hweər ʒʊz tʊk 'klɪp 'breθs əv ðə 'wɪnd of ðə
 'si:, ənd, 'lʊkiŋ 'daʊn ðə 'færp 'wɔ:ld əv ðə 'maʊntɪn, wər
 'leɪd tə si: ðə 'lɔ:ld 'gəʊniŋ 'baɪ əbaʊt 'wʌns ə 'wɪk
 bi'twɪzn hʊl'ki:nə ənd ðə 'sləʊps əv 'pi:li, ɔ:z ðə 'seiliŋ-
 'ʃɪps gəʊniŋ 'ʌp ɔ:z 'daʊn wið 'wʊd ənd 'lævə ənd
 'frʊt.

'Hwen ðei həd 'si:zn 'levriðiŋ, kil'æwi ənd ləʊ'pærkə
 tʊk ə 'sɪrt baɪ ðə 'dɔ:z.

"'wel," seɪ ləʊ'pærkə, "'lɪz it 'lɔ:ld əz ʒʊz wər 'piktʃəriŋ
 ɪt tə ʒʊər'self?"

KEÄWE'S BOTTLE

as water and as bright as day. There were tables, seats, cupboards, shelves, and every possible comfort in the rooms. There were pictures on the walls in gold frames ; pictures of ships and men fighting, of the most beautiful women, and of strange places ; nowhere are there pictures of so bright a colour as those Keäwe saw hanging in his house. As for the ornaments, they were most beautiful ; clocks sounding the hours, and music-boxes, little men with shaking heads, books full of pictures, war instruments of great value from all sorts of strange countries, and playthings for the amusement of a man living by himself. And because no one would be happy living in such rooms, and would only be interested to go through and see them, the terraces were so wide that a town full of persons might have been quite happy living upon them ; and Keäwe was not certain which gave him most pleasure, the terrace at the back, where you got the land wind, and were looking out over the fruit trees and the flowers, or the front terrace, where you took deep breaths of the wind off the sea, and, looking down the sharp wall of the mountain, were able to see the *Hall* going by about once a week between Hookena and the slopes of Pele, or the sailing-ships going up and down with wood and ava and fruit.

When they had seen everything, Keäwe and Lopaka took a seat by the door.

" Well," said Lopaka, " it is all as you were picturing it to yourself ? "

KEÄWE'S BOTTLE

“ðær ær 'nou 'wærdz fər it,” wəz ki'azwiz 'aɪnsər. “it is 'bətər ðæn 'leni 'piktʃər, ənd ai əm ouvər'kɑm wið ðə 'plegər əv it.”

“ðær iz bət 'wɑn 'θiŋ tə giv 'θɔ:t tuz,” sed lou'pɑ:kə; “bɔ:l 'ðis mei biz 'kwait 'natʃərəl, ənd ðə 'bɒtl-imp mei həv 'nɑ:θiŋ hwət'evər tə 'dʌz wið it. 'ɪf ai 'tʌk ðə 'bɒtl ənd gət 'nou 'seiliŋ-ʃip 'a:ftər bɔ:l, ai wud həv 'pʊt mai 'hænd in ðə 'faɪər fər 'nɑ:θiŋ. it iz 'tru:z ðət ai 'geiv ju:z mai 'wærd; bət 'liznt it 'natʃərəl fər mi:z tə 'meik ə ri:kwest tə ju:z fər 'wɑn 'mɔ:r 'test?”

“ai həv 'givn mai 'wærd tə mai'self ðət ai wil teik 'nou 'mɔ:r frəm ðə 'bɒtl,” sed ki'azwi. “ai həv 'gɔ:n 'lin 'di:p i'nɑ:f.”

“ðis iz 'nɒt ə ri:kwest fər 'leniθiŋ 'mɔ:r hwitʃ ai 'hæv in 'maɪnd,” wəz lou'pɑ:kəz 'aɪnsər. “it iz 'əʊnli tə 'si:z ði:z 'lɪmp him'self. ðær iz 'nou 'prɒfɪt in 'ðæt, ənd sou 'nou 'kɔ:z fər 'ʃeɪm; bət ɪf 'wɑnz ai 'sɔ: him, ai wud biz 'sɔ:rtn əv ðə θiŋ. sou 'dʌz 'ðis mætʃ 'fɔ:r mi:z, ənd 'let mi:z 'si:z ði:z 'lɪmp; ənd 'a:ftər 'ðæt 'hiər iz ðə 'mɑ:ni in mai 'hænd, ənd ai wil 'giv ju:z ðə 'praɪs.”

“ðær iz 'əʊnli 'wɑn 'θiŋ ai əm in 'fiər əv,” sed ki'azwi. “ði:z 'lɪmp mei biz 'veri dis'gæstiŋ-lukiŋ: ənd ɪf ju:z 'wɑnz 'sɔ: him, ju:z mait biz 'i:vn 'les 'redi tə 'teik ðə 'bɒtl.”

“ai əm ə 'mɑ:n əv mai 'wærd,” sed lou'pɑ:kə. “ənd 'hiər iz ðə 'mɑ:ni bi'twi:n əs.”

“'veri 'wel,” ki'azwi meid 'aɪnsər. “ai əm 'ɪntrəstɪd tə 'si:z hwət hi:z iz 'laɪk mai'self. sou 'kɑm, 'let əs həv 'wɑn 'lʌk ət ju:z, mi'stər imp.”

naʊ, ðə 'mɪnɪt 'ðæt wəz 'sed, ði:z 'lɪmp 'pʊt hi:z hed 'laʊt

KEÄWE'S BOTTLE

"There are no words for it," was Keäwe's answer. "It is better than my picture, and I am overcome with the pleasure of it."

"There is but one thing to give thought to," said Lopaka; "all this may be quite natural, and the bottle-imp may have nothing whatever to do with it. If I took the bottle and got no sailing-ship after all, I would have put my hand in the fire for nothing. It is true that I gave you my word; but isn't it natural for me to make a request to you for one more test?"

"I have given my word to myself that I will take no more from the bottle," said Keäwe. "I have gone in deep enough."

"This is not a request for anything more which I have in mind," was Lopaka's answer. "It is only to see the imp himself. There is no profit in that, and so no cause for shame; but if once I saw him, I would be certain of the thing. So do this much for me, and let me see the imp; and after that, here is the money in my hand, and I will give you the price."

"There is only one thing I am in fear of," said Keäwe. "The imp may be very disgusting-looking; and if you once saw him, you might be even less ready to take the bottle."

"I am a man of my word," said Lopaka. "And here is the money between us."

"Very well," Keäwe made answer. "I am interested to see what he is like myself. So come, let us have one look at you, Mr. Imp."

KEÄWE'S BOTTLE

äv ðə bɒtl ænd ˈɪn əɡen, ˈkwɪk əz ə ˈsneɪk; ænd ˈðeər wɜr kɪlˈaɪwi ænd lɒlˈpɑ:kə ˈtɔːrnd tə ˈstoun. ðə ˈnait hæd ˈkɑm bɪfɔːr ðeɪ hæd ə ˈθɔːt tə ˈput ɪntə ˈwɜːrdz ɔːr ə ˈvoɪs wɪð ˈhwaɪtʃ tə ˈdʊː sou; ænd ˈðen, ˈpuʃɪŋ ðə ˈmɑni lɒvər, lɒlˈpɑ:kə ˈtʊk ðə ˈbɒtl.

“ai əm ə ˈmɑn əv maɪ ˈwɜːrd,” sed hɪz, “ænd həv ˈnɪɹd tə ˈbiː sou, ɔːr ai wʊd ˈnɒt ˈɡɪv ðɪs ˈbɒtl sou ˈmɑtʃ əz ə ˈtɑtʃ wɪð maɪ ˈfʊt. ˈwel, ai wɪl ɡet maɪ ˈseɪlɪŋ-ʃɪp ænd səm ˈdɒlərz fɜr maɪ ˈpɒkɪt; ænd ˈðen aɪl biː ˈhændɪŋ ðɪs ˈlɪmp ɒn əz ˈkwɪkli əz ai əm ˈleɪbl. bɪkɔːz, ðər ɪz ˈnɒu ˈdaʊt əbaʊt ɪt, ðə ˈlʊk əv hɪm hæz ˈɡɪvən mɪː ə ˈɡreɪt ˈʃɒk.”

“lɒlˈpɑ:kə,” sed kɪlˈaɪwi, “dʊː ˈnɒt hæv ə ˈbɑd əˈpɪnʃən əv mɪː; ɪt ɪz ˈtruː ðæt ɪt ɪz ˈnait, ænd ðə ˈraʊdz ɜr ˈɹɑf, ænd ðə ˈwei baɪ ðə ˈrestɪŋ-pleɪs əv ðə ˈkɪŋz ɪz ə ˈbɑd ˈpleɪs tə ˈɡɒu ˈsɒu ˈleɪt, bɛt ðə ˈfɑkt ɪz ðæt ˈɑːftər ˈsɪxɪŋ ðæt ˈlɪtl ˈfeɪs, ai wɪl ˈnɒt biː ˈleɪbl tə hæv ˈlenɪ ˈslɪp ɔːr ˈlenɪ ˈfʊɹd, ɔːr tə ˈɡɒu ˈdaʊn ɒn maɪ ˈnɪːz tɪl ɪt ɪz ˈfɑːr ˈfrɒm mɪː. ai wɪl ˈɡɪv ʒʊː ə ˈlaɪt, ænd ə ˈbɑːskɪt tə put ðə ˈbɒtl ɪn, ænd ˈlenɪ ˈpɪktʃər ɔːr ˈbɔːrnəmənt ɪn ˈɔːl maɪ ˈhɑʊs hwaɪtʃ ɪz ˈplɪːzɪŋ tə ʒʊː; ænd ˈɡɒu ˈnɑʊ, ænd ˈteɪk ʒʊər ˈslɪːp ət hʊkɪːnə wɪð nɑːˈhɪːnʊː.”

“kɪlˈaɪwi,” sed lɒlˈpɑ:kə, “ˈmɒʊst ˈmɛnz ˈfɪːlɪŋz wʊd biː ˈwʊːndɪd baɪ ˈðɪs bɪˈheɪvʃər; ˈspɛʃəli hwen ai əm ˈsɑtʃ ə ˈɡʊd ˈfrend əz tə ˈkɪːp maɪ ˈwɜːrd ænd ˈteɪk ðə ˈbɒtl; ænd ˈlɑːz fɜr ðæt, ðə ˈnait ænd ðə ˈdɑːrk, ænd ðə ˈwei baɪ ðə ˈrestɪŋ-pleɪs əv ðə ˈkɪŋz meɪ biː ˈten ˈtaɪmz ˈmɔːr əv ə ˈdeɪndʒər tʊː ə ˈmɑn hʊː hæz ˈdɑn ðɪs ˈɡreɪt ˈrɒŋ, ænd hæz ˈsɑtʃ ə ˈbɒtl ˈlɑndər hɪz ˈɑːrm. bɛt fɜr ˈmaɪ

KEÄWE'S BOTTLE

Now, the minute that was said, the imp put his head out of the bottle and in again, quick as a snake ; and there were Keäwe and Lopaka turned to stone. The night had gone before they had a thought to put into words or a voice with which to do so ; and then, pushing the money over, Lopaka took the bottle.

"I am a man of my word," said he, "and have need to be so, or I would not give this bottle so much as a touch with my foot. Well, I will get my sailing-ship and some dollars for my pocket ; and then I'll be handing this imp on as quickly as I am able. Because, there is no doubt about it, the look of him has given me a great shock."

"Lopaka," said Keäwe, "do not have a bad opinion of me ; it is true that it is night, and the roads are rough, and the way by the resting-place of the kings is a bad place to go so late, but the fact is that after seeing that little face, I will not be able to have any sleep or any food, or to go down on my knees till it is far from me. I will give you a light, and a basket to put the bottle in, and any picture or ornament in all my house which is pleasing to you ; and go now, and take your sleep at Hookena with Nahinu."

"Keäwe," said Lopaka, "most men's feelings would be wounded by this behaviour ; specially when I am such a good friend as to keep my word and take the bottle ; and as for that, the night and the dark, and the way by the resting-place of the kings may be ten times more of a danger to a man who has done this great wrong, and has such a bottle under his arm.

KEÄWE'S BOTTLE

'pa:rt, ai əm in 'sɑtʃ 'fiər mai'self, ðət ai həv 'nɒt ðə
'hɑ:rt tə bi: 'lɑŋɡri. 'hiər ai 'ɡou ðen; ənd 'mei ju: bi:
'hɑpi in juər 'hɑus, ənd 'ai du: 'wel wið mai 'seiliŋ-ʃip,
ənd 'mei wi: bi: 'kept 'laʊt əv 'seitənz 'pauər in ði: 'lend
ðəu wi: həv bi:zn ði: 'ləʊnərz əv hiz 'bɒtl."

KEÄWE'S BOTTLE

But for my part, I am in such fear myself, that I have not the heart to be angry. Here I go then ; and may you be happy in your house, and I do well with my sailing-ship, and may we be kept out of Satan's power in the end though we have been the owners of his bottle."

'houitʃi ðə 'bi:wə-pleiə

'WAN 'səmə 'nait 'houitʃiz 'frend wəz ri'kwɛstɪd tə 'gou θru: ðə 'fɔ:rmz əv ri'lɪdʒən fər ðə 'deθ əv ə 'man hʌz 'went tə hɪz 'tʃɔ:rtʃ; ənd hɪz 'went tə ðɪs 'mɑnz 'hɑus wɪð hɪz 'ʃɑŋ 'sɜ:vənt; sou ðət 'houitʃi wəz ðɪz 'ləunli 'pɜ:sn in ðə 'tʃɔ:rtʃ 'ðət 'nait. it wəz ə 'veri 'wɔ:rm 'nait; ənd 'houitʃi 'went ɒn ðə və'randə¹ in 'frʌnt əv hɪz 'slɪ:pɪŋ-rʌm bɪkɔz ðə 'hɪt wəz 'nɒt sou 'greɪt ðɛə. ðə və'randə wəz ət ðə 'bæk əv ðɪz əmɪ'dædʒi, 'feɪsɪŋ ə 'smɔ:l 'gɑ:rdn. 'houitʃi wəz 'weɪtɪŋ ðɛə fər ðə 'man əv ri'lɪdʒən tə kʌm 'bæk ənd hɪz wəz 'kʌmfɜ:tɪŋ hɪmsɛlf baɪ 'pleɪɪŋ ɒn hɪz 'bi:wə. it wəz 'pɑ:st 'twelv; ənd ðə 'man əv ri'lɪdʒən həd 'nɒt kʌm 'bæk. bət it wəz stɪl 'veri 'wɔ:rm in'saɪd; ənd 'houitʃi 'keɪpt ɒn ðə və'randə. ət 'lɑ:st ðɛə 'keɪm tə hɪz 'hɜ:z ðə 'saʊnd əv 'steɪps 'kʌmɪŋ in hɪz dɪ'rekʃən frəm ðə 'bæk 'dɔ:z. 'sʌmbədi 'keɪm 'ʌp tə ðə və'randə frəm ə'krɔs ðə 'gɑ:rdn, stɒpɪŋ 'traɪt in 'frʌnt əv hɪm—bət it wəz 'nɒt ðə 'man əv ri'lɪdʒən. ə 'dɪz 'voɪs 'sed hɪz 'neɪm 'ləʊdli—'sʌdnli ənd 'rʌʃi, laɪk ə 'sʌmʊrʌi gɪvɪŋ ən 'bɜ:də tʌz ə 'sɜ:vənt:—

“'houitʃi!”

¹ ə 'lɒŋ 'kʌvəd 'wɔ:k ət ðə 'saɪd əv ə 'hɑus.

HŌICHI THE BIWA-PLAYER ¹

One summer night Hōichi's friend was requested to go through the forms of religion for the death of a man who went to his church ; and he went to this man's house with his young servant ; so that Hōichi was the only person in the church that night. It was a very warm night ; and Hōichi went on the *verandah* ² in front of his sleeping-room because the heat was not so great there. The verandah was at the back of the Amidaji, facing a small garden. Hōichi was waiting there for the man of religion to come back and he was comforting himself by playing on his biwa. It was past twelve ; and the man of religion had not come back. But it was still very warm inside ; and Hōichi kept on the verandah. At last there came to his ears the sound of steps coming in his direction from the back door. Somebody came up to the verandah from across the garden, stopping right in front of him—but it was not the man of religion. A deep voice said his name loudly—suddenly and roughly, like a samurai giving an order to a servant :—
“ Hōichi ! ”

¹ From *Japanese Stories*, Lafcadio Hearn, pp. 19-27.

² A long covered walk at the side of a house.

HŌICHI THE BIWA-PLAYER

ʰhouitʃi wəz ʰsou matʃ sərˈpraɪzd ðæt, fər ə ʰminɪt, hiː
wəz ʰnleɪbl tə ʰgɪv enɪ ʰlɑːnsər; ənd ðə ʰvoɪs ʰsed əˈɡen,
əz ɪf ʰrɑːfɪ ʰgɪvɪŋ ən ʰɔːrdər:—

“ʰhouitʃi!”

“ʰhai!” hiː meɪd ʰlɑːnsər, ʰfɪərɪŋ ðɪs ʰnout ɪn ðə
ʰvoɪs,—“aɪ əm ʰnleɪbl tə ʰsɪː!—aɪ hæv ʰnou aɪldɪə ʰhuː
juː ʰlɑːr!”

“ðər ɪz ʰnou ʰkɔːz fər ʰfɪər,” ðə ʰstreɪndʒ ʰman ʰsed,
ʰtɔːkɪŋ mɔːr ʰsoftli. “aɪ əm ʰstɔːpɪŋ ʰnɪər ðə ʰtʃɔːrtʃ, ənd
hæv bɪːn ʰsent tə juː wɪð ə rɪˈkwɛst. maɪ ʰpreznt ʰtʃɪːf,
ə ʰpɛːrsn əv ʰveri ʰhai pəˈzɪʃən, ɪz ʰnau ɪn ʰakəməɡəˈseɪki,
wɪð ə ʰɡreɪt ʰnʌmbər əv ʰmen əv ʰɡud ʰbɛːrθ. hiː həd ə
dɪˈzɑːiər tə ʰsɪː hweər ɪt ʰwɔːz ðæt ðə ʰfaɪt əv dʌn-nou-lʊrə
tʌk ʰpleɪs; ənd təˈdeɪ hiː ʰwent ðeər. ɪt hɛz ʰkʌm tə
hiːz ʰiːəz ðæt ʰjuː ɡɪv ðə ʰstɔːrɪ əv ðə ʰfaɪt ʰveri ʰwel; hiː
ʰnau hɛz ə dɪˈzɑːiər fər juː tə ʰgɪv juːr ʰsɔːŋ bɪˈfɔːr hiːm;
sou juː wɪl ʰteɪk juːr ʰbiːwə ənd ʰkʌm wɪð miː ʰkwɪkli
tə ðə ʰhaus hweər ðɪːz ʰɡreɪt ʰpɛːrsnz ər ʰweɪtɪŋ.”

ɪn ðəʊz ʰtaɪmz, ðɪː ʰɔːrdər əv ə ʰsʌmʊrʌɪ həd tə biː
ʰteɪkn ʰveri ʰsɪəriəsli. ʰhouitʃi ʰpʊt ən hiːz ʰflʌt ʰʃuːz,
ʰtʌk hiːz ʰbiːwə, ənd ʰwent əˈwei wɪð ðə ʰstreɪndʒ ʰman,
huː ʰsɪːmɪd tə hæv ə ʰɡud ʰnɒlɪdʒ əv ðə ʰwei, bət ʰmeɪd
ʰhouitʃi ɡəʊ ʰveri ʰkwɪkli. ðə ʰhʌnd ʰɡaɪdɪŋ hiːm wəz
ʰlaɪərn; ənd ðə ʰsaʊnd əv ʰmetl ʰmeɪd ɪt ʰkliːər ðæt ðə
ʰman wəz ʰfʊli ʰlɑːrɪmɪd,—prəˈbæbli hiː həd bɪːn ʰkɪːpɪŋ
ʰwɔːtʃ ət sʌm ʰɡreɪt ʰhaus. ʰhouitʃɪz ʰfɛːrst ʰfɪːəz wər
ʰləʊvər; ənd ɪt ʰnau ʰsɪːmɪd tə hiːm ðæt ʰðɪs wəz ə ʰhʌpɪ
ʰtʃɑːns:—bɪˈkɔːz, ʰkɪːpɪŋ ɪn ʰmaɪnd ðə ʰsʌmʊrʌɪz ʰtɔːk əv
“ʰpɛːrsnz əv ʰveri ʰhai pəˈzɪʃən,” hiː wəz ʰsəːrtɪn ðæt ðə

HŌICHI THE BIWA-PLAYER

Hōichi was so much surprised that, for a minute, he was unable to give any answer ; and the voice said again, as if roughly giving an order,—

“ Hōichi ! ”

“ *Hai* ! ” he made answer, fearing this note in the voice,—“ I am unable to see !—I have no idea who you are ! ”

“ There is no cause for fear,” the strange man said, talking more softly. “ I am stopping near the church, and have been sent to you with a request. My present chief, a person of very high position, is now in Akamagaséki, with a great number of men of good birth. He had a desire to see where it was that the fight of Dan-no-ura took place ; and today he went there. It has come to his ears that you give the story of the fight very well ; he now has a desire for you to give your song before him ; so you will take your biwa and come with me quickly to the house where these great persons are waiting.”

In those times, the order of a samurai had to be taken very seriously. Hōichi put on his flat shoes, took his biwa, and went away with the strange man, who seemed to have a good knowledge of the way, but made Hōichi go very quickly. The hand guiding him was iron ; and the sound of metal made it clear that the man was fully armed,—probably he had been keeping watch at some great house. Hōichi's first fears were over ; and it now seemed to him that this was a happy chance :—because, keeping in mind the samurai's talk of “ persons of very high position,”

HŌICHI THE BIWA-PLAYER

tʃɪf hu: həd ˈsɛnt fər hɪm tə ˈɡɪv hɪz ˈsɔŋ wʊd ˈnɒt bɪ:
 ˈlɛs ðən ə ˈdaɪmʃu ¹ əv ðə ˈfɜːst ˈbɔːrdər. ˈɑːftər ə ˈtaɪm
 ðə ˈsəməraɪ ˈkeɪm tu: ə ˈstɒp; ənd ˈhəʊɪtʃɪ baɪkeɪm ˈkɒŋʃəs
 ðət ðeɪ həd ˈɡɒt tu: ə ˈɡreɪt ˈdɔːrweɪ;—ənd hɪ: wəz
 sərˈpraɪzd, bɪkɔːz hɪ: həd ˈnəʊ ˈmeməri əv ˈleni ˈɡreɪt
 ˈdɔːr ɪn ðət ˈpɑːrt əv ðə ˈtaʊn ˈlʌðər ðən ðə ˈtʃɪf ˈdɔːr əv
 ɔː ˈamɪˈlʌdʒɪ. “kwaiˈmɒn!”² ðə ˈsəməraɪ sɛd ˈlaʊdli,—
 ənd ðər wəz ə ˈsaʊnd əv ˈʌnˈləkɪŋ; ənd ðə ˈtu: ˈwent
 ˈθru:. ðeɪ ˈwent əˈkrɒs ə ˈspeɪs əv ˈɡɑːrdn ənd ˈkeɪm tu
 ə ˈstɒp əɡen bɪˈfɔːr ˈsʌm ˈdɔːrweɪ; ənd ðə ˈsəməraɪ ˈsɛd
 ɪn ə ˈlaʊd ˈvoɪs, “ɟu: hu: ər ɪnˈsaɪd! aɪ həv ˈkʌm wɪð
 ˈhəʊɪtʃɪ!” ðən keɪm ˈsaʊndz əv ˈkwɪk ˈfɪrt, ənd ˈpeɪpər
 ˈwɔːlz ˈslɪpɪŋ ˈbʌk, ənd ˈreɪn-ˈdɔːrz ˈləʊpɪŋ, ənd ˈvoɪsɪz
 əv ˈwɪmɪn ˈtɔːkɪŋ tə wʌn ənʌðər. baɪ ðə ˈlʌŋɡwɪdʒ əv
 ðə ˈwɪmɪn ɪt baɪkeɪm ˈkliər tə ˈhəʊɪtʃɪ ðət ðeɪ wər ˈsɜːrvənts
 ɪn ˈsʌm ˈɡreɪt ˈhʌʊs, bət hɪ: həd ˈnəʊ aɪˈdɪə tə ˈhʊɒt
 ˈpleɪs hɪ: həd bɪˈɪn ˈteɪkən. ˈlɪtl ˈtaɪm wəz ˈɡɪvən fər
 ˈθɔːt. ˈɑːftər hɪ: həd bɪˈɪn ˈhelpt tə ˈɡəʊ ˈʌp sɛm ˈstəʊn
 ˈsteɪps, ɒn ðə ˈhɑːst əv ˈhwaɪtʃ hɪ: wəz ˈbɔːrdəd tə ˈteɪk ɒf
 hɪz ˈɟʊːz, hɪ: wəz ˈɡaɪdɪd baɪ ə ˈwʊmənz ˈhʌnd əkrɒs
 ˈlɔŋ ˈstretʃɪz əv ˈpɒlɪʃt ˈbɔːrdz, ənd raʊnd ə ˈnʌmbər əv
 ˈlʌŋɡlɪz wɪð ˈtɔːl sɛˈpɔːrts, ənd ɒvər ə ˈwaɪd ˈspeɪs əv
 ˈkʌvəd ˈflɔːr,—ɪntə ðə ˈmɪdl əv ˈsʌm ˈɡreɪt ˈruːm. ðeər
 ɪt ˈsɪːmd tə hɪm ðət ə ˈɡreɪt ˈnʌmbər əv ˈpɜːrsnz əv ˈhaɪ
 pəˈzɪʃən wər ˈweɪtɪŋ: ðə ˈsaʊnd əv ðə ˈsɪlk ˈdresɪz wəz
 laɪk ðə ˈsaʊnd əv ˈlɪːvz ɪn ə ˈwʊd. and, ɪn əˈdɪʃən, ðeər

¹ ˈruːlər əv ə dɪˈvɪʒən əv ˈəʊld dʒəˈpʌn.

² ˈɡet ðə ˈdɔːr ˈləʊpən!

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he was certain that the chief who had sent for him to give his song would not be less than a *daimyo*¹ of the first order. After a time the samurai came to a stop; and Hōichi became conscious that they had got to a great doorway;—and he was surprised, because he had no memory of any great door in that part of the town other than the chief door of the Amidaji. “*Kwaimon!*”² the samurai said loudly,—and there was a sound of unlocking; and the two went through. They went across a space of garden and came to a stop again before some doorway; and the samurai said in a loud voice, “You who are inside! I have come with Hōichi!” Then came sounds of quick feet, and paper walls slipping back, and rain-doors opening, and voices of women talking to one another. By the language of the women it became clear to Hōichi that they were servants in some great house, but he had no idea to what place he had been taken. Little time was given him for thought. After he had been helped to go up some stone steps, on the last of which he was ordered to take off his shoes, he was guided by a woman’s hand across long stretches of polished boards, and round a number of angles with tall supports, and over a wide space of covered floor,—into the middle of some great room. There it seemed to him that a great number of persons of high position were waiting: the sound of the silk dresses was like the sound of leaves in a wood. And,

¹ Ruler of a division of old Japan.

² Get the door open!

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'keim tə hiz 'hær ə 'dʒenərəl 'nɔiz əv 'lou 'vɔisiz,—'tɔ:kiŋ 'veri 'sɒftli; and ðə 'lɑŋgwidʒ wəz ðæt əv 'pɛ:rsnz 'liviŋ əmɑŋ ðə 'ɡreit.

ðei 'sed tə 'həuitʃi ðæt hi: wəz 'nɒt tə bi: 'trabld, and ðer wəz ə 'kuʃən 'redi fər him. 'la:ftər haviŋ 'teikn hiz 'pleis ɒn it, and ɡɒt 'redi hiz 'instrumənt, ðə 'vɔis əv ə 'wumən—hʌ: 'sɪrmd tə him tə bi: ðə 'rouʒou, ɔ:r 'tʃi:f əv ðə 'fɪrmiel 'sɜ:rvents—'sed tə him:—

“nau 'wɪl ju: 'plɪz ɡiv ðə 'sɒŋ əv ðə 'hɪstəri əv ðə heɪ'keɪ wɪð ðə 'bi:wə?”

ðə kəm'plɪxt 'stɔ:ri wud hæv teikn ə 'ɡreit 'nʌmbər əv 'naɪts; sou 'həuitʃi 'put ə 'kwɛstʃən:—

“it wud teik ə 'lɒŋ 'taɪm tə ɡiv ðə 'fʊl 'stɔ:ri, sou 'hwɒt 'paɪrt ɪz ɪt juər dɪ'zɑɪər tə hæv 'pleɪd tə ju: 'nau?”

ðə 'wumənz 'vɔis meɪd 'lɑ:nsər:—

“'ɡiv ðə 'stɔ:ri əv ðə 'faɪt ət dən-nou-lu:rə,—bɪkɔz ɪt ɪz 'sɑdər ðən 'lenɪ 'lʌðər 'paɪrt.”

ðen 'lɪftɪŋ ʌp hiz 'vɔis, 'həuitʃi 'ɡeɪv ðə 'sɒŋ əv ðə 'faɪt ɒn ðə 'hɪtər 'sɪz,—meɪkiŋ ə 'streɪndʒ 'saʊnd wɪð ðə 'bi:wə laɪk ðə 'pulɪŋ əv 'bəʊt-bleɪdz and ðə 'nɔiz əv 'ʃɪps ɪn ðə 'wɔ:tər, ðə 'hɪs əv ðɪ: 'laɪtʃərz, ðə 'kraɪɪŋ and 'stɑmpiŋ əv 'men, ðə 'smɑʃɪŋ əv 'stɪl ɒn 'hed-kævərɪŋz, ðə 'fɔ:l əv 'ded 'bɒdɪz ɪn ðə 'wɔ:tər. and tə 'left end 'traɪt əv him, hwen'evər hiz 'pleɪɪŋ 'keim tu: ə 'stɒp, 'lou 'vɔisiz əv ə'pru:vəl 'keim tə hiz 'hær.

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in addition, there came to his ears a general noise of low voices,—talking very softly ; and the language that of persons living among the great.

They said to Hōichi that he was not to be troubled, and there was a cushion ready for him. After having taken his place on it, and got ready his instrument, the voice of a woman—who seemed to him to be the *Rojo*, or chief of the female servants—said to him :—

“ Now will you please give the song of the history of the Heiké with the biwa ? ”

The complete story would have taken a great number of nights ; so Hōichi put a question :—

“ It would take a long time to give the full story, so what part is it you desire to have played to you now ? ”

The woman's voice made answer :—

“ Give the story of the fight at Dan-no-ura,—because it is sadder than any other part.”

Then, lifting up his voice, Hōichi gave the song of the fight on the bitter sea,—making a strange sound with the biwa like the pulling of boat-blades and the noise of ships in the water, the hiss of the archers, the crying and stamping of men, the smashing of steel on head-coverings, the fall of dead bodies in the water. And to left and right of him, whenever his playing came to a stop, low voices of approval came to his ears.

¹bildiŋ ði: 'a:rk

9. 'nouə wəz ə 'gud 'man huz həd dən 'nou 'li:vl in
hiz dʒenə'reiʃənz, ənd hi: 'həd ði: ə'pruzvl əv 'gəd.

10. ənd 'nouə həd 'θri: 'sanz, 'ʃem, 'ham, ənd 'dʒeifeθ.

11. ði: 'lə:rθ wəz 'həd in 'gədz 'laiz, ənd 'ful əv 'rəŋ-
du:ŋ.

12. ənd 'gəʊl 'sɔ: ði: 'lə:rθ, ənd it wəz 'li:vl; 'levri
'li:viŋ 'θiŋ həd dən 'rəŋ əpən ði: 'lə:rθ.

13. ənd 'gəd 'sed tə 'nouə, ði: 'lend əv 'bɔ:l 'li:viŋ 'θiŋz
iz et 'hand; ði: 'lə:rθ iz 'ful əv 'rəŋ-du:ŋ bi'kəz əv ðəm,
ənd ai wil 'put ən 'lend tə ðəm ən ði: 'lə:rθ.

14. 'meik ən 'a:rk əv 'goufər-wud, wið 'ru:ɪnz in it,
ənd 'put 'bitʃumin 'insaid ənd 'aʊt.

15. ənd 'ðis iz ðə 'wei jʌz ər tə 'meik it: it iz tə bi:
'fɔ: 'hændrid 'fɪt 'lɒŋ, 'sevnti 'fɪt 'waɪd, ənd 'fɔ:rti 'fɪt
'haɪ.

16. ənd jʌz wil meik ə 'ru:f tə ði: 'a:rk, ə 'fut 'waɪd
ət ðə 'tɒp; ənd ðə 'dɔ:z əv ði: 'a:rk jʌz wil 'put in ðə

BUILDING THE ARK ¹

9. Noah was a good man who had done no evil in his generations, and he had the approval of God.

10. And Noah had three sons, Shem, Ham, and Japheth.

11. The earth was bad in God's eyes, and full of wrong-doing.

12. And God saw the earth, and it was evil; every living thing had done wrong upon the earth.

13. And God said to Noah, The end of all living things is at hand; the earth is full of wrong-doing because of them, and I will put an end to them on the earth.

14. Make an ark of *gopher*-wood, with rooms in it, and put *bitumen* inside and out.

15. And this is the way you are to make it: It is to be four hundred feet long, seventy feet wide, and forty feet high.

16. And you will make a roof to the ark, a foot wide at the top; and the door of the ark you will put in the

¹ From *Stories from the Bible* (Genesis, vi-vii), pp. 30-33. In this story words are used from the List for Reading Verse (100 words) and the Bible List (50 words).

BUILDING THE ARK

'said; wið 'louər, 'sekənd, ənd 'θə:rd 'flə:rz ju:z wil 'meik it.

17. ənd 'ai, 'li:vən 'ai, wil 'send ðə 'wɔ:tə:z ən ði: 'lə:rθ, fər ðə dis'trækʃən əv 'levri 'li:vɪŋ ənd 'brɪ:ðɪŋ 'θɪŋ əndər 'hevn; ənd 'levriθɪŋ hwitʃ iz 'ən ði: 'lə:rθ wil 'kɑ:m tu:z ən 'lənd.

18. bət wið 'ju:z ai wil 'meik ən ə'grɪzmənt; ənd 'ju:z wil 'kɑ:m lɪntə ði: 'lə:rk, wið juər 'sɑ:nz, ənd juər 'waɪf, ənd juər 'sɑ:nz 'waɪvz.

19. ənd əv 'levri 'li:vɪŋ 'θɪŋ ðeər lɪz, ju:z wil 'teɪk 'tu:z əv 'levri 'sɔ:rt lɪntə ði: 'lə:rk, ənd 'ki:p ðəm wið ju:z; ðeɪ wil bɪ: 'meɪl ənd 'fi:meɪl.

20. əv 'bɛ:rdz æftər 'ðeər 'sɔ:rt, ənd əv 'kɑ:tl æftər 'ðeər 'sɔ:rt, əv 'levriθɪŋ hwitʃ gouz 'flæt ən ði: 'lə:rθ æftər 'hɪz 'sɔ:rt, ju:z wil 'teɪk 'tu:z əv 'levri 'sɔ:rt ənd 'ki:p ðəm 'li:vɪŋ.

21. ənd 'meɪk ə 'stɔ:ər əv 'fʊd əv 'levri 'sɔ:rt fər juə:lsɛlf ənd fər 'ðəm.

22. ənd 'nəʊə dɪd 'levriθɪŋ hwitʃ 'gɒd 'sed hɪ: wəz tə du:z.

VII. 1. ənd ðə 'lɔ:rd 'sed tə 'nəʊə, 'teɪk 'ɔ:l juər 'fæmɪli ənd 'gəʊɪntə ði: 'lə:rk, bɪkəz 'ju: 'ləʊnli həv bɪ:n 'gʊd ɪn 'maɪ 'laɪz ɪn 'ðɪs dʒenə'reɪʃən.

2. əv 'levri 'kli:n 'bɪ:st ju:z wil 'teɪk baɪ 'sevnz, ðə 'meɪl ənd hɪz 'fi:meɪl; ənd əv ðə 'bɪ:sts hwitʃ ər 'nɒt 'kli:n, 'tu:z, ðə 'meɪl ənd hɪz 'fi:meɪl.

3. əv ðə 'bɛ:rdz əv ði: 'leər baɪ 'sevnz, 'meɪl ənd 'fi:meɪl, səʊ ðæt ðeər 'sɪd meɪ 'stɪl 'bi: ən ðə 'feɪs əv 'ɔ:l ði: 'lə:rθ.

4. ənd ɪn 'sevn 'deɪz 'lɔ:ər ai wil 'send 'reɪn əpən ði:

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side ; with lower, second, and third floors you will make it.

17. And I, even I, will send the waters on the earth, for the destruction of every living and breathing thing under heaven ; and everything which is on the earth will come to an end.

18. But with you I will make an agreement ; and you will come into the ark, with your sons, and your wife, and your sons' wives.

19. And of every living thing there is, you will take two of every sort into the ark, and keep them with you ; they will be male and female.

20. Of birds after their sort, and of cattle after their sort, of everything which goes flat on the earth after his sort, you will take two of every sort and keep them living.

21. And make a store of food of every sort for yourself and for them.

22. And Noah did everything which God said he was to do.

VII. 1. And the Lord said to Noah, Take all your family and go into the ark, because you only have been good in my eyes in this generation.

2. Of every clean beast you will take by sevens, the male and his female ; and of the beasts which are not clean, two, the male and his female.

3. Of the birds of the air by sevens, male and female, so that their seed may still be on the face of all the earth.

4. And in seven days more I will send rain upon the

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lærθ, fōrti ldeiz and fōrti lnaits; and ai wil lput en lend tu levri liviŋ lθiŋ hwitŷ ai hæv lmeid on ðe lfeis ev ði: lærθ.

5. and lhoue did levriθiŋ hwitŷ ðe lðærd lsed hiz wæz tæ dur.

6. and lhoue wæz lsiks lhandrid ljærz lould hwen ðe lwōrtærz lkeim louvæ ði: lærθ.

7. and lhoue lwent into ði: lærk, and hiz lsanz and hiz lwaif, and hiz lsanz lwaivz lwið him, bilkœz ev ðe lwōrtærz.

8. ev lkli:n lbirsts, and ev lbirsts hwitŷ ær lnot lkli:n, and ev lbærdz, and ev levriθiŋ hwitŷ gouz lflat on ði: lærθ.

9. ðær lwent in ltur and ltur tæ lhoue in ði: lærk, ðe lmeil and ðe lfirmeil, æz lgœd hæd lsed tæ lhoue.

10. and æfter lsevn ldeiz ðe lwōrtærz keim louvæ ði: lærθ.

11. in ðe lsiks lhandridθ ljær ev lhoueaz laif, in ðe lsekend lmanθ, ðe lsevntri:nθ ldei ev ðe lmanθ, lœ:l ðe lfauntinz ev ðe lgreit ldip wæ: lbroukn lap, and ðe lwindouz ev lhev:n wæ: loupn.

12. and ðe lrein wæz æpæn ði: lærθ fōrti ldeiz and fōrti lnaits.

13. in ðe lseim ldei lhoue, and lʃem, and lham, and ldzeifeθ, ðe lsanz ev noue, and lhoueaz lwaif, and ðe lθri: lwaivz ev hiz lsanz lwið ðæm, lwent lintæ ði: lærk.

14. lðei, and levri lbirst æfter hiz lse:rt, and ðe lkatl æfter lðær se:rt, and levriθiŋ hwitŷ gouz lflat on ði:

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earth, forty days and forty nights ; and I will put an end to every living thing which I have made on the face of the earth.

5. And Noah did everything which the Lord said he was to do.

6. And Noah was six hundred years old when the waters came over the earth.

7. And Noah went into the ark, and his sons and his wife, and his sons' wives with him, because of the waters.

8. Of clean beasts, and of beasts which are not clean, and of birds, and of everything which goes flat on the earth.

9. There went in two and two to Noah in the ark, the male and the female, as God had said to Noah.

10. And after seven days the waters came over the earth.

11. In the six hundredth year of Noah's life, in the second month, the seventeenth day of the month, all the fountains of the great deep were broken up, and the windows of heaven were open.

12. And the rain was upon the earth forty days and forty nights.

13. In the same day Noah, and Shem, and Ham, and Japheth, the sons of Noah, and Noah's wife, and the three wives of his sons with them, went into the ark ;

14. They, and every beast after his sort, and the cattle after their sort, and everything which goes flat

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lærθ, aſter hiz sœrt, and levri bœrd aſter hiz sœrt, levri bœrd œv levri sœrt.

15. and ðei went in tœ noue in ðiz lark, tux and tux œv lœl fleſ, in hwitſ iz ðœ breθ œv laif.

16. and ðei hwitſ went lin wœr ðœ meil and firmeil œv lœl fleſ, œz lgœd hæd lœd tœ him: and ðen ðœ lœrd sent noue in, and ðiz lark wœz lſæt.

17. and ðœ wœrtœrz wœr fœrti ldeiz œpon ðiz lærθ; and ðei wœr in'kriſt, and ðiz lark wœz liftid lœp, sou ðæt it wœz hai lœuvœr ðiz lærθ.

18. and ðœ wœrtœrz ouvœrkeim levriθin, and wœr in'kriſt lgreitli œpon ðiz lærθ; and ðiz lark went œpon ðœ feis œv ðœ wœrtœrz.

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on the earth, after his sort, and every bird after his sort, every bird of every sort.

15. And they went in to Noah in the ark, two and two of all flesh, in which is the breath of life.

16. And they which went in were the male and female of all flesh, as God had said to him : and then the Lord sent Noah in, and the ark was shut.

17. And the waters were forty days upon the earth ; and they were increased, and the ark was lifted up, so that it was high over the earth.

18. And the waters overcame everything, and were increased greatly upon the earth ; and the ark went upon the face of the waters.

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PART III

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ðə dis'kʌvəri əv ði: lɪ:dzɪpts 'gould

'wʌn 'deɪ ɪn 'meɪ 'naɪnti:n 'hʌndrɪd ænd 'twenti 'tu: hwen ðər wəz ə 'θɪk 'mɪst, ə 'frentʃ 'ʃɪp 'meɪd ə 'houl ɪn ðə 'stɪ:mʃɪp lɪ:dzɪpt, ænd ʃi: 'went 'daʊn wɪð ə 'lɒs əv 'leɪtɪ-'sɪks 'pɜ:rsnz. ðər wəz 'gould ænd 'sɪlvər ɒn hæɪr fər 'hwaɪtʃ ɪn'sʊərəns həd bɪzn 'teɪkn 'laʊt wɪð ði: 'lʌndər'aɪtəz əv 'lɔɪdz fər 'wʌn 'mɪljən, 'fɪfti-'leɪt 'θaʊznd, 'naɪn 'hʌndrɪd ænd 'sevnti-'leɪt 'paʊndz, ænd ɪn 'ten 'deɪz 'ðəʊz 'men 'pʊt ðeər 'neɪmz tə 'tʃeks fər ðis 'greɪt ə'maʊnt, ænd 'geɪv ðəm tə ðə 'pɜ:rsnz hʌz həd bɪzn ði: 'ləʊnəz əv ðə 'gould ænd 'sɪlvər.

lɪ:vən hwen ə 'ʃɪp həz 'gɒn 'daʊn ænd ɪz 'restɪŋ ɒn ðə 'sɪ:l-'bed, ðə 'gʊdz ɪn'saɪd hæɪr aɪə 'stɪl 'sʌmbədɪz 'prɒpərti, ænd ði: lɪ:dzɪpts 'gould wəz ðə 'prɒpərti əv ði: 'lʌndər'aɪtəz ænd ɪn'sʊərəns kʌmpənɪz. ðeɪ wər 'veri 'sʌd əbaʊt ɪt. ɪt 'sɪrmd ðæt ðə 'gould wʊd 'nevər bɪ 'gɒt frəm 'lʌndər ðə 'sɪ:l.

ðə pə'zɪʃən əv ðə 'ʃɪp wəz 'nɒt 'kliər. 'nəʊbədi wəz 'sɜ:rtn 'hweər ɪt 'wəz, bɪkɒz ðə 'mɪst həd 'meɪd ɪt ɪm'pɒsɪbl fər ðə 'pleɪs tə bɪ 'traɪtli 'mɑ:rkɪt ɒn ðə 'sɪ:l-'map. bət 'bɔ:l ðə 'wɔ:tər raʊnd 'ðeər wəz 'ləʊvər 'θrɪ: 'hʌndrɪd 'fɪ:t 'dɪ:p, ænd ɪn 'wɔ:tər əz 'dɪ:p əz 'ðæt ɪt ɪz 'nɒt 'pɒsɪbl fər 'men tə 'gəʊ 'daʊn ænd 'du: 'wɜ:rk. bət ðeɪ 'keɪm

THE DISCOVERY OF THE *EGYPT*'S GOLD ¹

One day in May 1922 when there was a thick mist, a French ship made a hole in the steamship *Egypt*, and she went down with a loss of 86 persons. There was gold and silver on her for which insurance had been taken out with the underwriters of Lloyd's for £1,058,978, and in ten days those men put their names to cheques for this great amount, and gave them to the persons who had been the owners of the gold and silver.

Even when a ship has gone down and is resting on the sea-bed, the goods inside her are still somebody's property, and the *Egypt*'s gold was the property of the underwriters and insurance companies. They were very sad about it. It seemed that the gold would never be got from under the sea.

The position of the ship was not clear. Nobody was certain where it was, because the mist had made it impossible for the place to be rightly marked on the sea-map. But all the water round there was over 300 feet deep, and in water as deep as that it is not possible for men to go down and do work. But they

¹ This is put into Basic from *Deep-sea Diving*, David Masters (Nelson), pp. 77-80.

DISCOVERY OF THE “ EGYPT’S ” GOLD

tə ðə di'siʒən tə 'meik ən ə'tempt et ðə dis'kʌvəri əv ðə
 'ʃips pə'ziʃən, sou ðæt ðei mait hav 'nɒlɪdʒ əv 'hweər ðə
 'gould 'wəz lɪvən if ðei wər ʌn'eɪbl tə get it 'bæk əɡen.
 'sti:mənz wɪð 'lɪftɪŋ apə'reɪtəs, ənd 'ʌðəz ju:zd fər 'fɪʃɪŋ
 ɪn ðə 'sɪz, wɛnt 'aʊt tə hav ə 'lʌk fər ðɪ: lɪ:dzɪpt. ðei
 ɡɒt ə 'θɪk 'stɪ:l 'lʌɪn 'fɪkst bɪtwɪn 'tu: 'ʃɪps, hwɪtʃ wɛnt
 'sti:mɪŋ et 'sʌm 'dɪstəns frəm 'wʌn ə'nʌðər, 'pʊlɪŋ ðə
 'lʌɪn 'hæŋɪŋ bɪtwɪn ðəm 'ləʊvər ðə 'sɪz-bed, ɪn ðə 'həʊp
 ðæt ɪt wʊd 'kʌm 'ʌp ə'ɡenst ðɪ: lɪ:dzɪpt. ɪt wəz 'veri
 ʌn'ɪntrəstɪŋ 'wɜ:k ənd wəz wɪð'aʊt ɪ'fekt.

ðə 'mənθs bɪkeɪm 'ljɪəz ənd ɪt sɪmɪd ɪm'pɒsɪbl ðæt ðə
 'gould wʊd 'levər bɪ: ɡɒt. bət ðeər wər 'tu: ɛndʒɪ'nɪəz
 hʌz dɪd 'nɒt 'ɡɪv ʌp 'həʊp. ðei wər 'kwəɪt 'kɒŋʃəs əv
 ðə 'fʌkt ðæt ðei wʊd 'nɒt bɪ: 'leɪbl tə 'ɡet ðə 'gould 'ʌp
 ɪn ðə 'nɔ:rməl 'wei, bət ðei 'həd ɪn 'maɪnd ən apə'reɪtəs
 ɪn hwɪtʃ ə 'mən mait bɪ: 'ʃʌt 'ʌp ənd 'keɪpt 'seɪf frəm
 ðə 'ɡreɪt 'fɔ:rs əv ðə 'sɪz ənd sent 'ʌp ənd 'daʊn ɪntə ðə
 'dɪ:z 'wɔ:təz əz ɪf hɪz wəz ɪn ə 'lɪft. ɪf 'sʌmθɪŋ lʌɪk
 'θɪs wəz 'ju:zd, ɪt 'sɪmɪd tə 'ðem ðæt ðə 'gould mait
 bɪ: ɡɒt 'bæk—if, 'ðæt ɪz, ðei 'keɪm ə'krɒs ðɪ: lɪ:dzɪpt
 et 'ɔ:l.

ðen ðɪ: ɪ'tæljən 'lekspɜ:rts hʌz həd meɪd 'ju:z əv ðə
 'dʒɜ:rmən 'metl 'dɪ:z-'sɪz 'dres 'meɪd ən 'ɒfər tə 'teɪk ʌn
 ðə 'wɜ:k. ðei 'tʊk ðeər 'stɪ:l 'lʌɪnz 'ʌp ənd 'daʊn
 'ləʊvər ðə 'sɪz-bed, 'lʊkɪŋ fər ðɪ: lɪ:dzɪpt. frəm 'taɪm tə
 'taɪm ðə 'lʌɪn ɡɒt 'fɪkst ɪn 'sʌmθɪŋ, hwɪtʃ wəz 'dʒenərəli
 ə 'mʌs əv 'stəʊn. ðei 'keɪm ə'krɒs 'wʌn ɔ:r 'tu: 'ʌðər

DISCOVERY OF THE " EGYPT'S " GOLD

came to the decision to make an attempt at the discovery of the ship's position, so that they might have knowledge of where the gold was even if they were unable to get it back again. Steamers with lifting apparatus, and others used for fishing in the sea, went out to have a look for the *Egypt*. They got a thick steel line fixed between two ships, which went steaming at some distance from one another, pulling the line hanging between them over the sea-bed, in the hope that it would come up against the *Egypt*. It was very uninteresting work and was without effect.

The months became years and it seemed impossible that the gold would ever be got. But there were two engineers who did not give up hope. They were quite conscious of the fact that they would not be able to get the gold up in the normal way, but they had in mind an apparatus in which a man might be shut up and kept safe from the great force of the sea and sent up and down into the deep waters as if he was in a lift. If something like this was used, it seemed to them that the gold might be got back—if, that is, they came across the *Egypt* at all.

Then the Italian experts who had made use of the German metal deep-sea dress made an offer to take on the work. They took their steel lines up and down over the sea-bed, looking for the *Egypt*. From time to time the line got fixed in something, which was generally a mass of stone. They came across one or two other ships which had gone down, but these

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fips hwitʃ həd ʔgən ʔdaun, bət ʔi:z wər sɪn tə bi: ðə ʔrɒŋ wanz, ənd fər ðə ʔtaɪm ðeɪ ʔhəd tə gɪv ʔʌp.

in ðə ʔwɪntər, hwen ðə ʔbəd ʔweðər ʔkept ðəm in ʔhærber ənd meɪd ɪt ɪmˈpɒsəbəl fər ðəm tə ʔgou ʔaʊt ʔæftər ʔi: ʔɪdʒɪpt, ə ʔveri ʔɡud aɪˈdɪə ʔkeɪm tə ʔsəmˈwʌn. in ʔpleɪs əv ʔpʊlɪŋ ðeər ʔstɪl ʔlaɪn ʔləʊvər ðə ʔsɪz-ʔbed ənd ʔweɪstɪŋ ðeər ʔtaɪm ənd ʔmʌni θru: ɪt bɪkʌmɪŋ ʔfɪkst ɒn ʔmʌsɪz əv ʔstoun ənd ɡetɪŋ ʔbrʊkən, ðeɪ ʔmeɪd ə dɪˈsɪʒən tə hʌv ɪt ʔhæŋɪŋ frəm ə ʔlaɪn əv səˈpɔ:rts sou ðət ɪt wʊd bi: əbaʊt ʔtwenti-ʔfaɪv ʔfɪt frəm ðə ʔsɪz-ʔbed. ɪt wʊd ðen bi: ʔkept ʔɒf ðə ʔmʌsɪz əv ʔstoun bət ɪt wʊd ʔstɪl ʔkʌm ʔʌp əɡenst ʔi: ʔɪdʒɪpt, hwitʃ wəz ʔmʌtʃ ʔhaɪər ðən ʔtwenti-ʔfaɪv ʔfɪt.

ðeɪ wər rɪˈwɔ:rdɪd. ɒn ʔɜ:ʒəst ðə ʔθɜ:rtiəθ, ʔnaɪntɪzn ʔθɜ:rti, ðə ʔlaɪn ɡət ʔfɪkst ɒn ʔsəmθɪŋ hwitʃ ðeɪ wər ʔsɜ:rtən wəz ʔi: ʔɪdʒɪpt.

ðeɪ həd həd ʔmʌtʃ ɪksˈpɪəriəns in ðə medɪtəˈreɪnʒən wɪð ðət ʔstreɪndʒ-lʊkɪŋ ʔdʒɜ:rmən ʔdres ʔmeɪd əv ʔmetl. ðeɪ həd ʔweɪz əv ʔmʊrˈvɪŋ ʔθɪŋz hwitʃ wər ʔθrɪ: ʔhændrɪd ʔfɪt ʔdaun. ðeɪ həd meɪd ʔstreɪndʒ ʔɡrɪps fər ʔlɪftɪŋ θɪŋz ʔʌp frəm ðə ʔsɪz-ʔbed, ənd ðeɪ həd ʔmeɪd ə ʔnʒʊ: əpəˈreɪtəs, laɪk ə ʔɡreɪt ʔmetl ʔpaɪp ʔʃʌt ʔʌp ət ʔi: ʔendz, fər ʔɡouɪŋ ʔdaun ɪntə ʔveri ʔdɪp ʔwɔ:tər; ðə ʔmetl ʔpaɪp wəz əz ʔtoʊl əz ə ʔmʌn.

ðɪs əpəˈreɪtəs wəz ʔtestɪd baɪ ʔdrɒpɪŋ ɪt ʔdaun ʔnaɪn ʔhændrɪd ʔfɪt ɪntə ðə ʔsɪz, ənd ɪt wəz ʔnɒt ʔdʌmɪdʒd baɪ ðə ʔɡreɪt ʔfɔ:rs əv ðə ʔwɔ:tər. ðeɪ wər ʔmeɪkɪŋ ʔsɜ:rtən ðət ðə ʔmʌn ɪn ɪt wʊd bi: ʔseɪf hwen hɪ: wəz ʔdrɒpt ʔdaun tə ʔi: ʔɪdʒɪpt. ʔɪs əpəˈreɪtəs wəz ʔsəmθɪŋ in hwitʃ ə ʔmʌn wəz ʔleɪbəl tə ʔteɪk ʌp hɪz ʔpəˈzɪʒən ənd ʔsɪz hwɒt wəz

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were seen to be the wrong ones, and for the time they had to give up.

In the winter, when the bad weather kept them in harbour and made it impossible for them to go out after the *Egypt*, a very good idea came to someone. In place of pulling their steel line over the sea-bed and wasting their time and money through it becoming fixed on masses of stone and getting broken, they made a decision to have it hanging from a line of supports so that it would be about 25 feet from the sea-bed. It would then be kept off the masses of stone but it would still come up against the *Egypt*, which was much higher than 25 feet.

They were rewarded. On August 30, 1930, the line got fixed on something which they were certain was the *Egypt*.

They had had much experience in the Mediterranean with that strange-looking German dress made of metal. They had ways of moving things which were 300 feet down. They had made strange grips for lifting things up from the sea-bed, and they had made a new apparatus, like a great metal pipe shut up at the ends, for going down into very deep water; the metal pipe was as tall as a man.

This apparatus was tested by dropping it down 900 feet into the sea, and it was not damaged by the great force of the water. They were making certain that the man in it would be safe when he was dropped down to the *Egypt*. This apparatus was something in which a man was able to take up his position and see

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lgouin ɒn ˈraʊnd him; it wəz ˈsæmθɪŋ hwɪtʃ wəz ˈleɪbl tə ɡoʊ ˈʌp ænd ˈdaʊn ɪn ðə ˈwɔːtər laɪk ə ˈlɪft. ðeər wər ˈveslz əv ˈɒksɪdʒən (ou) ɪnˈsaɪd fər ðə ˈmæn, ɪˈnʌf tə ˈkɪːp him ˈbrɪːʃɪŋ fər ˈlɑːərz; ðeər wəs ə ˈtelɪfəʊn θruː ˈhwɪtʃ hiː wəz ˈleɪbl tə ɡɪv hiː ˈɔːrdərz tə ðə ˈmæn ɒn ðə ˈʃɪp.

ˈkɪːp ɪn ˈmaɪnd, haʊevər, ðæt ðə ˈmæn ɪnˈsaɪd ðə ˈpaɪp wəz ˈleɪbl tə duː ˈeni ˈwɜːrk hɪmˈself. ɪf hiː həd sɪːn ɔːl ðə ˈɡoʊld ɪn ɪɡˈzɪstəns bɪfɔːr hɪm hiː wʊd ˈnɒt həv bɪːn ˈleɪbl tə ˈpʊt aʊt ə ˈfɪŋɡər tuː ɪt. hiː wʊd ˈləʊnli bɪː ˈleɪbl tə teɪk ə ˈlʊk æt ɪt θruː ðə ˈwɪndəʊz ˈmeɪd əv ə ˈspeʃəl ˈɡlɑːs, ænd ɡɪv dɪˈrɛkʃənz tə ˈðəʊz ɒn ðə ˈʃɪp əˈbaʊt ˈhweər tə ˈpʊt ðeər ˈɡrɪps. ɪf ðə ˈɡrɪps wər ˈnɒt ˈlet ˈdaʊn ɪn ðə ˈraɪt ˈpleɪs, hiː wʊd ˈləʊnli bɪː ˈleɪbl tə ˈseɪ ðeɪ həd tə bɪː ˈmɜːvɪd ə lɪtl ˈðɪs weɪ ɔːr ˈðæt fər ə ˈnʌðər əˈtempt. ˈðæt wəz ðɪː ˈləʊnli ˈweɪ ðeɪ həd ə ˈtʃɑːns əv ˈɡetɪŋ ˈʌp ðɪː ˈlɪːdʒɪpts ˈɡoʊld—baɪ meɪkɪŋ əˈtempt aːftər əˈtempt.

ðeɪ ˈsent ðə ˈmæn ˈdaʊn ɪn ðə ˈɪnjuː əpəˈreɪtəs, ˈmɜːvɪŋ hɪm ˈsləʊli əˈbaʊt ˈəʊvər ðə ˈʃɪp. hiː ˈsɔː baɪ ðə pəˈzɪʃən əv ðə ˈbəʊt-səpəˈrɪts ðæt ðə ˈbəʊts həd bɪːn ˈlet ˈdaʊn. ˈðɪs wəz ðɪː ˈlɪːdʒɪpt ɔːl raɪt. hiː wəz ˈsɜːrtɪn əv ɪt, ænd ˈgeɪv ðə ˈɪnjuːz tə hiː ˈfrendz əʊvərˈhed.

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what was going on round him ; it was something which was able to go up and down in the water like a lift. There were vessels of oxygen (O) inside for the man, enough to keep him breathing for hours ; there was a telephone through which he was able to give his orders to the men on the ship.

Keep in mind, however, that the man inside the pipe was unable to do any work himself. If he had seen all the gold in existence before him he would not have been able to put out a finger to it. He would only be able to take a look at it through the windows made of a special glass, and give directions to those on the ship about where to put their grips. If the grips were not let down in the right place, he would only be able to say they had to be moved a little this way or that for another attempt. That was the only way they had a chance of getting up the *Egypt's* gold—by making attempt after attempt.

They sent the man down in the new apparatus, moving him slowly about over the ship. He saw by the position of the boat-supports that the boats had been let down. This was the *Egypt* all right. He was certain of it, and gave the news to his friends overhead.

ðə hou'tel

houtel pɔ:rtər : 'hav ju:z 'teikn ə 'ru:m sər ?

mistər eniman : 'nou. 'put mai 'θiŋz 'daun 'hiər hwail
ai 'gou tə ði: 'ɒfis. (tə wumən et ofis) 'hav ju:z ə 'ru:m
fər 'wʌn ?

wumən et ofis : wi:z ər 'veri ful 'ʌp ðis wɪk. ai həv
'nou 'smɔ:l ru:mz et ɔ:l et 'preznt. 'hau 'lɒŋ ər ju:z
'gouiŋ tə 'bi: hiər ?

mistər eniman : fər 'tu: 'wɪks prəbəbli.

wumən et ofis : ail 'let ju:z hav ə ru:m wið 'tu: 'bedz et ə
'speʃəl 'praɪs til 'mʌndeɪ, ənd 'a:ftər ðæt wi:z wil bi:
'leɪbl tə 'gɪv ju:z ə 'smɔ:l ru:m. wil ðæt bi: ɔ:l 'raɪt ?

mistər eniman : aim 'veri matʃ ə'genst 'mʌrviŋ ðis
'leni 'pɒsɪbl wei 'laʊt əv ðis. ai wəz 'houpiŋ tə get
'evriθiŋ 'laʊt əv mai 'bɒksɪz 'a:ftər ðə 'dʒɜ:ni. hav
ju:z 'nou 'ʌðər sə'dʒestʃən tə 'meɪk ?

wumən et ofis : 'nou, 'ðats ðə 'best ai əm 'leɪbl tə 'du:z.
'evri 'ʌðər hou'tel in 'lʌndən iz 'bʊkt 'ʌp in ðə 'seɪm
'wei. in 'fakt, 'kwait ə 'nʌmbər əv 'pɜ:rsnz həv bi:n
'sent lɒn tu: 'ʌs.

mistər eniman : 'ðats ðə 'wɜ:rst əv 'lʌndən et 'ðis taɪm
əv 'ljɜ: . wel, ail 'hav tə 'teɪk hwɒt ðɜ: 'li:z. 'li:z 'ðis

THE HOTEL ¹

Hotel Porter : Have you taken a room, sir ?

Mr. Anyman : No. Put my things down here while I go to the office. (*To woman at office*) Have you a room for one ?

Woman at Office : We're very full up this week. I have no small rooms at all at present. How long are you going to be here ?

Mr. Anyman : For two weeks probably.

Woman at Office : I'll let you have a room with two beds at a special price till Monday, and after that we will be able to give you a small room. Will that be all right ?

Mr. Anyman : I'm very much against moving if there's any possible way out of it. I was hoping to get everything out of my boxes after the journey. Have you no other suggestion to make ?

Woman at Office : No, that's the best I am able to do. Every other hotel in London is booked up in the same way. In fact, quite a number of persons have been sent on to us.

Mr. Anyman : That's the worst of London at this time of year. Well, I'll have to take what there is. Is

¹ From *Everyday Basic*, L. W. Lockhart, pp. 20-24.

THE HOTEL

'ru:m 'kwaiət ? 'ðats ðə 'greit θiŋ.

wumən et ofis : 'jes, 'veri ; its et ðə 'bak. ənd 'souz
ði : 'ʌðər wʌn. in 'fakt, ðei ər 'tu: əv ðə 'kwaiətist
'ru:mz in ðə houl'tel.

mistər eniman : ənd 'haz it got ə 'bɑ:θrum ?

wumən et ofis : ðə 'ru:m ju: ər 'gouɪŋ intu:tə'dei 'haz.
ðə 'smɔ:lər wʌn 'haznt, bət its 'ləunli 'wʌn 'doɪr of ðə
'pʌblɪk 'bɑ:θrum. ənd 'ɔ:l ðə 'ru:mz in ðə houl'tel hav
'telɪfəʊnz.

mistər eniman : 'gʊd. ənd ðə 'praɪs ?

wumən et ofis : ðə 'ru:m wɪð ðə 'bɑ:θrum ɪz 'fɪfti:n 'ʃɪlɪŋz.
ði : 'ʌðər wɪl bi: 'ten 'ʃɪlɪŋz.

mistər eniman : 'ðats wɪð'laʊt eni 'mɪzlz ?

wumən et ofis : 'jes. 'mɪzlz ər 'sepə'rit.

mistər eniman : 'ɔ:l rait, aɪl 'teɪk ðə ru:m.

wumən et ofis : 'wɪl ju: 'pʊt juər 'neɪm in ðə 'buk,
'plɪz ?

mistər eniman : 'sɜ:rtnli.

wumən et ofis : ðə 'ru:m ɪz ɒn ðə 'sekənd 'flo:ər, 'niər ðə
'lɪft. 'hiəz juər 'ki:z. 'let mɪz hav it 'bʌk hwen ju:
'gəʊ 'laʊt.

mistər eniman : aɪ 'wɪl. ə 'frend mei bi: 'kʌmɪŋ 'ɪn tə
'sɪz mɪz bɪtwɪzn 'sɪks ənd 'sevn. 'ɪf hi:z 'dʌz, 'wɪl ju:
let him gəʊ 'streɪt ʌp tə mai 'ru:m ?

wumən et ofis : 'sɜ:rtnli. ðə 'pɔ:rtər wɪl 'teɪk ju: 'ʌp
ɪf ju: ər 'redi tə 'gəʊ 'naʊ.

houl'tel pɔ:rtər : juər 'bɒksɪz wɪl 'kʌm ʌp 'sepə'ritli. 'ðɪs
ɪz ðə 'ru:m, sər.

mistər eniman : 'ɪz it 'pɒsɪbl tə get ðə 'wɪndəʊ 'ləʊpn ?
its 'veri 'wɔ:rm in hiər wɪð ðə 'hɪtɪŋ.

THE HOTEL

this room quiet? That's the great thing.

Woman at Office : Yes, very; it's at the back. And so's the other one. In fact, they're two of the quietest rooms in the hotel.

Mr. Anyman : And has it got a bathroom?

Woman at Office : The room you're going into today has. The smaller one hasn't, but it's only one door off the public bathroom. And all the rooms in the hotel have telephones.

Mr. Anyman : Good. And the price?

Woman at Office : The room with the bathroom is fifteen shillings. The other will be ten shillings.

Mr. Anyman : That's without any meals?

Woman at Office : Yes. Meals are separate.

Mr. Anyman : All right, I'll take the room.

Woman at Office : Will you put your name in the book, please?

Mr. Anyman : Certainly.

Woman at Office : The room is on the second floor, near the lift. Here's your key. Let me have it back when you go out.

Mr. Anyman : I will. A friend may be coming in to see me between six and seven. If he does, will you let him go straight up to my room?

Woman at Office : Certainly. The porter will take you up if you are ready to go now.

Hotel Porter : Your boxes will come up separately. This is the room, sir.

Mr. Anyman : Is it possible to get the window open? It's very warm in here with the heating.

THE HOTEL

houtel pœrtœr: liz it loupn i'naɪf 'nau? ʒis 'windouz
 l'vɛri 'stɪf, ɛnd ʒats ʒə 'best aim 'leɪbl tə 'duː.

mistœr eniman: ʒat wil biː ɔːl 'raɪt.

houtel pœrtœr: ail 'send ʒə 'gœːrl tə juː.

sœrvœnt: 'hav juː 'levriθɪŋ sœr?

mistœr eniman: 'jes, bœt ʒœr 'daznt 'sɪzm tə biː ə 'bel
 əv 'leni 'sœːrt in ʒə 'ruːm.

sœrvœnt: 'ɔːl 'bœːrdəz ər 'sent ouvœr ʒə 'tɛlifoun, sœr.
 juː 'get 'θruː tə ʒə 'pœrtœrz 'ɒfis.

mistœr eniman: 'ai 'siː. ai 'hæv sœm 'dœːrti 'θɪŋz. 'hau
 duː ai 'send ʒœm tə ʒə 'wɒʃ?

sœrvœnt: if juː 'meɪk aut ə 'lɪst, ail 'put ʒœm in ə
 'pœːrsl fœr juː, sœr, ɛnd 'send ʒœm 'ɒf tœ'mœrœu. ʒei
 wil biː 'bæk ɔn 'sætəːdeɪ.

mistœr eniman: 'gud. ɛnd ʒœn ə'naðœr θɪŋ. 'hwen ər
 ʒə 'ʃuːz 'teɪkn fœr 'kliːnɪŋ?

sœrvœnt: if juː 'put ʒœm aut'saɪd juœr 'dœːr ət 'naɪt ʒə
 'bœːrt bɔɪ wil 'duː ʒœm hwen hiː 'kɑːmz 'raʊnd bœːrli
 in ʒə 'mœːrniŋ.

mistœr eniman: 'lou, 'wɑːn 'mɪnɪt. ʒœrz 'nou 'sɒp in
 ʒə 'bœːθrœm.

sœrvœnt: ail 'gou ɛnd 'get juː ə bit 'nau. wiːv 'hæd
 'l'vɛri 'lɪtl 'taɪm tə get θɪŋz 'streɪt in 'ʒis 'ruːm.

mistœr eniman: 'wel, ail biː 'gouɪŋ 'laʊt in ə 'ʃœːrt 'taɪm.
 'hwœərz ʒə 'raɪtɪŋ-rœm?

sœrvœnt: ɔn ʒə 'fœːrst 'flœːr. bœt ʒœr ər 'raɪtɪŋ-teɪblz
 in 'ɔːl ʒə 'pʌblɪk 'ruːmz.

mistœr eniman: 'meɪ ai 'hæv ə 'kɑːp əv 'tɪː ət 'leɪt tœ'mœrœu
 'mœːrniŋ?

THE HOTEL

Hotel Porter : Is it open enough now ? This window's very stiff, and that's the best I'm able to do.

Mr. Anyman : That will be all right.

Hotel Porter : I'll send the girl to you.

Servant : Have you everything, sir ?

Mr. Anyman : Yes, but there doesn't seem to be a bell of any sort in the room.

Servant : All orders are sent over the telephone, sir. You get through to the porter's office.

Mr. Anyman : I see. I have some dirty things. How do I send them to the wash ?

Servant : If you make out a list, I'll put them in a parcel for you, sir, and send them off tomorrow. They will be back on Saturday.

Mr. Anyman : Good. And then another thing. When are the shoes taken for cleaning ?

Servant : If you put them outside your door at night the boot boy will do them when he comes round early in the morning.

Mr. Anyman : Oh, one minute. There's no soap in the bathroom.

Servant : I'll go and get you a bit now. We've had very little time to get things straight in this room.

Mr. Anyman : Well, I'll be going out in a short time. Where's the writing-room ?

Servant : On the first floor. But there are writing-tables in all the public rooms.

Mr. Anyman : May I have a cup of tea at eight to-morrow morning ?

THE HOTEL

sə:rvənt: 'jes sər. ail bi: 'bæk wið juər 'soup in ə
'minit ɔ:r tu:.

houteɪl pɔ:rtər: 'hiər ər juər 'bɒksɪz sər. ðə 'bɔɪ 'gɒt
ðə 'nʌmbərz 'mɪkst, ɔ:r ju:əd həv 'həd ðəm bɪ'fɔ:r.

mɪstər enɪmən: 'gʊd; ənd 'hwɪl ju: ər 'hiər, 'wɪl ju:
'si: 'hwɒt həz gɒn 'rɒŋ wið ði: ɪ'lektrɪk 'laɪt 'lʊvər
maɪ 'bed? ɪts 'prɒbəbli ðə 'bʌlb, bɪkəz ði: 'ʌðər 'laɪt
ɪz ɔ:l 'traɪt.

houteɪl pɔ:rtər: 'ðʌts hwɒts 'rɒŋ sər. ail 'hæv tə 'pʊt
ɪn ə'naðər.

mɪstər enɪmən: 'naʊ aɪm gəʊɪŋ tə teɪk ə 'rest. ɪf
'eniwʌn 'kʌmz, ði: 'ɒfɪs ɪz tə 'seɪ ðæt aɪ wɪl 'nɒt bɪ: 'ɪn
tɪl 'sɪks.

houteɪl pɔ:rtər: 'jes sər.

THE HOTEL

Servant : Yes, sir. I'll be back with your soap in a minute or two.

Hotel Porter : Here are your boxes, sir. The boy got the numbers mixed, or you'd have had them before.

Mr. Anyman : Good ; and while you are here, will you see what has gone wrong with the electric light over my bed ? It's probably the bulb, because the other light is all right.

Hotel Porter : That's what's wrong, sir. I'll have to put in another.

Mr. Anyman : Now I'm going to take a rest. If any one comes, the office is to say that I will not be in till six.

Hotel Porter : Yes, sir.

ðə 'li:ŋ əv 'neɪʃənz ænd 'wɔ:ɹ

ðə 'dʒenərəl aɪ'diə əbaʊt ðə 'li:ŋ əv 'neɪʃənz lɪz ðæt ɪt ɪz ən ɔ:rgənəɪ'zeɪʃən ə'genst 'wɔ:ɹ—ə 'saɪd əv ɪts 'wɜ:rk hwaɪf hæz 'ləʊnli bɪn 'tʌtʃt ɒn ɪn 'ðɪs ə'kaʊnt ɪn ðə 'stɔ:ri əv ðə 'li:ŋz 'lɒŋ 'faɪt fɜ: "ærbɪ'treɪʃən, sɪ'l'kjʊərɪtɪ ænd dɪs'ærməmənt." 'ləʊər ə'kaʊnt hæz bɪn 'tʃɪ:fɪ əbaʊt ðɪ: 'lʌðər saɪd, "l'æktɪŋ tə'geðər ɪntər'naʃənəli," ænd teɪkɪŋ ə 'lɒŋ 'vju:z. 'ðɪs ɪz ðə 'raɪt 'wei tə 'meɪk ðə 'deɪndʒər əv 'wɔ:ɹ 'les, tɪl ɪn ðɪ: 'end ɪt ɪz 'nɒt 'ðɜ: ət 'ɔ:l.

ɪn ðə 'bɪznɪs əv 'kɪ:zɪŋ 'wɔ:ɹ frəm 'teɪkɪŋ 'pleɪs, ðə 'li:ŋ hæz ɒn 'rekɔ:rd səm sɜ:p'praɪzɪŋ 'fæktz. fɜ: ɪg'zæmpl, 'wʌn 'mændɪ ɪn ɔk'təʊbər, 'naɪntɪ:n 'twenti 'faɪv, ə 'gri:k 'mɪlɪtəri 'wɒtʃmən wəz 'pʊt tə 'deθ ɒn ðə 'lænd 'lɪmɪts əv bəl'gɛəriə. 'θɪ: 'deɪz 'leɪtər 'gri:k 'trʊps 'went ɪntə bəl'gɛəriə baɪ 'fɔ:rs. ðə bəl'gɛəriən 'wɔ:ɹ ofɪs 'sent ə 'telɪgræm tə ðə 'hed əv ðɜ: 'fɔ:rsɪz:—

'ləʊnli 'pʊt ʌp ə 'smɔ:l 'faɪt; 'teɪk 'keər əv 'ðəʊz ɪn 'faɪt ænd ɪn 'trabl; 'dʊ:z 'nɒt 'læt 'fɪər get ə 'gri:p əv ðə 'strʊ:zme 'vælɪ; ænd 'dʊ:z 'nɒt 'pʊt juər 'men ɪn 'deɪndʒər əv ʌn'nesəsəri 'lɔ:sɪz, bɪkəz ðə 'fæktz həv bɪn 'pʊt bɪ'fɔ:ɹ

THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS AND WAR ¹

The general idea about the League of Nations is that it is an organization against war—a side of its work which has only been touched on in this account in the story of the League's long fight for "arbitration, security, and disarmament." Our account has been chiefly about the other side, "acting together internationally," and taking a long view. This is the right way to make the danger of war less, till in the end it is not there at all.

In the business of keeping war from taking place, the League has on record some surprising facts. For example, one Monday in October 1925, a Greek military watchman was put to death on the land limits of Bulgaria. Three days later Greek troops went into Bulgaria by force. The Bulgarian War Office sent a telegram to the head of their forces :

Only put up a small fight ; take care of those in flight and in trouble ; do not let fear get a grip of the Struma Valley ; and do not put your men in danger of unnecessary losses, because the facts have been put before the

¹ From *The Organization of Peace*, Maxwell Garnett, pp. 110-113.

THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS AND WAR

ðə 'kaʊnsl əv ðə 'li:z əv 'neɪʃənz, hwɪtʃ wɪl 'prəbəbli put ə
'stɒp tə ðɪ ə'tak.

ðə bəl'geəriən rɪ'kwɛst tə ðə 'li:z tə 'dʌz sɑmθɪŋ 'gɒt
tə dʒɪ'nɪrvə ət 'hɑ:f 'pɑ:st 'sɪks ðə 'mɔ:rnɪŋ 'æftə, 'fraɪdeɪ.
baɪ 'hɑ:f 'pɑ:st ɪl'levn 'telɪgrɑ:mz həd bɪ:n 'sent 'aʊt frəm
'pɑ:ɪs (bɪkɔ:z 'mæsʒə:r 'brɪŋ wəz 'æktɪŋ-'prezɪdnt əv ðə
'li:gz 'kaʊnsl) 'ɔ:rdərɪŋ ə 'mɪxtɪŋ əv ðə 'kaʊnsl fər ðə
'kɑ:mɪŋ 'mɑ:ndeɪ. 'ʌðər 'telɪgrɑ:mz put 'grɪ:s ənd bəl'geəriə
ɪn 'maɪnd ðət ðeɪ wər 'pɑ:rt əv ðə 'li:z, ənd 'meɪd ə
rɪ'kwɛst tə ðəm tə 'kɪ:p ðeər 'æzmɪz frəm 'faɪtɪŋ tɪl
'æftə ðə 'mɪxtɪŋ əv ðə 'kaʊnsl. ðə 'telɪgrɑ:m tu: 'əθənz
wəz ɪn 'taɪm tə 'kɪ:p hwɒt 'wʊd həv bɪ:n ðə 'fɔ:st 'faɪt
əv ðə 'wɔ:r frəm 'teɪkɪŋ 'pleɪs.

'hwen ðə 'kaʊnsl həd ɪts 'mɪxtɪŋ ɒn ðə 'mɑ:ndeɪ, 'ɔ:l bət
'wʌn əv ðə reprɪ'zentətɪvz wər 'preznt. ə'mʌŋ 'ðəʊz
hʌz 'keɪm wər ðə 'brɪtɪʃ 'fɔ:rɪn 'sek'rɪtəri, ðə 'frentʃ 'fɔ:rɪn
'mɪnɪstər ənd ðə 'fɔ:rɪn 'mɪnɪstər əv 'swɪdn, hʌz həd
'kɑ:m baɪ 'ɔ:p'pleɪn frəm 'stɒk'hoʊm tə bɪ: ɪn 'taɪm. ðə
'kaʊnsl geɪv ən 'ɔ:rdər fər ðə 'grɪ:k 'æzmɪz tə bɪ: 'teɪkn
'bæk ɪn 'θɪ: 'deɪz. baɪ 'fraɪdeɪ əv. ðət 'wɜ:k ðə 'lɑ:st
'grɪ:k həd 'gɒn 'aʊt əv bəl'geəriə. ðə 'li:z həd 'put ə
'stɒp tə ðɪ ə'tak.

bət 'ðɪs wəz 'nɒt 'ɔ:l. ɪt wəz 'nɒt ɪ'nʌf fər ðə
'kaʊnsl 'sɪm'pli tə 'kɪ:p ðə 'wɔ:r frəm 'teɪkɪŋ 'pleɪs. ɪts
'hoʊp 'wəz, ɪf 'pɒsɪbl, tə 'put ən 'end tə ðə 'kɔ:z. sɒ
ɪt 'sent ə kə'mɪtɪ 'meɪd 'ʌp əv 'pɛərsnz hʌz həd 'nɒv
'praɪvɪt ə'pɪnʒənz ɒn ðə 'kwɛstʃən, ʌndər sɜ:r 'hɒrəs
'rɑ:bəʊld, tə 'gəʊ ɪntə ðə 'kɔ:z əv ðə 'træbl 'hweər ɪt

THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS AND WAR

Council of the League of Nations, which will probably put a stop to the attack.

The Bulgarian request to the League to do something got to Geneva at half-past six the morning after, Friday. By half-past eleven telegrams had been sent out from Paris (because M. Briand was acting-President of the League's Council) ordering a meeting of the Council for the coming Monday. Other telegrams put Greece and Bulgaria in mind that they were part of the League, and made a request to them to keep their armies from fighting till after meeting of the Council. The telegram to Athens was in time to keep what would have been the first fight of the war from taking place.

When the Council had its meeting on the Monday, all but one of the representatives were present. Among those who came were the British Foreign Secretary, the French Foreign Minister and the Foreign Minister of Sweden, who had come by airplane from Stockholm to be in time. The Council gave an order for the Greek armies to be taken back in three days. By Friday of that week the last Greek had gone out of Bulgaria. The League had put a stop to the attack.

But this was not all. It was not enough for the Council simply to keep the war from taking place. Its hope was, if possible, to put an end to the cause. So it sent a Committee made up of persons who had no private opinions on the question under Sir Horace Rumbold, to go into the cause of the trouble where it

THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS AND WAR

həd 'teikn 'pleis, tə 'si: 'hu: wəz ri'spɒnsəbl, ənd 'meik
sə'dʒestʃənz əbaʊt 'hau tə 'ki:p ðə 'seim 'θiŋ frəm 'teikiŋ
'pleis ə'gen. 'ɔ:l 'ðis wəz 'ðan wiðəʊt 'eni 'trabl.
'hwen ðə 'kaʊnsəl həd ə'nʌðər 'mi:tɪŋ in di'sembər, 'gri:z
'meɪd ən ə'grɪzmənt tə 'gɪv 'fɔ:rti 'faɪv 'θauznd 'paʊndz
in 'dʌmɪdʒɪz, ənd ðə 'gʌvənmənts əv ðə 'tu: 'kʌntrɪz geɪv
ɪ'fekt tə ðə 'li:gz sə'dʒestʃənz fər 'ki:pɪŋ ən 'aʊtbərst əv
ðə 'seim 'sɔ:rt frəm 'teikiŋ 'pleis ə'gen. ənd 'hwen ðər
wəz ən 'lɑ:rgjʊmənt əbaʊt ðə 'lænd lɪmɪts 'wʌn ɔ:r 'tu:
'mʌnθs 'leɪtər, ðər wəz 'nəʊ 'sɪəriəs 'trabl.

THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS AND WAR

had taken place, to see who was responsible, and make suggestions about how to keep the same thing from taking place again. All this was done without any trouble. When the Council had another meeting in December, Greece made an agreement to give £45,000 in damages, and the governments of the two countries gave effect to the League's suggestions for keeping an outburst of the same sort from taking place again. And when there was an argument about the land limits one or two months later, there was no serious trouble.

ðə 'keləg əl'grɪzmənt

ðə 'prezɪdnt əv ðə ʒʊˈnaɪtɪd 'steɪts əv ə'merɪkə, ðə 'prezɪdnt əv ðə 'frentʃ rɪ'pʌblɪk, ðə 'kɪŋ əv ðə 'beldʒənz, ðə 'prezɪdnt əv ðə 'tʃekou'slouvak rɪ'pʌblɪk, ðə 'kɪŋ əv greɪt 'brɪtən, 'aɪərlənd, ənd ðə 'brɪtɪʃ də'mɪnjənz 'louver ðə 'sɪz, 'ləmpərəs əv 'lɪndʒə, ðə 'prezɪdnt əv ðə 'dʒəːrmən 'raɪʃ, ðə 'kɪŋ əv 'ɪtəli, ðɪː 'ləmpərəs əv dʒə'pʌn, ðə 'prezɪdnt əv ðə rɪ'pʌblɪk əv 'poulənd,

'dɪzplɪ 'kɒŋʃəs ðæt ðeɪ ər rɪ'spɒnsɪbl fər ɪn'kriːsɪŋ ðə 'wel'bɪzɪŋ əv ˈɔːl 'neɪʃənz ;

'sɜːrtɪn ðæt ðə 'taɪm hæz 'kʌm hwen ɪt ɪz 'raɪt fər ðə 'neɪʃənz 'pʌblɪkli tə 'ɡɪv ʌp 'wɔːr əz ən ɪn'strʊmənt fər 'prɒfɪtɪŋ ðəm'selvz, sou ðæt ðə 'preznt 'pɪːs ənd ðə 'hʌpɪ rɪ'leɪʃənz bɪ'twɪn ðəm meɪ bɪː 'kept ʌn'dʌmɪdʒd ;

hævɪŋ 'kʌm tə ðə dɪ'sɪʒən ðæt ˈɔːl 'tʃeɪndʒɪz ɪn ðeər rɪ'leɪʃənz wɪð wʌn ənəðər ɑːr tə bɪː ə'temptɪd 'ləʊnli ɪn 'weɪz hwaɪtʃ wɪl 'nɒt bɪː ə 'kɔːz əv 'wɔːr, ənd ðæt 'sʌtʃ 'tʃeɪndʒɪz ɑːr 'raɪt 'ləʊnli əz ðɪː 'aʊtkʌm əv ə 'prəʊses ɪn hwaɪtʃ 'pɪːs ənd ˈɔːrdər ər rɪ'spektɪd, ənd ðæt ɪt ɪz 'raɪt tə 'kɪːp 'lenɪ 'paʊər hwaɪtʃ 'pʊts ɪts 'neɪm tə ðɪː əl'grɪzmənt

THE KELLOGG AGREEMENT ¹

The President of the United States of America, the President of the French Republic, the King of the Belgians, the President of the Czechoslovak Republic, the King of Great Britain, Ireland, and the British Dominions over the Seas, Emperor of India, the President of the German Reich, the King of Italy, the Emperor of Japan, the President of the Republic of Poland,

Deeply conscious that they are responsible for increasing the well-being of all nations ;

Certain that the time has come when it is right for the nations publicly to give up war as an instrument for profiting themselves, so that the present peace and the happy relations between them may be kept undamaged ;

Having come to the decision that all changes in their relations with one another are to be attempted only in ways which will not be a cause of war, and that such changes are right only as the outcome of a process in which peace and order are respected, and that it is right to keep any Power which puts its name

¹ From *Everyday Basic*, L. W. Lockhart, pp. 75-78.

THE KELLOGG AGREEMENT

I 'leiter 'grouz tə 'wɔːr fər its 'praɪvɪt ɪn'trəsts frəm
ɒfɪtɪŋ baɪ ðɪs ə'grɪzmənt ;

hæv 'kɑːm tuː ə dɪ'sɪʒən tə 'meɪk ən ə'grɪzmənt, ənd
ðæt 'pɔːrtrəs hæv 'pʊt fɔːrwɜːd əz ðeər reprɪ'zɛntətɪvz
sɪ 'fʊl 'paʊərz, ðə 'prezɪdnt əv ðə jʊː'nɑɪtɪd 'steɪts,
etɜː. ənd ðeɪ, hævɪŋ 'sɪzn wʌn ənəðərz 'peɪpərz əv
ɔːrɪtɪ, 'gɪvɪŋ ðəm 'fʊl 'paʊə, tə bɪː 'sɔːrtɪn ðæt ðeɪ ər
bɔːrdərd ənd ɪn 'ɡʊd 'fɔːrm, hæv 'kɑːm tuː ən ə'grɪzmənt
'meɪk 'θɪz 'steɪtmənts ɪn ðə 'neɪm əv ʊəl :

I. ðə 'neɪʃənz sə'pɔːrtɪŋ ðɪs ə'grɪzmənt meɪk ə 'pʌblɪk
'steɪtmənt, ɪn ðə 'neɪm əv ʊəl hʌz 'kɑːm 'lɑːndə ðɪː
ɔːθɔːrɪtɪ əv ðeər 'ɡʌvənmənts, ðæt ðeɪ ər ə'ɡɛnst ðə
'jʊz əv 'wɔːr fər 'pʊtɪŋ ən 'lɛnd tuː ɪntə'næʃənəl
'trablz, ənd wɪl 'nɒt meɪk 'jʊz əv ɪt əz ən ɪn'stru-
mənt fər 'prɒfɪtɪŋ ðəm'selvz ɪn ðeər rɪ'lɛɪʃənz wɪð
'wʌn ənəðə.

L. ðə 'neɪʃənz sə'pɔːrtɪŋ ðɪs ə'grɪzmənt hæv 'kɑːm tə ðə
dɪ'sɪʒən ðæt ðeɪ wɪl 'pʊt ən 'lɛnd tuː ʊəl 'kɔːzɪz əv
'trabl bɪ'twɪzn ðəm, əv hʌw'levə 'sɔːrt ðeɪ meɪ 'bɪː
ɔːr ɪn hʌw'levə 'lweɪ ðeɪ 'keɪm ɪntʊː ɪ'ɡzɪstəns, ɪn
'lweɪz hʌwɪʃ wɪl 'nɒt bɪː ə 'kɔːz əv 'wɔːr.

L. ðə 'preznt ə'grɪzmənt ɪz tə bɪː 'meɪd 'ɡʊd ɪn 'lɔː baɪ
ðə 'neɪʃənz ɪn 'kwɛstʃən ɪn hʌw'levə 'lweɪ ðeər
'dɪfrɛnt pə'lɪtɪkl 'sɪstɪmz 'meɪk 'nesəsəri, ənd wɪl
'teɪk ɪf'ekt əz bɪ'twɪzn ðəm wɪð'aʊt 'lɒs əv 'taɪm
hwen ðeər 'peɪpərz 'meɪkɪŋ ðɪː ə'grɪzmənt 'ɡʊd ɪn
'lɔː hæv bɪːn 'pleɪst ət . . .

ðɪs ə'grɪzmənt 'wɪl, hwen ɪt hɜːz 'kɑːm ɪntʊː ɪf'ekt ɪn

THE KELLOGG AGREEMENT

to the agreement and later goes to war for its private interests from profiting by this agreement ;

Have come to a decision to make an agreement, and for that purpose have put forward as their representatives with full powers, the President of the United States, etc. And they, having seen one another's papers of authority, giving them full power, to be certain that they are in order and in good form, have come to an agreement to make these statements in the name of all :

- I. The nations supporting this Agreement make a public statement, in the name of all who come under the authority of their governments, that they are against the use of war for putting an end to international troubles, and will not make use of it as an instrument for profiting themselves in their relations with one another.
- II. The nations supporting this Agreement have come to the decision that they will put an end to all causes of trouble between them, of whatever sort they may be or in whatever way they came into existence, in ways which will not be a cause of war.
- III. The present Agreement is to be made good in law by the nations in question in whatever way their different political systems make necessary, and will take effect as between them without loss of time when their papers making the agreement good in law have been placed at . . .

This Agreement will, when it has come into effect in

THE KELLOGG AGREEMENT

is 'wei, bi: 'kept 'loun əz 'lɔŋ əz mei bi: 'nesəsəri tə
et it 'saind bai 'ɔ:l ði: 'lɑðər 'pauərz. 'levri 'peipər
ivɪŋ ðə sə'pɔ:rt əv ə'nɑðər 'pauər wil bi: 'pleist ət . . .
id hwen 'ðis həz bi:n 'dʌn, ði: ə'grɪzmənt wil 'teik 'ɪfekt
'reit ə'wei bitwi:n ðə 'pauər 'ɪnju:li 'gɪvɪŋ its sə'pɔ:rt,
id ði: 'lɑðər 'pauərz hwɪtʃ həv 'dʌn sou in ðə 'pɑ:st.

it wil bi: 'nesəsəri fər ðə 'gʌvənmənt əv . . . tə giv
vri 'gʌvənmənt 'neɪmd in ðə 'fɜ:st 'wɔ:rdz əv ði:
grɪzmənt, ənd 'levri 'gʌvənmənt hwɪtʃ 'leɪtər 'gɪvz its
'pɔ:rt tə ði: ə'grɪzmənt, ə 'kɒpi əv ði: ə'grɪzmənt, 'bakt
ɪ ə'θɒriti, tə'geðər wið ə 'kɒpi əv 'levri 'peipər 'pleist
ər in kə'nekʃən wið it. it wil bi: 'nesəsəri in ə'dɪʃən
r ðə 'gʌvənmənt əv . . . tə 'send 'wɔ:rd bai 'telɪgrəm,
ɪð'əut 'lɒs əv 'taɪm, tu: 'ɔ:l 'sʌtʃ 'gʌvənmənts
wɛn'evər ə 'peipər 'gɪvɪŋ sə'pɔ:rt ɔ:r 'meɪkɪŋ 'ðæt
'pɔ:rt 'gud in 'lɔ:, ɪz 'pleist ðər.

in sə'pɔ:rt əv 'ðɪz ʌndər'teɪkɪŋz, ðə reprɪ'zentətɪvz
'ðə 'dɪfrənt 'neɪʃənz həv 'pʊt ðər 'neɪmz tə 'ðis
grɪzmənt in 'heɪsɪk 'lɪŋɡlɪʃ ənd in 'frentʃ, ðə 'tu: 'fɔ:rmz
wɪŋ lɪk'wəl 'fɔ:rs, ənd ðə 'sainz əv ðər 'gʌvənmənts
əv bi:n 'pleist ɒn it in 'waks.

'dʌn ət . . . ðə . . . 'deɪ əv . . . in ðə 'ljɪər 'wʌn
aʊnd 'naɪn 'hʌndrɪd ənd 'twenti. . .

THE KELLOGG AGREEMENT

this way, he kept open as long as may be necessary to get it signed by all the other Powers. Every paper giving the support of another Power will be placed at . . . and when this has been done, the Agreement will take effect straight away between the Power newly giving its support, and the other Powers which have done so in the past.

It will be necessary for the Government of . . . to give every Government named in the first words of the Agreement, and every Government which later gives its support to the Agreement, a copy of the Agreement, backed by authority, together with a copy of every paper placed there in connection with it. It will be necessary in addition for the Government of . . . to send word by telegram, without loss of time, to all such Governments whenever a paper giving support or making that support good in law, is placed there.

In support of these undertakings, the representatives of the different nations have put their names to this Agreement in Basic English and in French, the two forms having equal force, and the signs of their Governments have been placed on it in wax.

Done at . . . the . . . day of . . . in the Year One Thousand Nine Hundred and Twenty. . . .

ðə 'sanz 'sistim

ðə 'vjuz hwitʃ iz 'nau 'teikn az tə ðə 'bærθ əv ðə
 nz 'sistim (it givz 'nou ə'kaunt əv ðə 'kaminɪŋ intuz
 zistəns əv ðə 'sæn it'self) iz 'beist əpən ə 'veri 'kɒmən
 kt hwitʃ iz in ðə 'nɒlɪdʒ əv 'levribəði. it iz 'kɒmən
 lɪdʒ ðət ðə 'kaminɪŋ 'ɒp ənd 'gəʊɪŋ 'daʊn əv ðə 'wɔ:tərz
 ðə 'sɪz, neɪmɪd "təɪdʒ," hwitʃ 'evriwʌn iz 'leɪbl tə
 k 'nɒut əv 'levri 'deɪ ət ðə 'sɪ:səɪd, ær 'kɔ:zɪd baɪ ðə
 'rɪs əv ə'trækʃən əv ðə 'sæn ənd ðə 'mʌzn. ðə 'wɔ:tərz,
 ɪŋ 'fɪz, ær 'mʌrɪd baɪ ðis ə'trækʃən, ənd ðə 'təɪdʒ
 ʌ 'braʊnd ðɪz 'lærθ 'tʃɪzli 'læftər ðə 'mʌzn, ðə 'sæn hævɪŋ
 nli ə 'smɒl 'pɔ:rt in 'kɔ:zɪŋ ðis 'mʌʊʃən. bət ðər iz
 æðər 'fækt, hwitʃ 'bəʊnli 'keɪm tə 'laɪt ə 'ʃɔ:rt 'taɪm
 ɪk, ənd hwitʃ iz 'nɒt 'kɒmən 'nɒlɪdʒ. 'ðis 'fækt, hwitʃ
 'l 'nou daut ðɪz ə sər'praɪz tə 'sæm 'brɪdərz, iz ðət ðə
 'təɪdʒ ær 'nɒt 'lɪmɪtɪd tə ðə 'sɪz, bət ðət ðə 'sɒlɪd 'feɪs
 'ðɪz 'lærθ it'self ʌndər'gəʊz 'təɪd 'mʌʊʃənz in ðə 'fɔ:rm
 ə 'lweɪv rænɪŋ 'braʊnd ðɪz 'lærθ, 'kɔ:zɪd baɪ ðɪz 'ɪfekt əv
 : ə'trækʃən əv ðə 'mʌzn. bət 'ðis 'təɪd, ðou 'nætʃərəli
 'eri mætʃ 'smɒlər ðən ðə 'təɪdʒ əv ðə 'sɪz, iz əz mætʃ
 'ten tə 'twenti 'ɪntɪz. it iz 'ɡreɪtɪst ət ðə 'mɪdl əv

THE SUN'S SYSTEM ¹

The view which is now taken as to the birth of the Sun's system (it gives no account of the coming into existence of the Sun itself) is based upon a very common fact which is in the knowledge of everybody. It is common knowledge that the coming up and going down of the waters of the seas, named "tides," which everyone is able to take note of every day at the seaside, are caused by the force of attraction of the Sun and the Moon. The waters, being free, are moved by this attraction, and the tides go round the Earth chiefly after the Moon, the Sun having only a small part in causing this motion. But there is another fact, which only came to light a short time back, and which is not common knowledge. This fact, which will no doubt be a surprise to some readers, is that the tides are not limited to the seas, but that the solid face of the Earth itself undergoes tide motions in the form of a wave running round the Earth, caused by the effect of the attraction of the Moon. But this tide, though naturally very much smaller than the tides of the seas, is as much as 10 to 20 inches. It

¹ From *A Basic Astronomy*, S. L. Salzedo, pp. 21-25. Some international science words are used in this account.

THE SUN'S SYSTEM

ʒi: ɛrθ, hwail it gets ˈles in ðə ˈnɔ:ɾθ ənd ˈsauθ. bət
 ʒou ðis ˈɛrθ taid iz ˈsou matʃ ˈsmɔ:lər ðən ðə ˈtaɪdz əv
 ðə ˈsi:z, ʒi: ˈaɪnsər tu: auər ˈkwɛstʃən, ˈhau did auər ˈɛrθ
 ˈkɑ:m intə ˈsɛpərit ɪɡˈzɪstəns?, iz ˈpɔɪntɪd ˈlaʊt baɪ ˈðis
 ˈmouʃən. wi: mei put it ˈðis weɪ: ðə ˈmʊrn iz ˈsmɔ:l,
 ənd ʒi: ɪˈfɛkt əv ɪts əˈtrækʃən ɒn ðə ˈhɑ:rd ˈɛrθ mei bi:
 ˈmeɪərd in ˈɪntʃɪz. ˈhwɒt wud ˈteɪk ˈpleɪs ɪf ðə ˈmʊrn
 wəz ə ˈveri ˈɡreɪt ˈbɒdi, ənd ʒi: ˈɛrθ wəz ə ˈveri ˈɡreɪt
 ˈbɒdi, əz ˈɡreɪt əz ðə ˈsʌn? ðə ˈweɪvz ˈkɔ:zd in ðə ˈsɒlɪd
 ˈlaʊtər paɪrt əv ʒi: ˈɛrθ (hwɪtʃ iz ˈveri ˈθɪn) baɪ ʒi:
 əˈtrækʃən əv ðə ˈɡreɪt ˈbɒdi ˈsou ˈnɪər ɪt wud bi: ˈkwɑɪt
 ˈhaɪ, sou ðət ə ˈɡreɪt əˈmaʊnt əv ðə ˈsʌbstəns əv ʒi: ˈɛrθ
 wud bi: ˈpʊld kəmˈplɪtli əˈweɪ, ənd wud ˈnɒt ɡou ˈbæk,
 bət ˈki:ɾp ˈlaʊt in ˈspeɪs, in ðə ˈfɔ:ɾm pɒsɪbli əv ə ˈrɪŋ ət
 ˈfɛərst, ðə ˈpaɪrts əv hwɪtʃ wud ˈðen ˈlɪtl baɪ ˈlɪtl kɑ:m
 ˈnɪərər ənd ˈnɪərər təˈɡeðər, tɪl ə ˈbɔ:l wəz ˈfɔ:ɾmd.

ʒæt iz ðə ˈkɑ:rənt ˈvju: əbaʊt ðə ˈweɪ in hwɪtʃ ðə
 ˈdɪfrənt ˈɡreɪt ˈbɒdɪz ˈfɔ:ɾmɪŋ ðə ˈsʌnz ˈsɪstɪm ˈkeɪm
 ɪntu: ɪɡˈzɪstəns. ˈθaʊzndz əv ˈmɪljənz əv ˈʃɪəz ˈbæk,
 hwɛn hwɒt iz ˈhau auər ˈsʌn wəz ə ˈɡreɪt ˈbɒdi, ˈɡreɪtər
 ðən ˈhau, ənd ˈkwɑɪt baɪ ɪtˈself, əˈnʌðər ˈɡreɪt ˈbɒdi
 ˈkɑ:mɪŋ frəm ˈlaʊtər ˈspeɪs, ɡət ˈnɪərər ənd ˈnɪərər, tɪl ət
 ˈlɑ:st ʒi: əˈtrækʃən əv ðə ˈɲju: ˈbɒdi ɒn ðə ˈsʌn wəz ˈsou
 ˈstrɒŋ ðət ˈɡreɪt ˈmɑ:sɪz əv ˈsʌbstəns wər ˈbrɒʊkn əˈweɪ,
 ˈfɔ:ɾmɪŋ ʒi: ˈɛrθ ənd ʒi: ˈʌðər ˈplænɪts. ɒn ˈðis ˈvju: ˈbɔ:l
 ˈsɑ:tʃ ˈbɒdɪz wər ˈfɔ:ɾmd ət ðə ˈseɪm ˈtaɪm ənd aʊt əv ðə
 ˈseɪm ˈɡreɪt ˈmɑ:s əv ˈsʌbstəns hwɪtʃ həd bɪzn ˈbrɒʊkn
 əˈweɪ, bɪkɔ:z ðə ˈdɪstənsɪz bɪˈtwɪzn ðə ˈstɑ:ɾz (hwɪtʃ ər in

THE SUN'S SYSTEM

is greatest at the middle of the Earth, while it gets less in the north and south. But though this Earth tide is so much smaller than the tides of the sea, the answer to our question, How did our Earth come into separate existence?, is pointed out by this motion. We may put it this way: The Moon is small, and the effect of its attraction on the hard Earth may be measured in inches. What would take place if the Moon was a very great body, and the Earth was a very great body, as great as the Sun? The waves caused in the solid outer part of the Earth (which is very thin) by the attraction of the great body so near it would be quite high, so that a great amount of the substance of the Earth would be pulled completely away, and would not go back, but keep out in space, in the form possibly of a ring at first, the parts of which would then little by little come nearer and nearer together, till a ball was formed.

That is the current view about the way in which the different great bodies forming the Sun's system came into existence. Thousands of millions of years back, when what is now our Sun was a great body, greater than now, and quite by itself, another great body coming from outer space, got nearer and nearer, till at last the attraction of the new body on the Sun was so strong that great masses of substance were broken away, forming the Earth and the other planets. On this view all such bodies were formed at the same time and out of the same great mass of substance which had been broken away, because the distances between the

THE SUN'S SYSTEM

fakt 'sanz) ar 'sou 'greit ðæt it wud 'nɒt bi: 'pɒsɪbl ðæt
'tu: əv ðəm wud kʌm 'niə tə wʌn ənəðər 'mɔ:ər ðən
'wʌns 'li:vɪn ɪn 'θaʊzndz əv 'mɪljənz əv 'ʃiə:z.

'sʌtʃ ɪz ðə 'preznt 'vju: əz tə ðə 'wei ɪn hwiʃ ðə 'sʌn
ənd ɪts 'sɪstɪm 'keɪm ɪntu: ɪg'zɪstəns. bət ɪt ɪz 'ləʊnli
'raɪt tə 'sei 'hiə ðæt 'lʌz ðə 'θiəri əv lə'plʌs wəz 'lʊkt
əpən əz ðə 'raɪt wʌn fər ə 'hʌndrɪd 'ʃiə:z, ənd wəz 'sɪ:n
tə bi: 'rɒŋ, 'sou ðə 'ɪnju: 'θiəri, hwiʃ ɪz 'veri mʌʃ
'ʃʌŋgər, 'meɪ, ət 'sʌm 'taɪm ɪn ðə 'fju:tʃər, bi: 'sɪ:n tə
bi: 'nəʊ 'lɒŋgər ɪn ə'grɪ:mənt wið ðə dɪs'kʌvərɪz hwiʃ
həv 'ðen bi:n 'meɪd, ənd ə 'ɪnju: 'θiəri wɪl 'hʌv tə
bi: 'fɔ:rmɪd hwiʃ wɪl bi: ɪn ə'grɪ:mənt wið əʊər 'ɪnju:
'nɒlɪdʒ.

bət ɪf ðər 'lær ðɪ:z 'greɪt 'lærθ-taɪdz, ɪt ɪz 'kliə ðæt
'welzɪz 'veri 'bju:tɪfʊl 'stɔ:ri neɪmɪd "ðə 'stɑ:ər" dʌz 'nɒt
'gɪv ə 'tru: ə'lkaʊnt əv ðɪ: ɪ'vents hwiʃ wud bi: ðɪ:
'ləʊtkʌm əv ðə kən'dɪʃənz 'pɪktʃəd ɪn ɪt. ɪt 'sez ðæt ə
'greɪt 'red 'bɒdi frəm aʊt'saɪd ðə 'sanz 'sɪstɪm keɪm
'niə tə ðɪ: 'lærθ, ənd ðæt ðɪ: 'lærθ wəz 'wɒʃt baɪ 'greɪt
'taɪdz əv ðə 'sɪ:z ət ə 'greɪt 'hi:t, 'kɔ:zɪŋ ðə dɪs'trʌkʃən
əv ə'lmoʊst 'ɔ:l 'lɪvɪŋ 'θɪŋz. ðə 'tru: 'ləʊtkʌm wud 'nɒt
bi: 'ðɪs, bət ðər wud bi: 'greɪt 'taɪdz əv ðə 'hɑ:əd 'lærθ
ɪt'self, baɪ hwiʃ 'lærθ-weɪvz 'hʌndrɪdz əv 'fɪ:t 'haɪ wud
bi: 'kɔ:zɪd. ðɪ: 'ləʊtər 'feɪs əv ðɪ: 'lærθ wud bi: 'brəʊkn
'θru:, 'greɪt 'mʌsɪz əv 'lɪkwɪd 'sʌbstəns ət ə 'greɪt 'hi:t
wud 'kʌm 'ləʊt ənd 'gəʊ 'ləʊvər 'ɔ:l ðɪ: 'lærθ, ɔ:ər ðɪ: 'lærθ
wud 'li:vɪn bi: 'brəʊkn 'ʌp ɪntə 'smɔ:l 'bɪts.

THE SUN'S SYSTEM

stars (which are in fact suns) are so great that it would not be possible that two of them would come near to one another more than once even in thousands of millions of years.

Such is the present view as to the way in which the Sun and its system came into existence. But it is only right to say here that as the theory of Laplace was looked upon as the right one for a hundred years, and was seen to be wrong, so the new theory, which is very much younger, may, at some time in the future, be seen to be no longer in agreement with the discoveries which have then been made, and a new theory will have to be formed which will be in agreement with our new knowledge.

But if there are these great Earth-tides, it is clear that Wells's very beautiful story named "The Star" does not give a true account of the events which would be the outcome of the conditions pictured in it. It says that a great, red body from outside the Sun's system came near to the Earth, and that the Earth was washed by great tides of the seas at a great heat, causing the destruction of almost all living things. The true outcome would not be this, but there would be great tides of the hard Earth itself, by which earth-waves hundreds of feet high would be caused. The outer face of the Earth would be broken through, great masses of liquid substance at a great heat would come out and go over all the Earth, or the Earth would even be broken up into small bits.

!treid andər !henri ðə !sevnθ

frəm ðə !stɑ:rt əv hiz !ru:l ðə !kiŋ !sɔ: ðə !vɑ:lju: əv ði: iks!spanʃən əv !treid. it wəz !hiz di!zaiər tə giv ə !nʃu: !lɪmpəls tə ðə !wʊl treid ənd !kləθ-meikiŋ, ənd !i:vn in ðə !mi:dl əv pə!litikl !trɑ:blz hi: tuk ən !ɪntrest in sə!dʒestʃənz fər ðə di!veləpmənt əv !ŋgliʃ !treid. ðeər wəz ə !ri:zn fər !aktiŋ wið!aut !ləs əv !taim. !wʌn əv ði: !fektz əv ðə !wɔ:rz əv ðə !rouziz wəz ə !mɑ:rkɪt !fɔ:liŋ !əf in !ŋgliʃ !treid. hwail !ðis !kɑ:ntri wəz in ðə !gri:p əv !wɔ:z, ðə !hɑ:nsə !treidərz həd gət ði: !ŋgliʃ !aut əv ðeər !mɑ:rkɪts in ðə !nɔ:θ əv !juərəp, ənd in ði: !æ:ri !ʃiəz əv hiz !ru:l !henri !tuk !steps tə !get !bæk !treidiŋ !raits in !denmɑ:rk ənd !ʌðər !pɑ:rts əv !juərəp. di!siʒənz əbaut !treid wər meid ði: !ɪnstrumənt əv pə!litikl di!zainz. !fæt !prɒfɪts həd !lɒŋ bi:n !meid aut əv ði: !ŋgliʃ !wʊl treid wið ðə !ləu !kɑ:ntrɪz, ənd ðə di!zaiər fər !ŋgliʃ !wʊl geiv !henri ə pə!litikl !pʊl hi: wəz !nɒt !sləu tə meik !ju:z əv. in !fɔ:rtɪzn !nainti !θri: hi: !let ðə !deɪndʒər əv !hæ:rbəriŋ !ŋgliʃmən hu: wər ə!ʒenst ðə !gʌvənmənt bi: !si:n bai !stəpiŋ !ɔ:l !treid bi!twi:n !ŋglənd ənd !flɑ:ndərz. ði: !fektz əv !ðæt di!siʒən əpən ðə !kləθ treid in ðə !ləu !kɑ:ntrɪz !kwikli

TRADE UNDER HENRY VII¹

From the start of his rule the King saw the value of an expansion of trade. It was his desire to give a new impulse to the wool trade and cloth-making, and even in the middle of political troubles he took an interest in suggestions for the development of English trade. There was a reason for acting without loss of time. One of the effects of the Wars of the Roses was a marked falling off in English trade. While this country was in the grip of war, the Hansa traders had got the English out of their markets in the north of Europe, and in the early years of his rule Henry took steps to get back trading rights in Denmark and other parts of Europe. Decisions about trade were made the instrument of political designs. Fat profits had long been made out of the English wool trade with the Low Countries, and the desire for English wool gave Henry a political pull he was not slow to make use of. In 1493 he let the danger of harbouring Englishmen who were against the Government be seen by stopping all trade between England and Flanders. The effects of that decision upon the cloth trade in the Low

¹ Put into Basic form *The Making of the Tudor Despotism*, C. H. Williams, pp. 49-51.

TRADE UNDER HENRY VII

meid 'kliær 'hau 'strɒŋ wəz ðə 'paʊər in 'ɪŋɡləndz 'handz. i:vn 'mɔ:ɪ sər'praɪzɪŋ wəz ðə 'wei in hwɪtʃ 'henri meid 'ju:z əv ə 'strɒŋ 'pəlɪtɪkl pə'zɪʃən tə get 'bətər kən'dɪʃənz fər 'ɪŋɡlɪʃ 'treɪdərz. ðə moust 'nəʊtɪd lɪgz:əmpl wəz ðə treɪdɪŋ ə'grɪ:mənt wɪð 'fla:ndərz in 'fɔ:rtɪ:n 'nainti sɪks. ðə 'neɪm hwɪtʃ wəz 'leɪtər 'gɪvən tu: ɪt, ðɪ: 'ɪntər'kæ:rsəs 'magnəs," ɪz ə 'sain əv 'hau 'mætʃ 'ɪŋɡlɪʃ treɪd wəz 'prɒfɪtɪd baɪ ɪt. ɪt wəz 'tʃɪ:flɪ ɪm'pɔ:rtənt bɪkəz ɪt wəz ðə 'stɑ:rt əv 'frɪz 'treɪdɪŋ rɪleɪʃənz bɪtwɪ:n bærgəndi ənd 'ɪŋɡlənd. ðə 'skeɪl əv 'taksɪz fər 'ɪŋɡlɪʃ ənd 'flēmɪʃ 'treɪdərz wəz tə bɪ: 'fɪkst ət ə 'reɪt 'nɒt 'haɪər sən 'ðæt hwɪtʃ həd 'bɪ:n in 'fɔ:rs fər ðə 'lɑ:st 'fɪfti 'tʃɪəz. fɪʃɪŋ-wɔ:tərz wər meɪd 'frɪz, ənd wɪð ə 'vju: tu: ɪn'krɪsɪŋ treɪd bɪtwɪ:n ðə 'tu: 'kɑ:ntrɪz, 'sɪərɪəs ə'tempts wər tə bɪ: 'meɪd tə 'pʊt 'daʊn ðə 'vaɪələnt 'sɪ:mən 'lɪvɪŋ baɪ ɹwɒt ðeɪ wər 'leɪbl tə 'teɪk frəm 'lʌðərz, hu: wər 'sætʃ ə deɪndʒər tə 'treɪdɪŋ ʃɪps. 'sou 'mætʃ 'prɒfɪt 'keɪm frəm ðɪs ə'grɪ:mənt 'ðæt, 'hwɛn ðə 'tʃa:ns 'keɪm, 'henri 'meɪd ɪn ə'tempt tə get i:vn 'greɪtər 'raɪts fər 'ɪŋɡlɪʃmən. əbaut 'fɪftɪ:n 'hændrɪd ənd 'fɔ:ɹ 'hʌz: pəlɪtɪkl 'træblz wər neɪkɪŋ 'treɪd ɪm'pɒsɪbl, 'hwɛn, baɪ 'gʊd 'tʃa:ns, ðɪ: ɑ:rtʃ'dʒʊk 'fɪlɪps 'ʃɪp wɛnt 'daʊn in 'ɪŋɡlɪʃ 'wɔ:tərz, ənd ðɪs 'pʊt hɪm in 'henrɪz 'handz. ən ə'grɪ:mənt wəz saɪnd ɪn 'fɪftɪ:n 'hændrɪd ənd 'sɪks hu:z 'leɪtər 'neɪm— ɪz: "ɪntər'kæ:rsəs 'mæləs"—ɪz ə 'sain əv 'hau 'wɑ:n-'saɪdɪd t wəz. baɪ 'ðɪs ə'grɪ:mənt ðə 'reɪts 'fɪkst ɪn 'fɔ:rtɪ:n nainti 'sɪks wər tə bɪ: 'kept, bət 'ɪŋɡlɪʃ 'treɪdərz wər ə bɪ: 'frɪz frəm ðə 'taʊn 'taksɪz ɪn ðə 'lou 'kɑ:ntrɪz. ɪn 'dɪʃən ðeɪ wər tə 'hæv ðə 'raɪt tə du: 'smɔ:l-'skeɪl 'praɪvɪt

TRADE UNDER HENRY VII

Countries quickly made clear how strong was the power in England's hands. Even more surprising was the way in which Henry made use of a strong political position to get better conditions for English traders. The most noted example was the trading agreement with Flanders in 1496. The name which was later given to it, the "*Intercursus Magnus*," is a sign of how much English trade was profited by it. It was chiefly important because it was the start of free trading relations between Burgundy and England. The scale of taxes for English and Flemish traders was to be fixed at a rate not higher than that which had been in force for the last fifty years. Fishing-waters were made free, and, with a view to increasing trade between the two countries, serious attempts were to be made to put down the violent seamen living by what they were able to take from others, who were such a danger to trading ships. So much profit came from this agreement that, when the chance came, Henry made an attempt to get even greater rights for Englishmen. About 1504 new political troubles were making trade impossible, when, by good chance, the Archduke Philip's ship went down in English waters, and this put him in Henry's hands. An agreement was signed in 1506 whose later name—the "*Intercursus Malus*"—is a sign of how one-sided it was. By this agreement the rates fixed in 1496 were to be kept, but English traders were to be free from the town taxes in the Low Countries. In addition they were to have the right to do small-scale private

TRADE UNDER HENRY VII

reidin in ʔɔ:l ʔa:rts əv ðə ʔneðərləndz bət ʔfla:ndərz.
 ʔglij ʔtreidərz did ʔnɔt get ʔsou ʔmatʃ ʔprɔfit aut əv ði:
 ʔgri:mənt əz ðei ər ʔsamtaimz ʔsed tə həv dən. it wəz
 liərli ʔwan-ʔsaidid, ənd ʔa:ftər ʔfilips ʔdeθ in ʔfifti:n
 ʔndrid ənd ʔsiks, ðə ʔpəʔziʃən wəz əʔgen ʔgivn əʔtenʃən.
 : ʔautkəm əv ʔðis wəz ən əʔgri:mənt ʔsaind in ʔfifti:n
 ʔndrid ənd ʔsevn hwitʃ ʔput ən ʔend tə ʔsəm əv
 ʔtraits hwitʃ həd bi:n ə ʔkɔ:z əv ʔbəd ʔfi:liŋ. ði:
 intərʔkə:rsəs ʔmagnəs” ʔkeim intə ʔfɔ:rs əʔgen, ənd ðə
 a:t tə ʔsmɔ:l-ʔskeil ʔtreidin wəz ʔteikn əʔwei. riʔleiʃənz
 ʔtwi:n ðə ʔtu: ʔkantriz wər kənʔtrould bai ði:z ʔbetər
 əndiʃənz til ʔhenriz ʔdeθ.

TRADE UNDER HENRY VII

trading in all parts of the Netherlands but Flanders. English traders did not get so much profit out of the agreement as they are sometimes said to have done. It was clearly one-sided, and after Philip's death in 1506, the position was again given attention. The outcome of this was an agreement signed in 1507 which put an end to some of the rights which had been a cause of bad feeling. The *Intercursus Magnus* came into force again, and the right to small-scale trading was taken away. Relations between the two countries were controlled by these better conditions till Henry's death.

'weit and 'mas

n 'evridei 'langwidʒ, hwen 'tɔ:kiŋ əbaut ðə 'weit əv
θiŋ, wi: 'hav in 'maɪnd its 'weit 'meɪərd ɒn ðə 'feɪs
ði: 'lɛ:rθ. 'evri 'atəm əv ði: 'lɛ:rθ iz 'puliŋ ət ðə 'θiŋ
z 'weit wi: ər 'meɪəriŋ, ənd ðə 'dʒenərəl 'ɪfekt
'dʒʌst baɪ 'lɔ:l 'ði:z 'pulz 'aktiŋ ə'genst 'wʌn ə'nʌðər
hwət iz neɪmd ðə 'weit əv ðə θiŋ. 'ði:z 'pulz ər in
'i 'dɪfrənt dɪ'rekʃənz. 'əʊnli 'ðəʊz 'atəmz hwɪtʃ ər
ðə 'ʃɔ:tɪst 'laɪn bɪtwɪn ðə 'θiŋ in 'kwɛstʃən ənd ðə
dl əv ði: 'lɛ:rθ ər 'puliŋ ɪt 'streɪt 'daʊn. ɪt iz 'sɪmpl
ɪf tə 'si: 'ðət 'lɔ:l 'ʌðər 'atəmz ər 'puliŋ ɪt 'daʊn ənd
dweɪz. 'bʌt, əz wi: həv 'sɪn frəm ɪk'spiəriəns, 'ði:
kt əv 'lɔ:l 'ði:z 'pulz lɪz in 'ði: 'lɛnd 'streɪt 'daʊn. ə
'hʌz 'weit wi: ər 'meɪəriŋ həz 'nəʊ 'tendənsɪ tə
'ʌʃən in 'lenɪ 'saɪdweɪz dɪ'rekʃən. 'ðɪs iz hwət wʊd
'tʃerəli bɪ 'lʊkt fɔ:r ɒn ə 'raʊnd 'bɒdi laɪk ði: 'lɛ:rθ,
əz wi: 'si: 'ðət 'lenɪ 'saɪdweɪz 'pul, fɔr ɪg'zʌmpl, tə
'lɪst, iz 'meɪd 'ʌp fɔ:r baɪ ən 'ɪ:kwəl 'saɪdweɪz 'pul
ʒə 'west.

nɒt 'lɔ:l 'ði: 'atəmz əv ði: 'lɛ:rθ ər 'puliŋ ət 'θiŋz wɪð

WEIGHT AND MASS¹

In everyday language, when talking about the weight of anything, we have in mind its weight measured on the face of the earth. Every atom of the earth is pulling at the thing whose weight we are measuring, and the general effect produced by all these pulls acting against one another is what is named the weight of the thing. These pulls are in very different directions. Only those atoms which are on the shortest line between the thing in question and the middle of the earth are pulling it straight down. It is simple enough to see that all other atoms are pulling it down and sideways. But, as we have seen from experience, the effect of all these pulls is in the end straight down. A thing whose weight we are measuring has no tendency to motion in any sideways direction. This is what would naturally be looked for on a round body like the earth, because we see that any sideways pull, for example to the east, is made up for by an equal sideways pull to the west.

Not all the atoms of the earth are pulling at things

¹ Put into Basic from *Science : a new Outline*, J. W. N. Sullivan, pp. 36-41. Some international science words are used in this account.

WEIGHT AND MASS

cwɛl ˈfɔːrs, bɪkɔːz ðə ˈfɔːrs əv ən ˈlætəmz ˈpʊl ɪz pɛndənt ɒn ɪts ˈdɪstəns ˈfrɒm ə θɪŋ. ˈɪf wɪː ər ɛʒərɪŋ ðə ˈweɪt əv ˈsəmθɪŋ ɪn ˈlændən ɪt ɪz ˈkliːə ðət stəʊn ɪn ˈsauθənd ɪz ˈpʊlɪŋ at ɪt wɪð ə ˈɡreɪtər ˈfɔːrs ˌɪz ə ˈstəʊn kəmˈplɪtli ˈlaɪk ɪt ɪn ˈtɪmbəktʊz. ɪkɪŋ ɪntʊː əˈkaʊnt ðə ˈdɪfrənt dɪˈrɛkʃənz ənd ˈdɪsˌsɪz əv ˈɔːl ðɪː ˈlætəmz əv ðɪː ˈlærθ, ˈhwɒt wʊd ˈbɪː ər ˈdʒenərəl ɪˈfekt? ðə ˈbʒʊtɪfʊl ˈlɔː wəz ˈwɛərkt ɪt baɪ səːr ˈaɪzək ˈɪnjuːrnt ðət ðɪː əˈtrækʃən əv ə ˈraʊnd ˈlɪd ˈbɒdi ɒn ˈlenɪθɪŋ ˈnɒt ɪnˈsaɪd ɪt ɪz ðə ˈseɪm əz ɪf ðə ˈmˌplɪt ˈmɑːs əv ðə ˈbɒdi wəz at ɪts ˈmɪdl ˈpɔɪnt. ðɪː ɛkts əv ˈɔːl ðɪːz ˈpʊlz, ˈdɪfrənt ɪn ˈfɔːrs ənd dɪˈrɛkʃən, ɪ ˈɡɪv ɪn ˈðæt ˈsteɪtmənt.

ˈteɪk, fər ɪɡˈzɑːmpl, ðɪː ˈlærθ ənd ðə ˈsɑːnː ˈhɪər wɪː ɪv ˈtʊː ˈraʊnd ˈsɒlɪd ˈbɒdɪz, ənd ˈlevrɪ ˈlætəm əv ˈwʌn ɪz ʊlɪŋ ət ˈlevrɪ ˈlætəm əv ðɪː ˈʌðər, ənd ðɪː ˈʌðər ˈwei ˈrʌnd. bət ɪn ˈwɛərkiŋ ˈaʊt ðə ˈdʒenərəl ɪˈfekt, wɪː eɪ ˈduː sɒ ɛz ɪf ðə kəmˈplɪt ˈmɑːs əv ðə ˈsɑːn wəz at ɪts ˈmɪdl ˈpɔɪnt, ənd ðə kəmˈplɪt ˈmɑːs əv ðɪː ˈlærθ at ɪts ˈɪdl ˈpɔɪnt. sɒ ðət ˈɪf wɪː ər ˈleɪbl tə ˈseɪ ˈhwɒt ðə ˈdɪsˌsɪz əv ðə ˈsɑːn ənd əv ðɪː ˈlærθ ˈlær, wɪː hæv ˈləʊnli tə ɪv ˈnɒlɪdʒ ɪn ˈəldɪʃən əv ðə ˈdɪstəns bɪtwɪzn ðeər ˈmɪdl ˈpɔɪnts. ðə ˈlɒŋ ənd ˈkɒmpleks ˈbɪznɪs əv ˈwɛərkiŋ ˈaʊt ɛpərɪtli ðə ˈpʊl əv ˈlevrɪ ˈlætəm ɒn ɛvrɪ ˈʌðər ˈlætəm ɪz ˈseɪd ˌʌnˈnɛsəsəri baɪ ˈðɪs ˈsɪmpl ˈlɔː.

ðə kəmˈplɪt ˈpʊl əv ðɪː ˈlærθ ɒn ə ˈθɪŋ hʌz ˈweɪt wɪː ɪ ˈmeʒərɪŋ ɪz ðə ˈseɪm əz ɪf ðɪː ˈlærθs ˈmɑːs wəz ˈɔːl ət ɪts ˈmɪdl ˈpɔɪnt. sɒ ðɪː ˈlærθs ˈpʊl ɒn ˈlenɪθɪŋ ɪz tə ðə ˈnɪdl ˈpɔɪnt əv ðɪː ˈlærθ. fər ə ˈθɪŋ ɒn ðə ˈfeɪs əv ðɪː

WEIGHT AND MASS

with equal force, because the force of an atom's pull is dependent on its distance from a thing. If we are measuring the weight of something in London it is clear that a stone in Southend is pulling at it with a greater force than is a stone completely like it in Timbuctoo. Taking into account the different directions and distances of all the atoms of the earth, what would be their general effect? The beautiful law was worked out by Sir Isaac Newton that the attraction of a round solid body on anything not inside it is the same as if the complete mass of the body was at its middle point. The effects of all these pulls, different in force and direction, are given in that statement.

Take, for example, the earth and the sun: Here we have two round solid bodies, and every atom of one is pulling at every atom of the other, and the other way round. But in working out the general effect, we may do so as if the complete mass of the sun was at its middle point, and the complete mass of the earth at its middle point. So that if we are able to say what the masses of the sun and of the earth are, we have only to have knowledge in addition of the distance between their middle points. The long and complex business of working out separately the pull of every atom on every other atom is made unnecessary by this simple law.

The complete pull of the earth on a thing whose weight we are measuring is the same as if the earth's mass was all at its middle point. So the earth's pull on anything is to the middle point of the earth. For

WEIGHT AND MASS

ærθ ðis 'point iz əbaut 'fɔːr 'θaʊznd 'maɪlz ə'wei.
niθɪŋ 'haɪər ðən ðə 'feɪs əv ðɪː 'lærθ wud bɪz et ə
reɪtər 'dɪstəns frəm ðə 'mɪdl, ənd fər ðis 'rɪːzn ðɪː
ærθs 'pul wud bɪz 'les; 'ðæt iz tə 'səi, ðə 'θɪŋ wud hav
əs 'weit. at ə 'greɪt ɪnəf 'dɪstəns 'frəm ðɪː 'lærθ, 'fær
ɪ 'laʊtər 'speɪs, ðə 'θɪŋ wud hav 'ɔːlmoust 'nou 'weit
; 'bɪl.

wɪː 'sɪz, ðen, ðæt ðə 'weit əv eniθɪŋ iz 'nɒt ən
nɪ'tʃeɪndʒɪŋ ə'maʊnt. 'let əs bɪː 'kliər ðæt ðə 'weit əv
'bɒdi iz 'dɪfrənt frəm ɪts 'mas. 'ɪnjʊrn 'sed ðæt ðə
naʊs əv ə 'bɒdi wəz ðɪː ə'maʊnt əv 'sʌbstəns 'ɪn ɪt.
ɪs iz 'kliərli ðə 'seɪm ɪf ðə 'bɒdi iz ɒn ðə 'feɪs əv ðɪː
ærθ ɔːr 'fær 'ɒf ɪn 'laʊtər 'speɪs. ɪt iz 'nɒt dɪ'pendənt
n ðə pə'zɪʃən əv ðə 'bɒdi ɪn rɪ'lɪeɪʃən tuː 'ʌðər 'bɒdɪz.
ə 'weɪts əv 'tuː 'bɒdɪz wɪl hav ə 'fɪkst rɪ'lɪeɪʃən tə 'ðeər
neɪɡər ɪf ðə 'weɪts ər 'ɪmeɪəd et ðə 'seɪm 'pleɪs, ənd fər
ðɪs 'rɪːzn wɪː 'frɪːkwəntli teɪk 'weit əz bɪrɪŋ 'ɪːkwəl tə
naʊs. wɪː get 'bætər baɪ ðə 'paʊnd, fər ɪɡ'zɑːmpl, bɪkəz
ə 'weit iz ə 'truːz 'gaɪd tə ðɪː ə'maʊnt əv 'bætər wɪː ər
geɪnɪŋ. ɒn 'dʒʊr'pɪtər ðə 'weit əv ðə 'seɪm ə'maʊnt wud
ɪː 'veri 'mætʃ 'mɔːr. ə 'mæn ɒn 'dʒʊr'pɪtər (ɪf ðæt wəz
pɒsɪbl) wud 'meɪk ðə dɪ'skʌ'verɪ ðæt ə 'mɪːl əv ə 'hɑːf-
paʊnd əv 'bɪːf 'wudnt 'gəʊ veri 'fær. ɪt ɪz, ɪn 'fækt,
nɒt ðə 'weit, bət ðɪː ə'maʊnt ɔːr 'mas hwɪtʃ hɪː iz
ɪnt'restɪd ɪn.

ɪf, ðen, ðə 'weit əv ə bɒdi meɪ bɪz 'tʃeɪndʒd baɪ
rən'dɪʃənz, hwɪl ɪts 'mas iz 'fɪkst, 'ðeər iz 'nesəsərɪli
səm 'wei əv 'ɪmeɪərɪŋ ɪts 'mas 'ʌðər ðən θruː ɪts 'weit.
f wɪː put 'fɔːrs ɒn ə 'bɒdi, əz baɪ 'puɪlɪŋ ɔːr 'puːʃɪŋ ɪt,
ðen ɪf ðə 'bɒdi iz 'frɪː tə bɪː 'muːvɪd, wɪː gɪv ɪt 'məʊʃən.

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a thing on the face of the earth this point is about 4000 miles away. Anything higher than the face of the earth would be at a greater distance from the middle, and for this reason the earth's pull would be less ; that is to say, the thing would have less weight. At a great enough distance from the earth, far in outer space, the thing would have almost no weight at all.

We see, then, that the weight of anything is not an unchanging amount. Let us be clear that the *weight* of a body is different from its *mass*. Newton said that the mass of a body was the amount of substance in it. This is clearly the same if the body is on the face of the earth or far off in outer space. It is not dependent on the position of the body in relation to other bodies. The weights of two bodies will have a fixed relation to their measure if the weights are measured at the same place, and for this reason we frequently take weight as being equal to mass. We get butter by the pound, for example, because the weight is a true guide to the amount of butter we are getting. On Jupiter the weight of the same amount would be very much more. A man on Jupiter (if that was possible) would make the discovery that a meal of a half-pound of beef wouldn't go very far. It is, in fact, not the weight, but the amount or mass which he is interested in.

If, then, the weight of a body may be changed by conditions, while its mass is fixed, there is necessarily some way of measuring its mass other than through its weight. If we put force on a body, as by pulling or pushing it, then if the body is free to be moved, we

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!greitər ðə 'mas əv ðə 'bɒdi ðə 'les iz ðə 'mouʃən wi:
it, sou 'lɒŋ, 'natʃərəli, əz wi: ər 'ju:zɪŋ ðə 'seim
gri: əv 'fɔ:rs fər ðə 'seim ə'maʊnt əv 'taim. 'ɪf wi:
ɪk ðə 'mas 'twais əz 'greit, wi: wil giv it 'ha:f əz
tʃ 'mouʃən. ənd 'sou ɒn.

ðə 'masiz əv 'bɒdiz mei bi: 'meɪərd in ə'diʃən, bai
ndɪŋ ðəm əɡenst ə'nʌðər bɒdi. ə 'sɜ:rtɪn 'fɔ:rs iz
ɪdɪd fər 'stɒpɪŋ ə 'bɒdi in 'mouʃən. ðə 'greitər ðə 'mas
ðə bɒdi, sou 'lɒŋ əz ðə 'reit əv 'mouʃən iz ðə 'seim, ðə
eɪtər ðə 'fɔ:rs 'ni:ɪdɪd.

nau 'ɔ:l ði:z 'weiz əv 'meɪəriŋ si:m 'nɒt tə bi:
pendənt ət 'ɔ:l ɒn ðeər 'fɔ:rs əv ə'trækʃən. ðə 'masiz
'tu: 'bɒdiz mait bi: 'meɪərd bai 'sendɪŋ ðəm ə'ɡenst
ən ə'nʌðər wið'aut givɪŋ 'leni ə'tenʃən tə ði: ə'trækʃən
'hæv fər wʌn ə'nʌðər. in 'fakt, ɪf ðə 'trɪdər wil 'ɡiv
n 'θɔ:t tə 'hwɒt wi: həv 'sed, hi: wil 'si: ðæt ðə 'wɜ:rd
as 'si:mz tə bi: 'ju:zd fər 'tu: 'dɪfrənt 'kwɒlɪtɪz əv ə
di. bɪkəz wi: 'sed in 'wʌn 'pleis ðæt ðə 'pul bitwɪzn
ɪ: 'bɒdiz iz in ə 'fɪkst rɪ'leɪʃən tə ðeər 'masiz. in 'ʌðər
ɜ:rdz, bai 'meɪəriŋ ðeər ə'trækʃənz, wi: mait 'ɡet ət
ər 'masiz. ənd 'leɪtər wi: həv 'sed ðæt ðeər 'masiz
ait bi: 'wɜ:rkɪt 'laʊt bai 'sendɪŋ ðəm ə'ɡenst wʌn
ʌðər. 'ɜ:z ðə 'masiz 'tɔ:kt əv in 'ði:z 'tu: 'tests ðə
sɪm? wi: si: 'nou 'trɪzn, ɔ:t'saɪd ɪk'spiəriəns, fər ðə
'lɪf ðæt ðeɪ 'ɜ:z ðə seim, and, in 'fakt, ðeɪ həv bi:zn
vʌn 'tu: 'dɪfrənt 'neɪmz—ðə 'fɜ:rst bi:ŋ grævɪ'teɪʃənəl
mas ənd ðə 'sekənd in'lɜ:ʃəl 'mas. 'bʌt, ɒn ði: 'ʌðər
and, ðə moust 'dɪ:teɪld 'tests giv 'nou 'saɪn ðæt ðeɪ ər in
ni 'wei 'dɪfrənt. 'ɪf it iz 'si:n frəm ðə 'test əv 'sendɪŋ

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give it motion. The greater the mass of the body the less is the motion we give it, so long, naturally, as we are using the same degree of force for the same amount of time. If we make the mass twice as great, we will give it half as much motion. And so on.

The masses of bodies may be measured in addition, by sending them against another body. A certain force is needed for stopping a body in motion. The greater the mass of the body, so long as the rate of motion is the same, the greater the force needed.

Now all these ways of measuring seem not to be dependent at all on their force of attraction. The masses of two bodies might be measured by sending them against one another without giving any attention to the attraction they have for one another. In fact, if the reader will give some thought to what we have said, he will see that the word "mass" seems to be used for two different qualities of a body. Because we said in one place that the pull between two bodies is in a fixed relation to their masses. In other words, by measuring their attractions, we might get at their masses. And later we have said that their masses might be worked out by sending them against one another. Are the masses talked of in these two tests the same? We see no reason, outside experience, for the belief that they are the same, and, in fact, they have been given two different names—the first being "gravitational mass" and the second "inertial mass." But, on the other hand, the most detailed tests give no sign that they are in any way different. If it is seen

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ðəm 'lɪntə wən ənʌðər ðət 'wʌn 'bɒdi hʌz 'twaɪs ðɪz
 ɪn'lɜːrʃəl 'mʌs əv ə'nʌðər, ðen ɪt wɪl bɪz 'sɪzn frəm ðɪz
 ə'trækʃən test ðət ɪt hʌz 'twaɪs ðə grævɪ'teɪʃənəl 'mʌs.
 ðɪs kəm'plɪtli 'pərəlel kən'dɪʃən ɪz, 'kwɑɪt ʌn'tʃeɪndʒɪŋ,
 ənd 'sɪzmz tə 'bɪz, hwen wən gɪvz 'θɔːt tʌz ɪt, 'veri
 'streɪndʒ. bɪkəz ɪt sɪzmz 'kwɑɪt ə 'pɒsɪbl aɪldiə ðət
 'sʌbstəns maɪt 'nɒt həv hʌd 'fɔːrs əv ə'trækʃən. ɪf wɪː
 keɪm əkɹəs ə 'stoun ɪn 'ləutər 'speɪs ənd 'geɪv ɪt ə 'blou
 wɪð ə 'stɪk ɪt wʊd bɪz 'pʊt ɪn 'maʊʃən, ənd ɪts 'reɪt əv
 'maʊʃən wʊd bɪz dɪ'pendənt ɒn ðə 'fɔːrs əv ðe 'blou ənd
 ɒn ɪts ɪn'lɜːrʃəl 'mʌs. bət 'hwai dʌz ðə 'stoun 'hʌv ðɪs
 'streɪndʒ 'paʊər əv 'pʊlɪŋ ɔːl 'ʌðər stounz—in 'fakt,
 ɔːl 'sʌbstəns? bət wɪː 'nevər hʌv ðə 'wʌn wɪð'ləut ðɪz
 'ʌðər. ɪz ɪt 'pɒsɪbl ðət grævɪ'teɪʃən ənd ɪn'lɜːrʃjə ʌz 'tʌz
 'neɪmz fər ðə 'seɪm 'θɪŋ? ðɪs ɪz ə 'kwestʃən hwɪtʃ
 'maʊst 'men əv 'saɪəns dʌz 'nɒt 'sɪzm tə həv bɪrn 'trʌblɪd
 baɪ. bət 'wʌn 'mʌn wəz 'nɒt ɒnli dɪː'pli 'trʌblɪd baɪ ɪt,
 bət hɪz 'ɡɒt ðɪz 'lɑːnsər; ənd ðɪz 'ləutkʌm ɪz ðæt 'ɡreɪt
 'tɜːrniŋ-point ɪn 'saɪəns neɪmd 'aɪnstəɪnz 'θiəri əv
 relə'tɪvɪti.

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from the test of sending them into one another that one body has twice the inertial mass of another, then it will be seen from the attraction test that it has twice the gravitational mass. This completely parallel condition is quite unchanging, and seems to be, when one gives thought of it, very strange. Because it seems quite a possible idea that substance might not have had force of attraction. If we came across a stone in outer space and gave it a blow with a stick it would be put in motion, and its rate of motion would be dependent on the force of the blow and on its inertial mass. But why does the stone have this strange power of pulling all other stones—in fact, all substance? But we never have the one without the other. Is it possible that “gravitation” and “inertia” are two names for the same thing? This is a question which most men of science do not seem to have been troubled by. But one man was not only deeply troubled by it, but he got the answer; and the outcome is that great turning-point in science named Einstein’s Theory of Relativity.

ðə 'stɔ:ri əv 'dʒu:ðəs

12. ənd ɔn ðə 'fɜ:st 'dei əv ʌn'levnd 'bred, hwen ðei 'meɪd ən 'ɒfəriŋ əv ðə 'pa:zouvər, hɪz dɪ'saɪplz 'sed tə hɪm, 'hweər ər wɪ: tə 'gou ənd meɪk 'redi fər ju: tə 'teɪk ðə 'pa:zouvər?

13. ənd hɪ: sent 'tu: əv hɪz dɪ'saɪplz, ənd 'sed tə ðəm, 'gou intə ðə 'taun, ənd ðeər wɪl 'kʌm tə ju: ə 'mʌn wɪð ə 'vesl əv 'wɔ:tər : 'gou 'aɪftər hɪm ;

14. ənd hweər'levər hɪ: 'gou:z 'ɪn, 'sei tə ðɪ: 'ləunər əv ðə 'haus, ðə 'mɑ:stər 'sez, 'hweər ɪz maɪ 'gest-rʌm, hweər aɪ meɪ 'teɪk ðə 'pa:zouvər wɪð maɪ dɪ'saɪplz ?

15. ənd hɪ: wɪl 'teɪk ju: hɪm'self tu: ə 'greɪt 'ʌpər 'rʌm wɪð ə 'teɪbl ənd 'sɪts : ənd ðeər 'meɪk 'redi fər əs.

16. ənd ðə dɪ'saɪplz 'went 'laʊt, ənd 'keɪm intə ðə 'taun, ənd 'sɔ: ðæt ɪt 'wəz əz hɪ: həd 'sed : ənd ðei 'meɪd 'redi ðə 'pa:zouvər.

17. ənd 'hwen ɪt wəz 'lɪvniŋ hɪ: 'keɪm wɪð ðə 'twelv.

18. ənd 'hwʌɪl ðei wər 'sɪtɪd 'teɪkɪŋ 'fʌrd, 'dʒɪzəs

THE STORY OF JUDAS ¹

12. And on the first day of Unleavened Bread, when they made an offering of the Passover, his disciples said to him, Where are we to go and make ready for you to take the Passover ?

13. And he sent two of his disciples, and said to them, Go into the town, and there will come to you a man with a vessel of water : go after him ;

14. And wherever he goes in, say to the owner of the house, The Master says, Where is my guest-room, where I may take the Passover with my disciples ?

15. And he will take you himself to a great upper room with a table and seats : and there make ready for us.

16. And the disciples went out, and came into the town, and saw that it was as he had said : and they made ready the Passover.

17. And when it was evening he came with the twelve.

18. And while they were seated taking food, Jesus

¹ From *The Basic St. Mark*, Ch. xiv, pp. 88-92. In this story words are used from the List for Reading Verse (100 words) and the Bible List (50 words).

THE STORY OF JUDAS

'sed, 'truzli, ai 'sei tə jux, 'wan əv jux wil bi: 'fɔ:ls tə mi:,
'wan hux iz 'teikiŋ 'furd wið mi:.

19. ðei wər 'sad, ənd 'sed tə him 'wan bai 'wan, 'iz
it 'ai?

20. ənd hi: 'sed tə ðəm, it iz 'wan əv ðə 'twelv, 'wan
hux iz 'putiŋ hi: 'bred 'wið mi: intə ðə 'seim 'vesl.

21. ðə 'sæn əv 'man 'gouz, 'li:vən əz ðə 'raitin:z 'sei əv
him: bət 'kæ:rst iz 'ðæt 'man θru: 'huzm ðə 'sæn əv
'man iz 'givn 'ʌp! it wud həv bi:n 'gud fər 'ðæt 'man
had hi: 'nɒt bi:n givn 'bæ:rθ.

22. ənd 'hwail ðei wər 'teikiŋ 'furd, hi: 'tuk 'bred,
ənd hwen hi: həd 'givn it hi: 'blesiŋ, hi: 'meid ə
di'vi:gən əv it, ənd 'geiv it tə ðəm, ənd 'sed, 'teik it;
'ðis iz mai 'bɒdi.

23. ənd hi: 'tuk ə 'kʌp, ənd 'hwen hi: həd 'sed ə
'preə, hi: 'geiv it tə ðəm; ənd ðei 'ɔ:l had ə 'drɪŋk
frəm it.

24. ənd hi: 'sed tə ðəm, 'ðis iz mai 'bləd əv ðə
'testəmənt, hwitʃ iz 'givn fər 'men.

25. 'truzli ai 'sei tə jux, ai wil teik 'nou 'mɔ:ə əv
ðə 'frʌt əv ðə 'vain, til ðə 'dei hwen ai 'teik it 'nju: in
ðə 'kiŋdəm əv 'gɒd.

26. ənd 'æftər ə 'sɔŋ əv 'preiz, ðei 'went 'aʊt tə ðə
'maʊntin əv 'ɒlivz.

27. ənd 'dʒi:zəs 'sed tə ðəm, jux wil 'ɔ:l bi: 'tæ:rnd
ə'geɪnst mi: bi:kəz it iz 'in ðə 'buk, ai wil put ðə 'ki:pər
əv ðə 'ʃi:p tə 'deθ, ənd ðə 'ʃi:p wil bi: 'wɒndəriŋ in 'levri
di'rekʃən.

28. bət 'æftər ai həv 'gɒt 'ʌp frəm ðə 'ded, ai wil
'gou bi'fɔ:ə jux intə 'galili:.

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said, Truly, I say to you, One of you will be false to me, one who is taking food with me.

19. They were sad, and said to him one by one, Is it I ?

20. And he said to them, It is one of the twelve, one who is putting his bread with me into the same vessel.

21. The Son of man goes, even as the writings say of him : but cursed is that man through whom the Son of man is given up ! It would have been good for that man had he not been given birth.

22. And while they were taking food, he took bread, and when he had given it his blessing, he made a division of it, and gave it to them, and said, Take it ; this is my body.

23. And he took a cup, and when he had said a prayer, he gave it to them ; and they all had a drink from it.

24. And he said to them, This is my blood of the testament, which is given for men.

25. Truly I say to you, I will take no more of the fruit of the vine, till the day when I take it new in the kingdom of God.

26. And after a song of praise, they went out to the Mountain of Olives.

27. And Jesus said to them, You will all be turned against me : because it is in the Book, I will put the keeper of the sheep to death, and the sheep will be wandering in every direction.

28. But after I have got up from the dead, I will go before you into Galilee.

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29. bæt 'pɪxtər 'sed tə him, ðou ði: 'læðərz mei bi: 'tæərnd ə'genst ju:, 'ai wil 'nɒt bi:.

30. ənd 'dʒɪrʒəs 'sed tə him, 'trʊzli ai 'sei tə ju:, ðæt 'ju:, tə'dei, 'lɪvn ðis 'nait, bɪ'fɔːr ðə 'kɒks 'sekənd 'krai, wil sei 'θɪr: 'taɪmz ðæt ju: hav 'nou 'nɒlɪdʒ əv mɪz.

31. bæt hi: 'sed wɪð 'pʌʃən, ɪf ai 'hav tə bi: 'put tə 'deθ 'wɪð ju:, ai wil 'nɒt bi: 'fɔːls tə ju:, ənd ðei 'ɔːl 'sed ðə 'seɪm.

32. ənd ðei 'keɪm tu: ə 'pleɪs hwɪtʃ wəz 'neɪmd ɡeθ'seməni; ənd hi: 'sed tə hi: dɪ'saɪplz, bi: 'sɪ:tɪd 'hɪər hwɑɪl ai 'sei ə 'preər.

33. ənd hi: 'tuk wɪð him 'pɪxtər ənd 'dʒeɪmz ənd 'dʒən, ənd 'ɡrɪf ənd 'ɡreɪt 'trʌbl 'keɪm ə'pən him.

34. ənd hi: 'sed tə ðəm, maɪ 'soul ɪz 'veri 'sɑd, 'lɪvn tə 'deθ: 'bi: 'hɪər ə 'lɪtl 'taɪm, ənd 'kɪp 'wɒtʃ.

35. ənd hi: 'went 'fɔːrwəd ə 'lɪtl, ənd 'fɔːlɪŋ 'daʊn ɒn ði: 'æ:rθ, 'meɪd ə 'preər ðæt, 'ɪf ɪt wəz 'pɒsɪbl, ði: 'lauer maɪt 'ɡoʊ 'frəm him.

36. ənd hi: 'sed, 'ləbe, 'fæðər, 'ɔːl 'θɪŋz ər 'pɒsɪbl tə 'ju:; 'teɪk əwei ðis 'kʌp frəm mɪz: bæt 'lɪvn 'sou, 'nɒt 'maɪ dɪ'zaɪər, bæt 'juərz bi: 'dʌn.

37. ənd hi: 'keɪm, ənd 'so: ðəm 'slɪ:pɪŋ, ənd 'sed tə 'pɪxtər, 'saɪmən, 'æ:r ju: 'slɪ:pɪŋ? wɛər ju: ʌn'eɪbl tə 'kɪp 'wɒtʃ 'wan 'lauer?

38. 'kɪp 'wɒtʃ ənd 'sei 'preərz, sou ðæt ju: mei 'nɒt bi: ʊvər'kʌm baɪ ði: 'lɪvl wʌn; ðə 'spɪrɪt 'trʊzli ɪz 'redi, bæt ðə 'fleʃ ɪz 'fɪ:bl.

39. ənd ə'gen hi: 'went ə'wei ənd 'sed ə 'preər, 'ju:zɪŋ ðə 'seɪm 'wɔːrɪdz.

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29. But Peter said to him, Though the others may be turned against you, I will not be.

30. And Jesus said to him, Truly I say to you, that you, today, even this night, before the cock's second cry, will say three times that you have no knowledge of me.

31. But he said with passion, If I have to be put to death with you, I will not be false to you. And they all said the same.

32. And they came to a place which was named Gethsemane ; and he said to his disciples, Be seated here while I say a prayer.

33. And he took with him Peter and James and John, and grief and great trouble came upon him.

34. And he said to them, My soul is very sad, even to death : be here a little time, and keep watch.

35. And he went forward a little, and falling down on the earth, made a prayer that, if it was possible, the hour might go from him.

36. And he said, Abba, Father, all things are possible to you ; take away this cup from me : but even so, not my desire but yours be done.

37. And he came, and saw them sleeping, and said to Peter, Simon, are you sleeping ? Were you unable to keep watch one hour ?

38. Keep watch and say prayers, so that you may not be overcome by the evil one ; the spirit truly is ready, but the flesh is feeble.

39. And again he went away and said a prayer, using the same words.

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40. ənd əlʒen hɪz ˈkeɪm ənd ˈsɔː ðəm ˈslɪrɪŋ, bɪkɔː ðeər ˈaɪz wɜː ˈveri ˈtaɪərd ; ənd ðeɪ həd ˈnɑːθɪŋ tə ˈseɪ ɪn ˈlɑːnsər.

41. ənd hɪz ˈkeɪm ðə ˈθɜːrd ˈtaɪm, ənd ˈsed tə ðəm, ˈɡoʊ ˈɒn ˈslɪrɪŋ ˈnaʊ, ənd ˈteɪk ʒʊər ˈrest ; ˈsɪz, ðə ˈsæn əv ˈmæn ɪz ˈɡɪvən ˈʌp ɪntə ðə ˈhændz əv ˈlɪvəl ˈmen.

42. ˈɡet ˈʌp, ˈlet əs bɪz ˈɡoʊɪŋ ; ˈsɪz, ˈhɪz hʊː ˈɡɪvz mɪː ˈʌp ɪz ət ˈhænd.

43. ənd ˈstreɪt əˈweɪ, hwaɪl hɪz wɜː ˈstɪl ˈtɔːkɪŋ, ˈdʒuːdəs ˈkeɪm, ˈwæn əv ðə ˈtwelv, ənd ˈwɪð hɪm ə ˈɡreɪt ˈnʌmbər wɪð ˈsɔːrdz ənd ˈstɪks, frəm ðə ˈtʃɪf ˈprɪsts, ənd ðə ˈskraɪbz ənd ˈðoʊz ɪn ɔːˈθɔːrɪti.

44. naʊ ˈhɪz hʊː həd bɪːn ˈfɔːls tə hɪm həd ˈɡɪvən ðəm ə ˈsaɪn ˈseɪɪŋ, tə hʊːmˈlevər aɪ ˈɡɪv ə ˈkɪs, ˈðæt ɪz ˈhɪː ; ˈɡet hɪm, ənd ˈteɪk hɪm əˈweɪ ˈseɪfɪ.

45. ənd ˈhwɛn hɪz həd ˈkʌm, hɪz wɛnt ˈstreɪt ˈtuː hɪm ənd ˈsed, ˈrabai ; ənd ˈɡeɪv hɪm ə ˈkɪs.

46. ənd ðeɪ ˈput ðeər ˈhændz ɒn hɪm, ənd ˈtʊk hɪm.

47. bət ə ˈsɜːrtən ˈwæn əv ðəm hʊː wɜː ˈnɪər ˈtʊk aʊt hɪz ˈsɔːrd, ənd ˈɡeɪv ðə ˈsɜːrvənt əv ðə ˈhaɪ ˈprɪst ə ˈblou, ˈkætɪŋ ɒf hɪz ˈlɪər.

48. ənd ˈdʒɪːzəs ˈsed tə ðəm, ˈhʌv ʒʊː ˈkʌm ˈlaʊt əz əlʒenst ə ˈθɪf, wɪð ˈsɔːrdz ənd ˈstɪks tə ˈteɪk mɪː?

49. aɪ wɜː ˈwɪð ʒʊː ˈlevri ˈdeɪ ɪn ðə ˈhaus əv ˈɡɒd ˈtɪrtʃɪŋ, ənd ʒʊː ˈdɪd nɒt ˈteɪk mɪː ; bət ˈðɪs ɪz ˈdæn sou ðət ðə ˈhoʊli ˈraɪtɪŋz meɪ ˈkʌm ˈtruː.

50. ənd ðeɪ ˈɔːl wɛnt əˈweɪ frəm hɪm ɪn ˈfɪər.

51. ənd ə ˈsɜːrtən ˈlʌŋ ˈmæn wɛnt ˈɑːftər hɪm, wɪð ˈloʊnli ə ˈlɪnɪn ˈkləʊ əˈbaʊt hɪz ˈbɒdi ; ənd ðeɪ ˈput ðeər ˈhændz ɒn hɪm ;

THE STORY OF JUDAS

40. And again he came and saw them sleeping, because their eyes were very tired ; and they had nothing to say in answer.

41. And he came the third time, and said to them, Go on sleeping now, and take your rest ; see, the Son of man is given up into the hands of evil men.

42. Get up, let us be going ; see, he who gives me up is at hand.

43. And straight away, while he was still talking, Judas came, one of the twelve, and with him a great number with swords and sticks, from the chief priests, and the scribes and those in authority.

44. Now he who had been false to him had given them a sign saying, To whomever I give a kiss, that is he ; get him, and take him away safely.

45. And when he had come, he went straight to him and said, Rabbi ; and gave him a kiss.

46. And they put their hands on him, and took him.

47. But a certain one of them who was near took out his sword and gave the servant of the high priest a blow, cutting off his ear.

48. And Jesus said to them, Have you come out as against a thief, with swords and sticks to take me ?

49. I was with you every day in the House of God teaching, and you did not take me ; but this is done so that the holy writings may come true.

50. And they all went away from him in fear.

51. And a certain young man went after him, with only a linen cloth about his body ; and they put their hands on him ;

THE STORY OF JUDAS

52. bət hi: ɪɡət əˈwei ʌnˈklaʊðd, wiðˈaʊt ðə ˈliːnɪn
ˈkleθ.

53. ənd ðei ˈtʊk ɪdʒɪzəs əˈwei tə ðə ˈhaɪ ˈpriːst; ənd
ðeə ˈkeɪm təˈgeðər wið hɪm ˈɔːl ðə ˈtʃɪf ˈpriːsts ənd
ˈðəʊz ɪn ɔːθərɪti ənd ðə ˈskraɪbz.

THE STORY OF JUDAS

52. But he got away unclothed, without the linen cloth.

53. And they took Jesus away to the high priest ; and there came together with him all the chief priests and those in authority and the scribes.

'mani end 'pærtʃəsiŋ pauər

wi: hav ə dilʒaɪər tə bi: 'sɜ:rtɪn, ɔ:r əz 'sɜ:rtɪn əz it iz 'pɒsɪbl tə bi:, ðət 'hwen wi: hav 'mani in auər 'pɒkɪts ɔ:r ət auər 'bæŋks, it wɪl hav ðə 'seɪm 'pærtʃəsiŋ pauər, ɔ:r 'ɡɪv əs ðə 'seɪm kən'trəʊl ɔ:vər ðə 'ɡʊdz end 'sɜ:rvisɪz hwɪtʃ ər 'ɒfəd fər 'seɪl, ət 'leni 'taɪm—tə'deɪ ɔ:r tə'mɒrəʊ, in ə 'jɪərz 'taɪm, ɔ:r in 'fɪfti 'jɪərz taim.

ðɪs kəm'plɪtli fɪkst 'pærtʃəsiŋ pauər ɔ:vər 'ɔ:l 'sɜ:rts əv 'ɡʊdz end 'sɜ:rvisɪz wʊd 'əʊnli bi: 'pɒsɪbl ɪf 'ɔ:l 'praɪsɪz wɜ: ət 'ɔ:l 'taɪmz ʌn'tʃeɪndʒd; end ðɪs 'kliərli wɪl 'nevər 'bi:, bɪkɒz əv ðə 'tʃeɪndʒɪz in ðə 'reɪt end 'kɒst əv prədʒʊ:sɪŋ 'sɜ:rtɪn 'ɡʊdz. in 'ɡʊd 'jɪərz, hwen ðeər iz 'mɔ:r ðən ðə 'nɔ:rməl ə'maʊnt əv 'faɪrm 'prədʒʊ:s, ðə 'tendənsi ɪz fər it tə bi: 'tʃɪ:pər ðən 'ʌðər 'θɪŋz; end ðə 'seɪm ɪfekt wɪl 'kʌm ə'baut ɪf, θru: sʌm 'nɪʒ in'venʃən, 'stɪ:l, ɔ:r 'kɛmɪkəli prədʒʊ:st 'sɪlk, ɔ:r 'leni 'ʌðər 'θɪŋ dɪlʒaɪəd baɪ 'man, iz 'meɪd 'mɔ:r 'kwɪkli end 'tʃɪ:pli. bət 'laʊtsaɪd 'ðɪz 'tʃeɪndʒɪz in 'praɪsɪz 'kɔ:zɪd baɪ ðə 'fakt ðət ðeər iz 'mɔ:r ɔ:r 'les ðən ðə 'nɔ:rməl ə'maʊnt əv 'ðɪs ɔ:r 'ðət 'sɜ:rt əv 'ɡʊdz, it iz ɪm'pɔ:tənt fər 'ðɪz 'lævərɪdʒ 'pærtʃəsiŋ pauər əv 'mani ɔ:vər ə

MONEY AND PURCHASING POWER¹

We have a desire to be certain, or as certain as it is possible to be, that when we have money in our pockets or at our banks, it will have the same purchasing power, or give us the same control over the goods and services which are offered for sale, at any time—today or tomorrow, in a year's time, or in fifty years' time.

This completely fixed purchasing power over all sorts of goods and services would only be possible if all prices were at all times unchanged ; and this clearly will never be, because of the changes in the rate and cost of producing certain goods. In good years, when there is more than the normal amount of farm produce, the tendency is for it to be cheaper than other things ; and the same effect will come about if, through some new invention, steel, or chemically produced silk, or any other thing desired by man, is made more quickly and cheaply. But outside these changes in prices caused by the fact that there is more or less than the normal amount of this or that sort of goods, it is important for the average purchasing power of money

¹ Put into Basic from *Money*, Hartley Withers, pp. 76-79. In this account words are used from the Economics List (50 words).

MONEY AND PURCHASING POWER

nambær æv ʎjærz tæ bi: in ə ʎgreit ʎmezær ʎfikst fær ʎɔ:l
 ɪdz ʎteikn tæʎgeðær. ði: ʎaværidʒ ʎtʃeindʒ æv ʎprais æv
 ʎ ʎgudz ʎteikn tæʎgeðær iz ʎmezærd fær əs bai ʎlekspærts
 stæʎtistiks, huzz ʎwærk it ʎiz tæ ʎget tæʎgeðær ðæ
 ʎtistiks æv ʎtʃeindʒ æv ʎautput, ʎgudz ʎju:zd, ʎpraisiz,
 d ʎevri ʎʌðær ʎfakt hwitʃ mei bi: ʎput intæ ʎnambær
 ʎrm, wið ðæ ʎhelp æv ʎhwot ær ʎneimd ʎindeks nambærz.
 ʎ ʎindeks nambær ʎgivz əs ðæ ʎdʒenərəʎ ʎlevl æv ʎpraisiz,
 d hwen ðis ʎkɪps ænʎtʃeindʒd, ðæ ʎpærʎtʃesɪŋ pauər
 auər ʎmani iz ænʎtʃeindʒd, ɔ:r æt ʎli:st ðæt iz auər
 ʎup.

ʎdaut ɔn ðæ ʎkwestʃən iz ʎnatʃərəʎ in ʎvjuz æv ði:
 ʎpiəriəns æv ði: ʎaværidʒ ʎpærʎtʃesær, huz iz ʎfrɪkwəntli
 ʎpraɪzd bai ðæ ʎsteɪtmənt ðæt ʎpraisiz hæv bi:kæm ʎsou
 æʎ ʎlouər ʎæftær ðæ ʎwɔ:r, ɔ:r ʎæftær ə ʎsærʎtn ʎdei;
 u hi: hæz ʎnɔt ʎsi:n ʎeni sæʎʃ ʎdrɒp in hi:z ʎfamili
 ʎraunts, ɔ:r hwen hi: meiks ə ʎpærʎtʃəs. ænd ʎhwen
 iz ʎpɔɪntɪd ʎaut tæ hi:m ðæt ʎindeks nambærz ær
 ʎʒenərəʎi ʎbeɪst ɔn ðæ ʎpraisiz æv ʎhoulseɪl ʎgudz, ðæt ə
 ʎɪl in ʎsætʃ ʎpraisiz ʎteɪks ʎsæm ʎtaɪm tæ ʎget tæ ðæ
 ʎæbʎlɪk bi:kɔ:z æv ði: ʎɒpəʎreɪʃənz æv ʎmɪdlmæn ænd
 ʎteɪlərz, ænd ðæt ʎindeks nambærz du: ʎnɔt ʎdʒenərəʎi
 ʎɪk ɪntu:əʎkaunt ðæ ʎkɔ:st æv ʎsærʎvɪsɪz sæʎʃ əz ʎreɪlwei
 ʎærɪdʒ, ɔ:r ʎedʒuʎkeɪʃən, ɔ:r ʎhaus rent, hi: ʎkæmz tæ ðæ
 ʎsɪʒən ðæt ʎindeks nambærz ær ʎnɔt ə ʎveri ʎtru: ʎmezær
 ðæ ʎkɔ:st æv ʎlɪvɪŋ. in əʎdɪʃən, it ʎprɒbəbʎli ʎkæmz tæ
 z ʎmaɪnd ðæt ʎindeks ʎnambærz ʎspeʃəʎli dɪʎzaɪnd fær
 ʎʒæərɪŋ ðæ ʎkɔ:st æv ʎlɪvɪŋ æv ə ʎwærkiŋ ʎmænz ʎfamili
 ʎv bi:n ə ʎkɔ:z æv ʎmætʃ ʎtræbl in ʎɪndæstri.

ðæər iz ʎsæmθɪŋ ʎɪn ðis, ænd ðæ ʎvjuz æv ðæ ʎmæn in ðæ

MONEY AND PURCHASING POWER

over a number of years to be in a great measure fixed for all goods taken together. The average change of price of all goods taken together is measured for us by experts in statistics, whose work it is to get together the statistics of changes of output, goods used, prices, and every other fact which may be put into number form, with the help of what are named Index Numbers. The Index Number gives us the general level of prices, and when this keeps unchanged, the purchasing power of our money is unchanged, or at least that is our hope.

Doubt on the question is natural in view of the experience of the average purchaser, who is frequently surprised by the statement that prices have become so much lower after the War, or after a certain day ; though he has not seen any such drop in his family accounts, or when he makes a purchase. And when it is pointed out to him that Index Numbers are generally based on the prices of wholesale goods, that a fall in such prices takes some time to get to the public because of the operations of middlemen and retailers, and that Index Numbers do not generally take into account the cost of services such as railway carriage, or education, or house rent, he comes to the decision that Index Numbers are not a very true measure of the cost of living. In addition, it probably comes to his mind that Index Numbers specially designed for measuring the cost of living of a working man's family have been a cause of much trouble in industry.

There is something in this, and the view of the man

MONEY AND PURCHASING POWER

trixt iz sə'pɔ:rtid bai prə'fəsər 'maɪrʃəl in ə 'steitmənt
, ðiz 'ɪfekt ðæt ə kəm'plɪ:tli 'tru: 'meɪər əv 'pɔ:rtʃəsɪŋ
aʊər iz ɪm'pɒsəbl 'nɒt 'ləʊnli in 'fakt bət in 'θɔ:t.
ət 'ɪndeks nambərz, əz 'lɒŋ əz wɪz ər 'kɒŋʃəs əv ðeər
mɪts, aɪr əv 'veri 'greɪt 'ljʊ:s əz ə 'ɾaf 'meɪər, and ən
ɹ'tʃeɪndʒɪŋ 'ɪndeks nambər iz 'sɔ:rtnli ə 'saɪn ðæt
ər iz 'veri 'lɪtl 'tʃeɪndʒ in ðə 'pɔ:rtʃəsɪŋ paʊər əv
mɒni, ənd ðæt iz 'ɔ:l ðæt meɪ bɪ: 'lʊkt fɔ:ɹ.

bət 'hav wɪ: in 'fakt ə dɪ'zəɪər fɔ: ðə 'fɪkst 'praɪs
ən'dɪʃən hwɪtʃ iz 'maɪrkt bai ən ɹn'tʃeɪndʒɪŋ 'ɪndeks
nambər? 'wʊd ɪt 'nɒt in 'fakt bɪ: 'mʌtʃ 'mɔ:ɹ 'plɪzɪŋ
wɪ: 'meɪd ðə dɪs'kʌvəri, 'evri 'taɪm wɪ: meɪd ə 'pɔ:rtʃəs,
ət aʊər 'mɒni went 'fɔ:ɹðər, bɪkɔ:z 'praɪsɪz wɔ:ɹ 'fɔ:lɪŋ
ɹl ðə 'taɪm?

'ɪf wɪ: ər lʊkɪŋ 'ləʊnli ət aʊər 'ɪntrests əz 'pɔ:rtʃəsərz
ɹd kən'sjʊ:mərz, 'ðɪs iz 'sɔ:rtnli 'sou—'əz 'sʌtʃ, wɪ: ər
mʌtʃ mɔ:ɹ 'plɪzɪd tə sɪ: 'praɪsɪz 'fɔ:lɪŋ ənd ðə 'pɔ:rtʃəsɪŋ
aʊər əv aʊər 'mɒni ɡoʊɪŋ 'ʌp ðən tə 'sɪ: ðəm 'kɪ:pɪŋ
evl. bət 'ðɪs iz 'ləʊnli 'sou əz 'lɒŋ əz wɪ: ər 'sɔ:rtn
ət ðɪ: ə'maʊnt əv 'mɒni hwɪtʃ wɪ: 'hav in aʊər 'pɒkɪts
ɪl 'lɪkwəli bɪ: ɹn'tʃeɪndʒd, ənd ɪt iz 'veri 'hæɹd fɔ: əs
bɪ: 'sɔ:rtn əbʌʊt 'ðɪs.

MONEY AND PURCHASING POWER

in the street is supported by Professor Marshall in a statement to the effect that a completely true measure of purchasing power is impossible not only in fact but in thought. But Index Numbers, as long as we are conscious of their limits, are of very great use as a rough measure, and an unchanging Index Number is certainly a sign that there is very little change in the purchasing power of money, and that is all which may be looked for.

But have we in fact a desire for the fixed price condition which is marked by an unchanging Index Number? Would it not in fact be much more pleasing if we made the discovery, every time we made a purchase, that our money went further, because prices were falling all the time?

If we are looking only at our interests as purchasers and consumers, this is certainly so—as such, we are much more pleased to see prices falling and the purchasing power of our money going up than to see them keeping level. But this is only so as long as we are certain that the amount of money which we have in our pockets will equally be unchanged, and it is very hard for us to be certain about this.

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4

5

THE BASIC WORDS

OPERATIONS, ETC.

(100)

kam	at	ət
get	bi'fɔ:r	
giv	bi'twi:zn	
gou	bai	
ki:z	daun	
let	frəm	frəm
meik	in	
put	əf	
siz	ən	
teik	'louvər	
bi:	θru:	
dur	tur	tə
hav	'lʌndər	
sei	ʌp	
siz	wið	
send	az	əz
mei	fɔ:r	fər
wil	ɔv	əv
ə'baut	til	
ə'krɔs	ðan	ðən
'ʌftər	ei	ə (an ən)
ə'genst	ði:	ðə
ə'mʌŋ	ɔ:l	

THE BASIC WORDS

	hær
	nær
	nau
	aut
səm	stil
	ðen
ðæt	ðear ðær
	tə'geðær
	wel
	ˈwɜ:lmu:st
	i'na:f
	li:vən
ænd	ˈlɪtəl
ɔz	matʃ
bæt	nət
	ˈləʊnli
	kwaɪt
	sou
ail	ˈveri
	tə'mərou
en	ˈjestərdeɪ
ear	nɔ:rθ
ai	sauθ
en	ɪst
er	west
:	plɪz
rweɪd	jes

THINGS (General)

(400)

aunt	ə'dɪʃən
;	ə'dʒastmənt

THE BASIC WORDS

əd'vɜ:rtismənt
 ə'grɪ:mənt
 eər
 ə'maʊnt
 ə'mjʊ:zmənt
 ˈaniməl
 ˈlɜ:nsər
 apə'reɪtəs
 ə'pru:zvl
 ˈa:rgjʊmənt
 a:rt
 ə'tak
 ə'tempt
 ə'tenʃən
 ə'trækʃən
 ɔ:θərɪtɪ
 bæk
 ˈbæləns
 beɪs
 bɪl'heɪvjər
 bɪl'ɪzɪf
 bæ:rθ
 bɪt
 baɪt
 blʌd
 blou
 ˈbɒdi
 brʌz
 bred
 breθ
 ˈbrʌðər
 ˈbɪldɪŋ
 bæ:rn

bæ:rst
 ˈbɪznɪs
 ˈbʌtər
 ˈkʌnvəs
 keər
 kɔ:z
 tʃɔ:k
 tʃa:ns
 tʃeɪndʒ
 kləθ
 koul
 ˈkʌlər
 ˈkʌmfərt
 kə'mɪtɪ
 ˈkʌmpəni
 kəm'parɪsn
 kəm'pɪl'tɪʃən
 kən'dɪʃən
 kə'nekʃən
 kən'troul
 kuk
 ˈkɒpər
 ˈkɒpi
 kɔ:rk
 ˈkɒtn
 kɒf
 ˈkʌntri
 ˈkʌvər
 krak
 ˈkredit
 kraɪm
 krʌʃ
 kraɪ

THE BASIC WORDS

rənt	ˈlɛrər
rv	ɪˈvɛnt
midʒ	ɪɡˈzɑːmpl
ɪndʒər	ɪksˈtʃeɪndʒ
ːtər	ɪɡˈzɪstəns
ɔ	ɪksˈpɑːnʃən
;	ɪksˈpiəriəns
sɪʒən	ˈlɛkspɜːrt
grɪː	fakt
zain	fɔːl
zaɪər	ˈfamili
strakʃən	ˈfɑːðər
ːteɪl	fɪər
veləpmənt	ˈfɪːlɪŋ
dʒestʃən	ˈfɪkʃən
rekʃən	fɪːld
sˈkɑːvəri	fait
sˈkɑːʃən	ˈfaɪər
zɪːz	fleɪm
sˈgɑːst	fɪaɪt
stəns	ˈflaʊər
striˈbjuzʃən	fould
ˈvɪʒən	furd
ut	fɔːrs
ɪŋk	fɔːrm
raɪvɪŋ	frend
ast	frant
rθ	frut
lʒ	ɡlaːs
lʒulˈkeɪʃən	ɡould
ˌekt	ˈɡʌvənmənt
ɪd	ɡreɪn
	ɡraːs

THE BASIC WORDS

grip
 gru:p
 grouθ
 gaid
 'hæ:rbær
 'hæ:rməni
 heit
 'hiəriŋ
 hixt
 help
 'histəri
 houl
 houp
 'auər
 'hju:mər
 ais
 ai'diə
 'impals
 'inkri:z
 'indəstri
 iŋk
 'insekt
 'instrument
 in'ʃuərəns
 'intrəst
 in'venʃən
 'aiərn
 'dʒeli
 dʒoin
 'dʒə:ni
 dʒədʒ
 dʒamp
 kik

kis
 'nəlidʒ
 land
 'lɑŋgwidʒ
 la:f
 lə:z
 led
 'lə:rniŋ
 'leðər
 'letər
 'levl
 lift
 lait
 'limit
 'linin
 'likwid
 list
 luk
 los
 lav
 mə'ʃi:n
 man
 'manidʒər
 mə:rk
 'mə:rkɪt
 mas
 mi:z
 'mezər
 mi:t
 'mɪxtiŋ
 'meməri
 'metl
 'midl

THE BASIC WORDS

milk	ˈpeɪpər
maind	pɑːrt
main	peɪst
ˈminɪt	ˈpeɪmənt
mɪst	pɪːs
ˈmʌni	ˈpɜːrsn
mʌnθ	pleɪs
ˈmɔːrniŋ	plɑːnt
ˈmʌðər	pleɪ
ˈmoʊʃən	ˈpleʒər
ˈmaʊntɪn	pɔɪnt
mʊv	ˈpɔɪzn
ˈmjuːzɪk	ˈpɒlɪʃ
neɪm	ˈpɔːrtər
ˈneɪʃən	pəˈzɪʃən
nɪːd	ˈpaʊdər
njuːz	pauər
nait	praɪs
nɔɪz	prɪnt
nout	ˈprəʊsɪs
ˈnʌmbər	ˈprɒdʒuːs
ɒbzərˈveɪʃən	ˈprɒfɪt
ˈɒfər	ˈprɒpərti
ɔɪl	prəʊz
ɒpəˈreɪʃən	ˈprəʊtɪst
əlˈpɪnʒən	pʊl
ˈbɜːrdər	ˈpʌnɪʃmənt
ɔːrgənəlˈzeɪʃən	ˈpɜːrpəs
ˈɔːrnəmənt	pʊʃ
ˈləʊnər	ˈkwɒlɪti
peɪdʒ	ˈkwɛstʃən
peɪn	reɪn
peɪnt	reɪndʒ

THE BASIC WORDS

reit
rei
ri'akʃən
'rizdiŋ
'ri:zn
'rekɔ:rd
ri'gret
ri'leiʃən
ri'lidʒən
reprɪ'zentətɪv
ri'kwɛst
ri'spekt
rest
ri'wɔ:rd
'riðm
rais
'rivər
roud
roul
ru:m rum
rɒb
ru:l
ran
sɔ:lt
sand
skeil
'saiəns
siz
sɪt
'sekritəri
si'lekʃən
self
sens

'særvənt
seks
ʃeid
ʃeik
ʃeim
ʃɒk
said
sain
silk
'silvər
'sistər
saiz
skai
slɪ:p
slip
sloup
smaʃ
smel
smaɪl
smouk
sni:z
snou
soup
sə'saiiti
sɒn
sɔ:ŋ
sɔ:rt
saund
surp
speis
steidʒ
sta:rt
'steitmənt

THE BASIC WORDS

stixm	trik
stixl	ˈtrabl
step	tə:rn
stif	twist
stoun	ˈju:nit
stop	juz
ˈstɔ:ri	ˈvalju:
stret	vɔ:rs
ˈstraktʃər	ˈvesl
ˈsʌbstəns	vju:
ˈʃu:ɡər	vois
səldʒestʃən	wɔ:k
ˈsʌmə	wɔ:r
səˈpɔ:rt	wɔʃ
sərˈpraiz	weist
swim	ˈwɔ:tər
ˈsistim	weiv
tɔ:k	waks
teist	wei
taks	ˈweðər
ˈtɪxtʃɪŋ	wɪk
ˈtendənsi	weit
test	wind
ˈθiəri	wain
θɪŋ	ˈwɪntər
θɔ:t	ˈwʊmən (pl.) ˈwɪmɪn
ˈθʌndər	wud
taim	wul
tin	wɔ:rd
top	wɔ:rk
tatʃ	wʊ:nd
ˈtreid	ˈraitɪŋ
ˈtrɛnspɔ:rt	jiər

THE BASIC WORDS

THINGS (PICTURABLE) (200)

'aŋgl	bra:ntʃ
ant	brik
'apl	bridʒ
a:rtʃ	brʌʃ
a:rm	'bʌkit
'a:zmi	bʌlb
'beibi	'bʌtn
bag	keik
bə:l	'kʌməə
band	kʌ:rd
'beisn	kʌ:rt
'bʌ:skit	'kʌridʒ
bʌ:θ	kat
bed	tʃein
biz	tʃi:z
bel	tʃest
'beri	tʃin
bə:rd	tʃə:rtʃ
bleid	'sə:rkl
bɔ:rd	klɔk
bout	klaud
boun	kout
buk	'kɔlər
bʌ:t	koum
'bɔtl	kə:rd
bɔks	kau
bɔi	kʌp
brein	'kə:rtn
breik	'kʌʃən

THE BASIC WORDS

dɒg
 dɔːr
 dreɪn
 drɔːr
 dres
 drɒp
 iər
 eg
 ˈlɛndʒɪn
 ai
 feɪs
 faɪrm
 ˈfeðər
 ˈfɪŋɡər
 fɪʃ
 flæg
 flɔːr
 flai
 fut
 fɔːrk
 faʊl
 freɪm
 ˈɡaːrdn
 ɡærl
 glæv
 ɡout
 ɡan
 heər
 ˈhamər
 haʊd
 hat
 hed
 hært

huk
 hɔːrn
 hɔːrs
 ˈhɒspɪtl
 haʊs
 ˈlaɪlənd
 ˈdʒʊəl
 ˈkɛtl
 kɪː
 nɪː
 naɪf
 nɒt
 lɪːf
 leg
 ˈlaɪbrəri
 laɪn
 lɪp
 lɒk
 map
 mætʃ
 ˈmʌŋki
 muːn
 mauθ
 ˈmʌsl
 neɪl
 nek
 ˈnɪːdl
 nəːrv
 net
 nouz
 nat
 lɒfɪs
 ˈlɒrɪndʒ

THE BASIC WORDS

ˈʌvn
 ˈpɑ:rsɪ
 pen
 ˈpensɪ
 ˈpɪktʃər
 pig
 pin
 paɪp
 pleɪn
 pleɪt
 plau
 ˈpɒkɪt
 pot
 pəˈteɪtəʊ
 ˈprɪzn
 pʌmp
 reɪl
 rat
 rɪˈsɪt
 rɪŋ
 rɒd
 rʊf
 rʊt
 seɪl
 sku:l
 ˈsɪzərz
 skru:z
 sɪd
 ʃɪp
 ʃelf
 ʃɪp
 ʃə:rt
 ʃʊz

skin
 skɔ:rt
 sneɪk
 sɒk
 speɪd
 spændʒ
 spɜ:n
 sprɪŋ
 skweər
 stamp
 stɑ:r
 ˈsteɪʃən
 stem
 stɪk
 ˈstəkiŋ
 ˈstʌmæk
 stɔ:r
 strɪt
 sʌn
 ˈteɪbl
 teɪl
 θred
 θrout
 θʌm
 ˈtɪkɪt
 təʊ
 tʌŋ
 tu:θ
 taʊn
 treɪn
 treɪ
 tri:z
 ˈtraʊzərz

THE BASIC WORDS

ʌmˈbrelə
 wɔːl
 wɒtʃ
 hwɪl
 hwɪp

ˈhwɪsl
 ˈwɪndəʊ
 wɪŋ
 ˈwaɪə
 wɜːrm

QUALITIES (100)

ˈeɪbl
 ˈaɪd
 ˈaŋɡrɪ
 ɔːtəˈmætɪk
 ˈbʒʊrtɪfʊl
 blæk
 bɔɪlɪŋ
 braɪt
 ˈbrəʊkn
 braʊn
 tʃɪːp
 ˈkɛmɪkl
 tʃɪːf
 klɪːn
 klɪər
 ˈkɒmən
 ˈkɒmpleks
 ˈkɒnʃəs
 kæt
 dɪːp
 dɪˈpendənt
 ˈɜːrli
 ɪˈlæstɪk

ɪˈlektɪrɪk
 ˈlɪːkwəl
 fæt
 ˈfɜːrtæɪl
 fɜːrst
 fɪkst
 flæt
 frɪːz
 ˈfrɪːkwənt
 ful
 ˈdʒenərəl
 gud
 greɪt
 greɪ
 ˈhæŋɪŋ
 ˈhæpi
 hæːrd
 ˈhelθi
 hai
 ˈhələʊ
 ɪmˈpɔːrtənt
 kaɪnd
 laɪk

THE BASIC WORDS

'livɪŋ	rait
lɒŋ	raund
meɪl	seɪm
'marɪd	'sekənd
mə'tɪəriəl	'sepərɪt
'medɪkl	'sɪəriəs
'mɪlɪtəri	ʃa:rp
'natʃərəl	smu:ð
'nesəsəri	'stɪki
nju:z	stɪf
'nɔ:rməl	streɪt
'ləupn	strɒŋ
'parəlel	'sʌdn
pɑ:st	swɪ:t
'fɪzɪkl	tɔ:l
pə'lɪtɪkl	θɪk
puər	təɪt
'pɒsɪbl	'taɪərd
'preznt	tru:z
'praɪvɪt	'vaɪələnt
'prɒbəbl	'weɪtɪŋ
kwɪk	wɔ:rm
'kwaɪət	wet
'redɪ	wəɪd
red	wəɪz
'regjʊlə	'jelou
rɪ'spɒnsɪbl	ʃaŋ

OPPOSITES

(50)

ə'weɪk	bent
bad	'bɪtər

THE BASIC WORDS

bluz
 'sɔ:rtɪn
 kould
 kəm'plɪ:t
 'krueɪ
 dæ:rk
 ded
 diə
 'delɪkɪt
 'dɪfrənt
 'dɔ:rtɪ
 draɪ
 fɔ:ls
 'fɪ:bl
 'fɪ:meɪl
 'fuzlɪʃ
 'fʃɜ:tʃər
 grɪ:n
 ɪl
 læ:st
 leɪt
 left
 lʌ:z

laud
 lou
 mɪkst
 'nɑ:rɒ
 ould
 'ɒpəzɪt
 'pʌblɪk
 rɑf
 sɑd
 seɪf
 'sɪ:kɪrət
 ʃɔ:rt
 ʃʌt
 'sɪmpl
 slou
 smɔ:l
 sɔft
 'sɒlɪd
 'speʃəl
 streɪndʒ
 θɪn
 hwaɪt
 rɒŋ

THE FIRST 50 INTERNATIONAL WORDS

alcohol	¹ alkəhəl	orchestra	¹ ɔːrkistrə
aluminium	alju ¹ minjəm	paraffin	¹ parəfin
automobile	¹ ɔːtəməubizl	park	pærk
bank	bæŋk	passport	¹ pɑːspɔːrt
bar	bær	patent	¹ pɑːnt
beef	biːf	phonograph	¹ fəʊnəgrɑːf
beer	biə	piano	¹ pjanəʊ
calendar	¹ kælindər	police	pə ¹ liːs
chemist	¹ kemist	post	pəʊst
cheque	tʃek	programme	¹ prəʊgrɑːm
chocolate	¹ tʃəkəlit	propaganda	prəpə ¹ gandə
chorus	¹ kɔːrəs	radio	¹ reɪdiəʊ
cigarette	sɪgə ¹ ret	restaurant	¹ restərɒŋ
club	klʌb	sir	sɜːr sər
coffee	¹ kəfi	sport	sپوːrt
colony	¹ kələni	taxi	¹ taksi
dance	dɑːns	tea	tɪː
engineer	endʒi ¹ nɪər	telegram	¹ telɪgrɑːm
gas	ɡɑːs	telephone	¹ telɪfəʊn
hotel	həʊ ¹ tel	terrace	¹ terɪs
influenza	ɪnflu ¹ enzə	theatre	¹ θiətər
lava	¹ lɑːvə	tobacco	tə ¹ bakəʊ
madam	¹ mədəm	university	juːnɪ ¹ vɜːrsɪti
nickel	¹ nɪkl	whisky	¹ hwɪski
opera	¹ ɒpərə	zinc	zɪŋk

INTERNATIONAL WORDS

NAMES OF SCIENCES

Algebra	ˈaldzibrə	Geometry	dʒiˈləmɛtr
Arithmetic	əˈriθmətik	Mathematics	mæθəˈmæ
Biology	baɪˈɒlədʒi	Physics	ˈfɪziks
Chemistry	ˈkɛmɪstri	Physiology	fɪziˈɒlədʒi
Geography	dʒiˈɒɡrəfi	Psychology	saiˈkɒlədʒi
Geology	dʒiˈɒlədʒi	Zoology	zouˈɒlədʒi

SPECIAL NAMES

College	ˈkɒlɪdʒ	Museum	mjuːˈziəm
Dominion	dəˈmɪnjən	President	ˈprezɪdnt
Embassy	ˈembəsi	Prince	prɪns
Empire	ˈɛmpaɪər	Princess	prɪnˈsɛs
Imperial	ɪmˈpiəriəl	Queen	kwɪn
King	kɪŋ	Royal	ˈrɔɪəl

NOTE.—In *Keāwe's Bottle*, *The League of Nations War*, and *The Sun's System*, two or three words are used which will not be seen in the Basic. In the books from which these examples were taken, the sense of the words in question had been made clear in footnotes on earlier pages.

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masculine sun-powers must be proudly assertive too. That the sun is in German feminine helps to condition the synthesis. Notice how admirably Nietzsche's use of Zarathustra as his prophet combines both necessities, grouping the Oriental and meditative with, since to Zarathustra the sun was a symbol of deity, a certain leonine and golden strength.

Dante's movement from water and muddy marsh (in the *Inferno*) up a mountain (in the *Purgatorio*) to dance and brilliance (in the *Paradiso*) is implicit in Nietzsche's impressionism. Dante's poem is constructed throughout of circles; and a similar sense of ultimate harmony is felt here. *Zarathustra* is composed in terms of a poetic lore antedating and more basic than any one cultural approach. Its range is remarkable, circling round and winding into the poetic consciousness of all ages.

The book's artistic statement is thus true to the norm of at least the Western *imagination* (as opposed to its normal 'thought') with a summing of the main psychic tendencies of ancient and modern literature. It helps us to place the titanic persons, whether good or bad, of Marlowe and Corneille; the strong men of romance from the Brontës onwards; the hero-worship of Carlyle, the 'virility' of Lawrence, the evolutionary gospel of Bernard Shaw. But that is not all. The inferiority-sense in *Hamlet*, which later may be suspected in Swift and Pope, as men, and of gathering insistence recently in *Maud*, *The Playboy of the Western World*, *Nan*, *Hassan*, O'Neill's *Strange Interlude* and *The Great God Brown* and Eliot's *Prufrock* is, with the usual sexual undertones, strongly present in Zarathustra. Nietzsche's saint suffers poignantly from the loneliness of a Hamlet, of the Byronic heroes, of Tennyson in *The Palace of Art*, of the many 'solitaries' of Wordsworth. Here it is variously phrased – as a danger nourishing the 'brute' within (iv, 13); as a preliminary to some distant worth, the 'lonely ones' of to-day being the 'chosen' of the 'future' (I, 23); or again, as in Hamlet and Eliot (at the end of *The Waste Land*) a 'prison' (I, 17). Though there are dangers, solitude is basic to the main conception. Nietzsche's teaching of creative integration is closely Wordsworthian. Wordsworth's and Milton's uneasiness with women erotically approached, Marlowe's masculine aestheticism, as well as Shakespeare's favouring often of some idealistic masculine friendship culminating in the Sonnets and *Timon of Athens*, are newly elucidated in *Zarathustra*. Nietzsche's use of the word 'whip' (I, 19) as an image of masculine control – the word is first spoken by a woman – is no more to be felt as a practical expedient than his war-metaphors; we must, too, remember the book's supposedly Oriental setting and atmosphere (e.g. its camels, etc.); while both St. Paul's view of women and *The Taming of the Shrew*, where seriousness interpenetrates farce and Petruchio, as a stage-figure, traditionally carries a whip, as does Ford

in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, may be remembered. We may recall the dangerous women of Euripides, Racine and Ibsen. Such emphases are one with poetry's normal balancing of masculine rights against the feminine-erotic, of reason against passion, Apollonian against Dionysian, with a view to spiritual power; are part of that dimly bisexual or supersexual integration – incorporating the willed idealism of a Corneille with the passionate abandon of a Racine – which Whitman and Nietzsche drive to an explicit and daylight doctrine.

That strain of demoniac revolt leading from *Faustus* and *Macbeth* through Milton's Satan to Heathcliff and Captain Ahab, with Continental analogies in the satanism of Baudelaire, the tormented souls of Dostoevsky and half-fledged supermen of Ibsen, can only be seen in perspective from such a doctrine as Nietzsche's; which may be allowed, too, to resolve the striking enigma of Eliot's lines in *Waste Land*:

The awful daring of a moment's surrender
Which an age of prudence can never retract
By this, and this only, we have existed . . .

So in *The Family Reunion* the evil powers become at the last 'angels'. The dark revolt-substance is being turned gradually to the light. Goethe's cheery devil and the Byronic conflicts acting as pivots. The satanism may, at their worst, be dark, as in the Machiavellian and profound, though most dangerous, mind-adventures of Wordsworth's *The Borderers* and Shelley's sadist tyrant in *The Cenci*; but against these are Byron's *Sardanapalus* and Shelley's *Prometheus*, where revolt is loving and radiant, and power sacrificial. Such a transmutation is again, most beautifully apparent in the balance of Coleridge's two plays *Remorse* and *Zapolya*, wherein satanism, abysmal metaphysical speculation, and crime-guilt lead on, by a reversed use of the one set of symbols, to radiant heroism, sacrificial devotion, and the burning sun-powers of a transcendent chivalry.

In Ibsen likewise the dark things are gradually transmuted, the hero's soul-mate becomes less satanic and more angelic, the recurring quest gets brighter, the meaning of his snow-peaks grows clear. To-day the golden quest is still being pursued: for what else is Yeats' mysterious creature in *Byzantium* heralded by the poet's cry, 'I hail thee superhuman'? What else, too, Eliot's deep record of self-purification by fire in his *Four Quartets*, with its conclusion, 'The fire and the rose are one' recalling Nietzsche's many roses and his 'Thou must be willing to burn thyself in thine own flame; how mayest thou be made an angel unless thou first become ashes?' (I, 18). Where else shall we search for the meaning of the enigmatic yet compelling conclusion to Fran-

poetry of Marvell and Bridges. It finally consolidates the various positions for which the literatures of both the ancient and the modern worlds have been battling. He wisely relates his Superman to the word 'evil', knowing well what he is about: 'I divine that ye would call y^e superman the devil' (II, 21). A weight is being lifted, a new direction is out towards highest virtue and immortal powers. This is, precisely, what Ibsen in his last period was driving towards. As in Shakespeare, the power-thrust, in marriage to the love-quest, creates a death-anquishing wisdom. Nietzsche throughout is explicitly formulating that swerve from an outward to an inner, yet cosmic, power of which Hamlet's substitution of a play for revenge-action is an early symptom, and which Browning so finely develops in concentration on painters, musicians, poets and scholars as heroic material. Browning's challenge, built on a blend of power and love, draws him as close to Nietzsche in positive direction as Byron stands in creative conflict, though Browning can himself well characterise the conflict, as in *Bishop Blougram's Apology*:

... when the fight begins within himself
 A man's worth something. God stoops o'er his head,
 Satan looks up between his feet – both tug –
 He's left, himself, in the middle: the soul wakes
 And grows. Prolong that battle through his life!
 Never leave growing till the life to come!

A conflict of sexual energy and spiritual intuition is indicated in terms of 'Satan' and 'God', and the conflict itself regarded as good: Blake's 'marriage of Heaven and Hell' and Goethe's placing of Mephistopheles in the universal scheme are important analogies. Growth is thus a steady enrichment through depth of conflict, with new evil as well as new good and continually more inclusive resolutions. This is the teaching within all literary creation; which, the more clearly it be recognised, the more inevitably, if paradoxically, it compels us not to destructions but, as in Nietzsche, to a delicacy which radiates power, and a sweetness mastering death.

The real devil for Nietzsche, and all such creative workers, is the pharisaic intelligence with its filming over of vital energies. He once discusses the 'three most evil things', voluptuousness, lust of power, and selfishness, weighing them 'well and humanly' (III, 10), and indicating their dual directions.¹ The first may be either a torment of hell-fire or a 'garden-joy of the earth', a procreative 'gratefulness', a coition with one's 'strange' other self, a 'more than marriage'.² The second may be

¹ Compare Pope:

The same ambition can destroy or save,
 And makes a patriot as it makes a knave.

(*Essay on Man*, II, 201.)

² He breaks off for fear of 'swine and libertines'. So Yeats' 'anti-self' must be 'whispered' for fear of 'blasphemous men' (*Ego Dominus Tuus*). See pp. 137, 155.

the self-torment of the tyrannic and cruel; and yet again, it can shatter all falsities and 'whited sepulchres', and become a challenge, 'the shining interrogative set against premature answers'. It is the 'supreme contempt' scorning 'cities and empires'. Power may, like voluptuousness, be lifted to purity and 'self-content', a glowing love, an earth which is rosy heaven. Here the divine and human interlock as surely as in Christian doctrine; indeed, the whole book might be read as a Christology transplanted from history to flower afresh. So highest power, we are told, 'stoopeth', descending from its heights of content with a 'longing' which is 'the virtue that giveth', an 'unutterable' virtue; what St. Paul meant by *agapé*. It is an error to regard Nietzsche's gospel as limited to the aspiring, humanistic, *eros*. Power in *Zarathustra* is something inwardly gathered and next given out in generosity and sweetness. But neither of these gifts can flourish without respect to the third, and he ends by urging the right positive within all 'selfishness', 'the wholesome, healthy selfishness that floweth from a mighty soul', the 'self-rejoicing soul'. Such a passage is surely clear enough, urging that compulsion on man to face, respect, and transfigure his own instinctive self which poet after poet endures. So each lonely, thwarted, grandly demonic or miserably angelic hero, whether poet or protagonist, in the often painful annals of literary history, is given retrospectively a purpose and significance in Nietzsche's book. A whole mass of creative thinking, including the succession of Germanic philosophers too easily dismissed as obscure – it is partly the fault of a culture precluding honesty, especially sexual honesty, or their meanings would have been clearer – is here incorporated and rendered single and lucid. Each happy poem, love-lyric or romantic drama, all erotic beauty and glittering merriment and deepest humour in our, or any other, literature, is placed; with, moreover, that vivid truth, so often neglected, of all poetry made plain, whereby each earthly glamour, each romantic delight, is invariably shown as in itself partial and an earnest, a momentary insight, of the deathless radiance into which it expands. All is concentrated, as light through a lens, the passive light of poetic wisdom through the ages turned to active and life-penetrating heat, a newly-conscious, cauterising, yet burningly creative command, at once scorching flame and golden wonder:

White on a throne or guarded in a cave
 There lives a prophet who can understand
 Why men were born; but surely we are brave
 Who take the Golden Road to Samarkand.

That brave pilgrimage is the pilgrimage of poetry beyond poetry, and Zarathustra, or Nietzsche, more nearly than any teacher of the modern world, is that prophet.

Nietzsche sees himself as delivering a new gospel at direct variance

with Christianity. He is, however, dominated, precisely as were Blake and Lawrence, by the tone-quality of contemporary Christian observance. He cannot see the New Testament as a daring, super-moral, aboo-smashing, book, as dangerous in its time as his own in ours, but only as it exists to-day, its bright meanings smeared over by false antiquity and its steely challenge blunted by twenty centuries of ecclesiastical attrition. He cannot read the Old Testament without supposing an exactitude of acceptance necessary such as would make nonsense of Homer, Aeschylus, Dante, and Shakespeare; and his judgments are therefore as correct and pointless as Bernard Shaw's in his *Black Girl in Search of God*, blaming Jehovah for ambiguity of speech, failure in purpose, and unjust condemnation of man (iv, 6). He visualises the static and ghostly thought-forms of a conventionalised teaching and attacks these as actualities. He sees Jesus as a 'mob-orator' (ii, 4) and 'arrogant' advocate of 'petty folk' (iv, 7), trying to reduce human excellence to mediocrity; as one opposed to laughter and all for 'weeping and gnashing of teeth', who came himself of the rabble, who therefore 'loved not enough' and knew not how 'to dance' (iv, 13). The Christian God is as a 'judge' who does not respect 'love', and who in His youth built Hell (iv, 6). He is led astray by the fallen consciousness of a Puritanical Church, concentrating always on ethic, repeating but unable to think the smashing convictions of St. Paul's Epistles, and celebrating without living the romance of Jesus' Crucifixion; and forgets, if he ever knew, that the ecclesiastical conception of Hell is rather classic-medieval than Biblical and mainly Italian, probably because of Italy's volcanoes. Nietzsche's misconceptions stand as a living commentary both on the recurrent blindness of genius to that which most resembles itself and also on the decadence of Christianity in our time. There are, it is true, touches of a more generous insight, as when he feels Jesus noble enough to 'revoke', as Lawrence makes Him revoke in *The Escaped Cock*, his supposedly defeatist doctrine had he lived (i, 22), and admires his penetration of the false and Pharisaical (iii, 12). Nietzsche's attack is, properly, against the Church alone and the liturgical parody to the Hee-Haw of an Ass (iv, 17) tells its own story: the ghostly, bloodless, nasalised and, normally, utterly unsexual instead of inclusively, and sexually impelled, super-sexual, tone of our Church tradition, has done its inevitable work: 'They must sing better songs ere I learn belief in their saviour' (ii, 4).

And yet he should at least be grateful to the Church for preserving the book on which his own style and many of his images are based. We come up against a curious paradox: *Zarathustra* bristles with Biblical parallels. We thus have 'Pharisees' (ii, 7), the Tree of Life (iii, 12), the Mount of Olives (iii, 6). Zarathustra observes the instinct of conventional morality to 'crucify' the future of mankind in any one

of creative, because original, virtue (III, 12). His 'I await a worthier one' (II, 22) recalls John the Baptist, his determination to strangle 'even that strangler called sin' (III, 14) might have been spoken by St. Paul; as might too his 'all is lawful' (IV, 9), while his total message does not exclude Paul's reservation as to 'expedience' (I Cor. vi. 12; x. 23). His view of accepted goodness as a 'whited worm-rottenness disguised beneath big words' (IV, 13) and his

Discover me that love that beareth not only all punishment but also all guilt! that justice that acquitteth all but the judge. (I, 20)

are echoes of Christ. So is this:

But mine arms and my legs I spare not, my warriors I spare not: how then can ye be fit for *my* warfare? (IV, 11)

Like Christ, he is troubled by people 'crowding' to interrupt his 'solitude' and is driven to declare 'My kingdom is no longer of this world', with the characteristic addition, 'I need new mountains' (IV, 9). The concept of 'eternal life' which is his own book's heart Nietzsche most unfairly repudiates as advanced by others (I, 10): in restating a New Testament intuition, he often ignores in the passion of rediscovery – it is a world-wide failing which the greatest, it seems, cannot avoid – the obvious similarities. His marriage-counsel is directly in line with Pauline doctrine and Church tradition, concentrating on its supreme creative responsibility (I, 19, 21; III, 12). His superman-gospel is a kind of Christology:

Injustice and filth are cast at the solitary. But, my brother, if thou wouldst be a star, thou must shine upon them none the less. (I, 18)

Zarathustra is a universal lover: 'Nowhere is there a soul more loving, readier to embrace, more all-embracing' (III, 14); and again, 'He loveth his enemies: this art knoweth he better than any that ever I saw' – though with the characteristic and delightful conclusion: 'but he taketh vengeance therefor on his friends' (IV, 15). Though attacking all defeatist pleasures in sacrifice, as well in great literature as in religious ritual, Zarathustra is himself the great apostle of true sacrifice, conceived as no reasoned 'duty' (I, 1) but a 'thirst', his whole integration-quest being a desire to make himself a worthy 'gift', for 'a giving virtue is the highest virtue' (I, 23); 'firstlings' are always 'sacrificed' (III, 12) and the only happiness is to be an 'anointed and consecrated' victim (II, 8). This is St. Paul's sense of happy bondage, a joyful self-loss, an inexhaustible giving, a 'honey-sacrifice' (IV, 1) whose inmost suggested thrill may direct our understanding of Christ. Browning's Caponsacchi in *The Ring and the Book* may help us here. He is enraptured by a wild love pointing towards self-sacrifice:

Death meant, to spurn the ground,
 Soar to the sky – die well and you do that.
 The very immolation made the bliss;
 Death was the heart of life, and all the harm
 My folly had crouched to avoid, now proved a veil
 Hiding all gain my wisdom strove to grasp . . . (VI, 951)

He is like a 'fly' who finds the 'intense centre' of the flame to which it is drawn a 'heaven'. He would (in the manner of Crashaw)

let come the proper throb would thrill
 Into the ecstasy and outthrob pain. (VI, 972)

A similar masochistic positive is described in Shelley's *Epipsychidion*; and we can recall our long quotation from William James. So 'life and death' are to Caponsacchi only 'means to an end', approaches to a higher dimension, *both* to be used by the 'passion' called 'mistress' of that man 'whose form of worship is self-sacrifice' (VI, 996). Nietzsche includes the best of both Browning and Shelley. The strength of his gospel derives from an indomitable will that man should store all riches in himself to shine with the 'soft lustre' of that 'highest virtue' which 'giveth itself' (I, 23); the virtue of the dedicated, of the artist, the saint, of God Himself. A strange sweetness flows from this extraordinary book. Zarathustra is a St. Francis moved to 'tears and song' by tiny beings of winged life, and all such simplicities among men (I, 8). He is, like Timon, a universal lover; one who would prefer, Christ-like, to 'pipe' his flock as does a shepherd, only wishing the impenetrability of man might allow the 'lioness' of his 'wisdom' to roar (like Bottom's lion) 'tenderly' (II, 1).

Zarathustra works to release a stifled power which is also love: 'much hidden kindness and power is never divined' (III, 11). His very acceptance of the satanic is a love, for he pities, not hates, the dark unconscious abyss, of which man is himself part, which man must help redeem, being himself potentially the only 'meaning' of earth (I, 1). So Zarathustra watches the sea and feels himself mystically to blame for the 'dark monster's' sorrow, would by his own soul-energy redeem its agony and deliver it from 'evil dreams':

Oh, thou kind-hearted fool Zarathustra, thou too blindly confiding one!
 But thou wast ever so: ever drestest thou nigh familiarly to all that is terrible.

Thou wouldst caress every monster. A whiff of warm breath, a little soft tuft on the paw – and forthwith thou wast ready to love and to coax it.

Love is the peril of him that is most lonely – love for all *that doth but live*!
 Laughable indeed is my folly and humility in love! (III, 1)

How gentle always is the approach in *Zarathustra* to animal life; and I am reminded of Coleridge's *Ancient Mariner* suddenly recognising the beauty and pathos of 'God's creatures of the great calm', before

loathed, now blessing them from his heart. The whole book is soft, warm; however masculine its thought and steely-precise its images, a feminine gentleness pervades. Zarathustra is at least half a woman in intuition and sympathy, and can therefore the more readily both understand women and admire manly strength.

The emphasis on power is precisely conditioned by mental 'humility' (II, 8) before creation and creative energy. After centuries of enervate Christianity Nietzsche's insistence on power as a way to grace balances that of Jesus who, after centuries of belief in a fierce tribal god, announces the rooted principle of love. The perfect love which casts out fear is itself a power; while perfected power, becoming cosmic, spills over in love. With neither can you be sure as to the process. In both a blend of love and power focusses eternity:

It is the Sign! said Zarathustra, and his heart was changed. And, verily, when it grew clear before his eyes, there lay a mighty yellow beast at his feet, and rested its head upon his knee and would not leave him for love, and did as an hound doth that findeth again his old master. But the doves were no less eager in their love than was the Lion; and whenever a dove brushed across the muzzle of the Lion, the Lion shook its head and wondered and laughed thereat. (IV, 20)

This, 'the laughing lion with the flock of doves' is the expected sign of Zarathustra's 'hour' (III, 12). The symbolism may be grouped with that of the sequence from 'spirit', through 'camel' to 'lion' and thence 'at length' to a 'child' (I, 2) which is Nietzsche's imagery of integration. We remember 'a little child shall lead them' in Isaiah's similar passage of universal synthesis (XI, 6), and 'Except ye be converted and become as little children ye shall not enter into the Kingdom of Heaven' (Matt., xviii. 3). The similarity is patent, those before, the other after, the ages of Christendom and Renaissance humanism; and both a super-poetry.

And yet there is a divergence too. Nietzsche reiterates his rejection of the Christian God, regarding such an omniscient being as incompatible with creative adventure: 'Shall his faith be taken from the creator, and from the eagle his flight in the realm of eagles?' (II, 2). This earthly world, he says, has through man a creative purpose which a self-sufficient and *absolute* deity necessarily precludes (II, 2). His difficulty here corresponds to that which Milton's artistic genius so disastrously challenged in *Paradise Lost* by submitting his narrative to an absolute god; and which Pope accordingly re-approached with 'the proper study of mankind is man' (*Essay on Man*, II, 2). Nietzsche refuses to complicate his intuition of creative purpose with the theological dilemma of free-will and predestination; and he is justified in that within the act of creation *both terms are implicit*. 'God' thus to him means the denial of faith, hope, purpose; more, as he often asserts, God is

retrospective, revengeful and cruel. Clearly, he is opposing, not the divine itself, but certain theological doctrines. He is merely working out a theology of his own: so 'the womb of being' (I, 4) speaks to man, and Zarathustra addresses a rhapsody to Eternity, conceived as a woman, for marriage with whom his whole self thirsts (III, 16) and who throughout is felt to take precedence over Life, Wisdom and the Superman. His own theology is advanced in terms of marriage rather than the parental-filial relationship; that is the real difference, though both Christian thought and Dante hold, variously, erotic symbolism also. There is nothing in Nietzsche's scheme to preclude a Christian theology, comprehensively understood. Moreover, Zarathustra is not only all-loving; he is all-believing, the reverse of a sceptic: he is one who has 'his prophetic dreams and signs in the heavens' and so 'believes in believing' (II, 14).

Nor must we be deceived by Nietzsche's use of 'evil', which can normally be equated with sexual stimulus regarded as the well-spring, as it surely is, of the creative life. His problem was probably the easier in that he seems to have been – certainly his book is – of the feminine, masochistic type; one senses slight inward experience of the sadistic, though he can diagnose a criminal's submission to 'the bliss of the knife' as a symptom of that inward disease his teaching aims to cure (I, 7). Probably Powys is right in supposing (in *The Pleasures of Literature*) that his experience of subjective evil was limited. There is no countenancing in his book of cruelty or oppression: it is precisely those elements in the Christian tradition concerned with the Cross (which he calls 'the evillest of all trees', III, 12), Hell, divine wrath and consequent defeatist spirituality that raise his anger. To put it bluntly, he sees official Christianity as a sadistic religion.¹ To Zarathustra Christ himself is a too-violent, demagogic figure paradoxically delivering a doctrine of weakness; whereas he himself more nearly resembles the gentle, refined St. Francis.

As for his attacks on the moral order, Nietzsche is never counselling crude wickedness; the moral order, even the Christian tradition, is really being assumed, as a starting point, the necessary ground on which the new beyond-ethic doctrine must play out its dance (III, 12); while 'good' and 'evil' are, though certainly 'hints', yet hints only, the truth being far more subtle (I, 23). His main point is that an established morality may, indeed always must, oppose the new good, the highest, because most original and most creative, virtue. This is not to water down the rich wine of his challenge, for two reasons. First, there is undoubtedly something we must call evil, some thrill in *the evil itself* ('How glowing guilt exalts the keen delight', Pope's *Eloisa to Abelard*, 230) within the sexual stimulus, however blameless,

¹ For a cogent development of Nietzsche's thought here, see Bernard Shaw's preface to *On the Rocks*.

even virtuous, its fruits; indeed, the more virtuous they be the greater the thrill in the 'evil' concerned; and it is no less than this central characteristic of 'fallen' mankind that Zarathustra deliberately sanctifies.¹ Second, a new good is always likely to raise a revulsion and horror far in excess of anything caused by obvious wickedness; and one has only to think for a moment as to what a really new good, in our time, might conceivably be, to realise that this is so. Even though Nietzsche's strong doctrine may appear to some theologically limited, though we may in our present weakness have to add to it, fill out its meanings, by faith and prayer, yet where man's psychology is concerned he undoubtedly adds to, fills out the meanings of, the New Testament itself, which cannot be supposed to hold *all* the truth necessary for us, being almost wholly silent, except to a most sensitive poetic understanding, as to the sexual-creative impulses. A vigorous opposition is thus forced; more, it is salutary, for it levels the whole impact of the Renaissance imagination against what remains of our medieval heritage.

For the rest, there is little real divergence between *Thus Spake Zarathustra* and the New Testament. Nietzsche's strongest complaint is that 'pious other-worldlings' (following presumably Christ's teaching) counsel a pacific tolerance in a world where ruthless tyrannies and inhuman tortures are unchecked (III, 12). There will be other differences, too, but Christ himself was an originator, smashing taboos and working direct from the creative source of life; and to be truly like him is to be likewise an originator and therefore necessarily in part different; and it is precisely this higher kind of likeness towards which Nietzsche drives. Such creative virtue was, clearly, Christ's own intention: he refused to lay down a neat system of ethics.² The New Testament was itself composed from a creative excitement hard for us to recapture; we see it as static, completed, official, and past, while orthodox dogma is heavily weighted throughout by causative and backward thought; whereas Nietzsche would replace all this with a teaching forward and creative. Though both are at one in their upward, eternal, emphases, such is, in temporal terms, the main and striking difference. He offers a creative rather than a redemptive Christology, expecting, like Tennyson, 'the Christ that is to be'

¹ Note that Nietzsche's whole system follows the symbolism of *Genesis*. The structural elements are the same, including the idea of man attaining god-hood. The difference, following Byron's *Cain*, lies in his approach. Compare also Milton's 'ingenuous and noble degree of honest shame' concerned with men's 'inward reverence toward their own persons'; which is, though second to the Heavenly fire, yet 'the radical moisture and fountain-head whence every laudable and worthy enterprise issues forth'; though 'liquid', not 'incontinent', but possessing a certain 'abstinence' forcing it to 'globe' itself upwards (*Reason of Church Government*, II, iii). Though Milton definitely repudiates evil thoughts, his phraseology suggests a relation.

² Compare Bridges' *Testament of Beauty*, IV, 567-81.

(*In Memoriam*, cvi) and looking to an infinitely rich and divinely impregnated future as the meaning of earth.¹

Even so, his teaching complements, but cannot replace, Christianity. Nietzsche's book remains a book only, and in structure and fictional projection not even a supremely good book. In Christianity the drama of Christ transcends whatever interpretations we choose to give to his admittedly fragmentary doctrines. The very emphasis Nietzsche lays on courage, on the body, on deed as opposed to thought, on the misery of being 'merely a poet', points straight and uncompromisingly to Christ's unswerving and heroic course as a talisman outspacing all categories of verbal doctrine, all flashing coinage of prophecy; which does not mean that Nietzsche, after two thousand years of human – and, for all we know, divine – experience and speculation, may not have the best of it, here and there, where vital truth is concerned.

Zarathustra's message is never finally delivered. The book ends with the coming of the 'great noon'. It is itself rather a laboratory of integration; a great drama of gradual acceptance and transmutation, a superb *katharsis*; and also an elaborate definition of real, as opposed to illusory, free-will, corresponding to Ibsen's definition in *Emperor and Galilean* of the founder of the 'Third Empire' as 'the free necessity' (*The Emperor Julian*, iv, ii) and the 'third great freed-man under necessity' (*Caesar's Apostasy*, iii, iii).² So we watch the prophet at work with himself, in all his moods, creatively unfurling, like a flower, and going out at the last prepared, at the 'great noon' of his destiny, to announce his message.

What is that further message to be? *Thus Spake Zarathustra* is a self-contained work of art, with the checks and counter-checks proper to its kind, and therefore a validity beyond its author's personal thinking. It presents the doctrine of the Superman without committing itself to the Superman's doctrine, or his acts. It expounds the prerequisites of his advent; his acts, by definition, must be strange, new, inconceivable, authentic; and Nietzsche may be no more able to describe them than we ourselves. Nevertheless, it would seem that Zarathustra must preach, with certain necessary modifications and expansions, something remarkably like the Gospel of Christ; more, must live the story of Christ.

These mountain meditations correspond closely to Christ's temptations in the wilderness (for Zarathustra has many temptations); where too you have vague thoughts of assertion, of creative ambition, of sickly towering solitude strongly subdued, as here they are delicately

¹ Compare Ibsen's *Emperor and Galilean*: 'Did Jesus of Nazareth come as the emissary of another?' (*The Emperor Julian*, iv, i); and 'But from the ashes shall arise – like that marvellous bird – the God of Earth and the Emperor of the Spirit in one, in one, in one!' (*The Emperor Julian*, iv, iii).

² Compare my various quotations on pp. 55-6, 180, 187, 193-4.

softened, to some yet deeper, eternal, compulsion. We need suppose no primary difference. Alone in our world-literature these two books have explicitly driven human integration to a death-conquering wisdom and strength. Christ wielded power greater than death; and Nietzsche, quite apart from his central concentration on 'eternity' and 'recurrence' – itself an immortality whereby man is 'recreated' (III, 13) – suggests in passage after passage that his gospel is one that laughs at all 'chambers of the dead' (II, 19). Again,

Now it cometh to pass that solitude itself waxeth over-ripe and bursteth as a grave that can no longer contain its dead. Everywhere one seeth them that are risen. (IV, 11)

And again:

Ye Higher Men, redeem the graves, awaken the corpses! Ah, why gnaweth yet the worm? The hour draweth nigh, draweth nigh. (IV, 19)

So his impressionism works to reveal that 'invulnerable' essence of the integrated personality that is 'unburiable' and 'blasteth rocks' (II, 11).

Zarathustra preaches no earthly domination alone, but eternity-power, such as we approach also through great music and that Shakespearean drama where again unbreakable personality wins from tragedy resurrection and revelation. But he is the preacher also of the dance and rosy garlands, as surely as Dante; and he is all humour incarnate and philosophic; and he is a wondrous, and lovable, apostle of golden sin. In the recurring challenge of gospel against law there are always dangers; one must be prepared to recognise sexual perversion as the workshop of the eternal as surely as sexual normality is the workshop of time. We must have faith in God, Pope's 'god within the mind' (*Essay on Man*, II, 204), who prompts all desires and all instinctive checks. The day has passed for reliance on a vicarious sacrifice. Here is the alternative:

Ready for myself and for my most secret will; a bow burning for its arrow; an arrow burning for its star –

A star, ready and ripe in its noon, glowing, pierced, blessed, by the annihilating arrows of the sun.

A sun itself and an inexorable sun-will, ready to annihilate in victory! (III, 12)

Zarathustra's lines blend the militant resonance of St. Paul with the deeper certainties of the Gospels. The words twang and speed unerringly to their mark. We must learn to face again the deep and enduring wisdom of Christ's words: 'Unless your righteousness shall exceed the righteousness of the scribes and pharisees, ye shall in no case enter into the Kingdom of Heaven' (Matt. v. 20). Or, as Zarathustra puts it, in his meditation 'On Virtue that Giveth':

Verily, it is a new good and evil – verily a stirring of new deeps, the voice of a new fountain!

It is power, this new virtue: a master-thought it is, and round about it a subtle soul: a golden sun, and round about it the Serpent of Knowledge.

(1, 23)

Such is the ‘power’ of new ‘value’ born from old ‘good and evil’; and ‘herein’, we are told (in the section ‘On Self-Surmounting’), ‘is your *secret* love, the shining, the trembling, the overflowing of your soul’ (II, 12). ‘Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in Heaven is perfect’ (Matt., v. 48): such perfection is a perfection that breaks the shell of earthly existence, as we know it. Christ, said St. Paul, was to be the first-born of a great brotherhood (Roms., viii. 29); but that brotherhood must be one not merely of imitation. If *Thus Spake Zarathustra* seems too confident, too independent of the mournful Cross of a decaying Christianity, that is because it works not to increase our faith in any exemplar whatsoever, however great, however sacred, but rather to compel mankind to make from itself many new invulnerable Christs.

VI KING AND SUPERMAN

I

EVERY expression, if once it becomes rigid, changes swiftly into its opposite; every thesis if prosecuted in a spirit of parochialism contradicts its end. A Communist regime may oppress those down-trodden masses it would liberate and pacifism prove fertile ground for war. If Fascism comes to England, it will come in the name of hatred of Fascism. We should consider Pope's comment in his *Essay on Man*:

For forms of government let fools contest,
Whate'er is best administer'd is best. (III, 303)

Or this:

In vain thy reason finer webs shall draw,
Entangle Justice in her net of Law,
And right, too rigid, harden into wrong;
Still for the strong too weak, the weak too strong. (III, 191)

Pseudo-realities should not impress us: instead we must revisualise, and recentre ourselves among, the real forms and real forces, knowing all things not as fixed and surface-bound but rather as moving expressions of eternal purpose. To such significances we are drawn by the study of great poetry.

In Germany the Renaissance upthrust became explosive. A settled pseudo-Christian and pseudo-Hellenic culture was faced by the challenge of primal energy, the outward battle being symptomatic of an inward split to which it should have needed no world-war to call our attention. Such was the opposition of Germany and England. But we need draw no such distinction between Nietzsche's *Thus Spake Zarathustra* and Shakespeare, since in both the needed synthesis functions. It is, however, no chance that our modern world's most perfect and comprehensive co-ordination of values and energies should have been born in England and that our most exquisite blend of explicit doctrine and poetic imagination should have come from Germany. The German mind is more creatively aware than ours. England is not awake to her own, or any other nation's, poetic heritage. Great in the half-conscious compulsions of a destiny her own sons often enough deride, she has remained spiritually confused and imaginatively feeble.

We read great works without, apparently, being even passingly interested in the things those works are about; we read the words, but not the book. So, too, with the Bible. Our religion is a head-ethic

only, unaware of human totality, and therefore of poetry, which is a total man speaking of a total situation. One of our high Church dignitaries recently stated that man's subconscious mind should be left to the psychologist, with Christianity confining its attention to consciousness. Such contentment leaves our religious teaching out of its depth with both man's inmost self and all cosmic vastness, making no contact with the greater powers. The worst grossnesses of contemporary Germanic extravagance are no more shameful: indeed, the one fault is a reaction from the other. It is, however, true, that these are failings of our whole European tradition, rooted deep in centuries of clouded thought. Nevertheless, Britain remains most guilty, if only because destiny demands from her a cultural advance corresponding to her own poetic supremacy.

When the medieval system disintegrated, the seeds of Renaissance were scattered chaotically, and not all came to fruit. But in England a new whole formed, and she thenceforth, as a nation, inherited and started to push further the central religious and cultural destinies of Christendom. Her islanded life led naturally to emphasis on the integrated individual, with less submission of individuality to the inrush of unruly forces, and the political analogy of unquestioning, slave-like, obedience. The German acceptance of discipline is really one with their ready submission of the ego-centric mind to instinctive forces; they accept a discipline for the sake of psychic liberation. But in England high valuation has been placed instead on the creative personality, whether business-man (big or little), empire-builder or poet.

English literature is characterised by variety and inclusiveness. Throughout it balances inwardness of perception and spiritual profundity against the pressing summons of more obviously natural instinct. There is a corresponding interplay of conservatism and revolutionary ardour, of martial enthusiasm and pacific sympathy. Through all runs both a stern, often puritanical, religious compulsion and a variously forceful royalism. Tragic eternities overarch historic events, but a sun-warmed humanism may – on occasion – be as assured as in Goethe. Traditional Christianity and paganism entwine. All of our greatest English writers are, and know themselves to be, national prophets, with a sense of deepest responsibility. The range is vast.

Shakespeare forecasts the whole sequence. Few later writers of high importance do more than emphasise some aspect or aspects of his work. In a series of dramas the main balances of action and meditation, strong government and mercy, power and love, masculine and feminine, temporal and eternal, are not only balanced but, in each whole, dramatically harmonised. Faulconbridge and Richard II are equally typical. Falstaff is set against Hotspur, the love of Romeo

and Juliet heals Verona's civic disorders, the hero-king Henry V is a deeply religious and conscientious man; while the great tragedies, mastering alike keen critical intelligence and romantic fervour, and seeing man's military prowess invaded by feminine and cosmic powers, finally expound a fusion of energy and spiritual purpose out-reaching definition in temporal terms. The depths plumbed, however, are not nationally irrelevant: and Shakespeare's work, never far from deep national concern, culminates in the celebration, in *Cymbeline*, of the union of Britain with that Rome so urgent always in the Shakespearian imagination, and the remarkable prophetic conclusion, spoken by Cranmer, to *Henry VIII*. Shakespeare's massive life-work labours for a fusion of Christian gentleness with secular power, his message being on a national scale analogous to Nietzsche's psychological and individualistic gospel.

English literature is characterised by compactness and fibrous strength. The close-twisted fabric of the Shakespearian drama, with its king-protagonist and bearing at its heart symbolic shadowings of eternal purpose, holds exact reference to the queen-centred and divinely-conceived structure of the Tudor state. Such central principles both bind and give philosophic point to the variations of theme, person, and action. Now such subordination to central significance in either art or life is always one with a wider subordination of immediate interest to a responsibility looking both back and ahead; the eternity-sense necessitating a time-sense, since long time is, certainly when action is involved, constituent to any deeply apprehended eternal. Such a sense of responsibility is deeply Shakespearian and peculiarly English, and is reflected further into the organic continuity of English literature, outfurling the Shakespearian pattern in a temporal succession. Through it runs central still the golden thread, not always obvious but never lost, of a certain royal destiny; though by 'royal' is meant something only partially shadowed by any national symbolism. This gold-essence, the crown-essence, is to be equated with the sovereignty of the imagination itself, and must be directly referred also to the other, less reputable, gold of finance.

The capitalist system depends ultimately on respect for individuality, since money and property relate intimately to the individual's well-being in terms of happiness and power. There is, too, a further and very important relation to the specifically integrated personality, in that the wise use of money demands, and all the laws of its functioning presuppose, a responsible handling aware of obligations; so that a lack of money-sense, which is really a lack of the time-sense, will normally be the most obvious characteristic of a certain, not necessarily unattractive, type of personal irresponsibility, corresponding very clearly to the dishonouring of inter-national commitments by a nation disregarding the true nature of sovereign rights and com-

pulsions. Against such irresponsibility the Puritan tradition has consistently set its own standard of honesty, thrift and prosperity. In our society poverty has therefore become intrinsically unrespectable however logically blameless, money functioning, or being intended to function, in the individual's life very similarly to the crown in the life of a nation. Both are supposed, or in fact, sources of power and well-being; both are intimately concerned with integration, whether of character or society, and their sovereign rights and responsibilities; and both exist pre-eminently, though not solely, in the temporal order, with hereditary succession regarded as vital.

That money, which really means trading and therefore intercourse and exchange of good things, has direct affinities with creative power is rendered peculiarly clear by the process of Great Britain's imperial expansion. Trading is the very currency of life, at once health and wealth, or well-being, and has in our history been found to function as a pacific means of extending imperial growth; a development on which Addison's *Royal Exchange* remains a valuable commentary. Britain's expansion has been inherently both pacific and poetic, coming, as Keats said of poetry, 'as naturally as the leaves to a tree' (Letter to John Taylor, 27th February, 1818), propelled less by force of arms than by a 'might half-slumbering on its own right arm' (*Sleep and Poetry*). The poetic analogy certainly holds; for Britain is an island, and, just as poetry gains power by compression of technique, in sonnet-form or drama, so our islanded compactness has created an organic and integrated national existence both peculiarly indestructible and, without effort, necessarily expansive, with seeds of growth, first into empire and thence, perhaps, world-order. The process is based mainly on private enterprise, on the trade-adventurings and so fundamentally the integration-quests, of individual persons, and is thus organically rooted in the communal personality as war-conquest could not be. Trade, the medium of England's expansion, has thus functioned as the hand-maid of her sovereignty, in closest collaboration with the underlying poetry of her advance; and the various golds, of individual rights and imperial sovereignty, of barter and imaginative power, coincide.

II

WE HAVE, however, slight cause for satisfaction, and I suggest that we again turn to poetry for assistance. The greater part of Shakespearian drama and English literature is independent of direct economic theory; and you might feel its frequent concentration on themes of blood and villainy irrelevant to our more subtle social conscience. Nevertheless, in piercing to the vital sources, poetry always works most profitably towards our aim; and Shakespeare's two most comprehen-

sive tragedies are here directly helpful. What to-day replaces those twin powers of medieval Christendom, the intellectual authority of the Roman Church and the feudal baron? I think (i) the artist or scientist and (ii) the business magnate. *Hamlet* has something to say about the one, *Timon of Athens* about the other.

The great men of our day are the extenders of consciousness: poets, musical composers, scientists. Herein lies Browning's unique importance, his heroic list making a medley of the artistic and mental professions – churchman, doctor, musician, grammarian-scholar, painter, poet-seer, and so on. Where direct action becomes paradoxical, we are forced back on man's own inwardness, like *Hamlet*. *Hamlet* in his longest soliloquy is the prototype of our baffled consciousness. Like us, like England during the last decade or so, he suffers from inferiority and self-criticism. Cursing himself for inaction, self-accused of cowardice and lack of honour-instincts, losing the old virilities and unable to grasp any that are new, enduring tormenting inhibitions of both sexual and power impulses, he suddenly, at the soliloquy's conclusion, falls back on art as his solution: the play to be performed before the King. He is the dramatic exemplar of all prophetic or satiric genius trying to penetrate below the surface, to heal, or explode, from within; and his address to the players concentrating on the technique of acting, its creative blend of power and passivity, virile action and repose, is more organic to the play's design than at first appears, since the artistic integration alone properly foreshadows that more general integration to which the human race aspires. This integration *Hamlet* himself scarcely until the end of the play, if then, attains; and against him we have in contrast those who know and live the lower integrity: the honour-exponents, Laertes and Fortinbras, with *Hamlet*'s own soliloquy on the latter's purposeful but irrational nobility; and King Claudius, shown as a successful monarch, maintaining an order based on crime which *Hamlet*'s profundity threatens.¹

Timon of Athens is the most revealing of Shakespeare's tragedies. Horror at ingratitude, a primary theme throughout the plays, is here raised to titanic, almost grotesque, proportion and extended to a condemnation of man and all his works of oppression, dishonesty, and greed, with imprecations of war. Shakespeare writes at a period when a time-honoured feudal order was rapidly disintegrating before a rising commercialism. He feels something of great worth and aristocratic value slipping away, while the acquisitive instincts, freed from traditional checks, wait to push mankind towards chaos. That perfected flower of aristocratic integration worked out in Castiglione's *Il Cortegiano*, given exquisite expression in Lyly's gracious sovereigns, Alexander and Cynthia, and made the explicit doctrine of *The Faerie Queene*, has its Shakespearian culmination in the person of *Timon*:

¹ See also my remarks on *Hamlet* on pp. 85, 146-7.

he is, indeed, Shakespeare's 'superman', and therefore inclusive. He contains the courtier-grace of Hamlet, the soldiiership of Othello and Antony, the pride of Coriolanus, the disillusioned agony of Lear, together with the inherent princeliness of the not dissimilar Richard II and the noble magnanimity of Theseus; but the criminal types, Richard III and Macbeth, are not reflected. In Timon's rejection of Athens and imprecation of disasters on a people grown decadent with greed and ease the poetic genius of Shakespeare, from a Nietzschean standpoint, summons to account – as did Goethe's *Faust* – the future civilisation of the western world.

Money, to-day, percolates everywhere, and is in peacetime all but the main currency of human intercourse; and, as property and private power, relates most intimately to that individual personality with which all poetry is primarily concerned; so that, in studying, normally, everything but economics, great poetry necessarily studies, though indirectly, economics too. Now *Timon of Athens*, perhaps alone in the history of highest drama, directly witnesses this identity, imposing on the crude facts of human greed and selfishness the mighty periods of great poetry. Timon in his self-chosen banishment from man addresses the gold he has dug from earth as the 'common whore of mankind' that sets 'odds among the rout of nations' (iv, iii, 42). Yet his almost loving, if ironic, respect is also significant:

O thou sweet king-killer, and dear divorce
 'Twixt natural son and sire; thou bright defiler
 Of Hymen's purest bed, thou valiant Mars,
 Thou ever young, fresh, lov'd and delicate wooer,
 Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated snow
 That lies on Dian's lap! thou visible god,
 That solder'st close impossibilities,
 And mak'st them kiss; that speak'st with every tongue,
 To every purpose: O thou touch of hearts!
 Think thy slave man rebels, and by thy virtue
 Set them into confounding odds, that beasts
 May have the world in empire! (iv, iii, 384)

The gold is felt as power, as 'virtue', itself an essence, a divinity almost; and in this central 'virtue' Timon, unlike Apemantus, never quite loses trust. The fault lies not in man's deepest instincts, but in his use of them; in the grasping partiality, but not the inspiration, of his craving.

Alcibiades, a soldier of proud honour, is antagonised by the cold, reasoned, abstract justice of the self-satisfied and explicitly usurious (iii, v, 101, 108-13) senate, relying firmly on law (iii, iii), whilst smugly ensconced in 'great chairs of ease' (v, iv, 11); and so he decides to war on Athens. He is next assisted by Timon's new-found gold and empowered by his righteous curse; and finally establishes, with mercy,

the new order. A very Germanic viewpoint is hinted, especially if we remember the concluding paragraph to Spengler's *Decline of the West*:

A power can be overthrown only by another power, not by a principle, and no power that can confront money is left but this one. Money is overthrown and abolished only by blood.

There is a truth therein, and one rooted pretty firmly in German thought. 'In England', writes Santayana, 'Fichte did not see the champion of Protestantism, morality, and political liberty, nor the constant foe of Napoleon, but only a universal commercial vampire' (*Egotism in German Philosophy*, 63). But Spengler's 'blood' is a difficult word, suggestive, it would seem, of sexual virility consummated in racial power. Timon's loathing of 'contumelious, beastly, mad-brained war' (v, i, 179) is, moreover, bitter as Swift's; and when he would have Alcibiades and Athens plague each other with it to exhaustion, the Communist might in his turn express approval. One might, indeed, contend that the play urges the inherent unwisdom of private ownership as alike disastrous in a Timon's expenditure and his friend's ingratitude. But, though including such possible suggestions, the whole statement is more princely. It correctly diagnoses our recent world-conflict, sensing the emergence of our contemporary opposition of (i) an effete capitalism relying on concepts of law and justice, and (ii) stark, unadulterated militarism. Yet Timon himself overlooks the conflict, and can be allied with neither. A royal irony, and therefore a positive, overstands his demand for wholesale and pitiless destruction. His very hatred is, in the Nietzschean sense, a love. The play condemns no trivial system, but rather men, as individuals, incapable of handling private wealth, which is equivalent to personal responsibility and personal power. Indeed, until they are so capable the far harder manipulation of international responsibility and power will remain beyond them, since a true regeneration can only come from within, from a reversal, however distant and difficult, in personality itself.

We are thus shown as central the resplendent personality of Timon, never essentially at fault and far more finely tuned than the crude instrument of military retaliation, Alcibiades. Each curse of Timon is barbed by a truth and winged by fierce love, while the gold he discovers in his wild retreat, which he hands, with imprecations, to those who visit him, symbolises still his compulsion to give, to expend himself, though with bitterest denunciations. The new-found gold remains symptomatic of that soul-worth Athens – or London – has rejected. His continued obsession with it signifies a respect, which Apemantus could never have understood, for the gold-essence, the dynamic within the straining upward of man's virtues and vices alike, for that royal heritage and destiny being desecrated. Timon personifies that princely essence. Oedipus was banished from Thebes as

unclean that his city might survive; but Athens suicidally rejects its own potential saviour and golden wisdom. Timon is the inmost genius of man throughout the centuries unwanted and thence embittered by man's own degraded social consciousness. He is all but poetry incarnate and his story, like that of Hamlet or Prospero, the story of genius in any age; while the guilt of our society is, as Shelley in his *Defence of Poetry* saw with closest reference to our increasingly complex civilisation, an imaginative lack, a stifling or poisoning of that subtler virility, that golden gleam, which Spengler mis-sought in the bond of 'blood'. Once money, inventions, science, or indeed religion itself, ceases to function as a sacrament of the heart's gold, they become suicidal. This *Timon of Athens* says with no less authority and much of the accent of Hebraic prophecy. Our neglect of it registers, precisely, our inability or unwillingness to mine its sleeping riches in ourselves.

The attack, levelled mainly against social insincerity over-filming vice and greed, is as old at least as the New Testament. In our age it stands ancestral to a line of satire, with Tennyson its closest follower but the main criticisms of Swift, Pope and Byron contained and the wholesale repudiations of Tolstoy and Nietzsche foreshadowed. Moreover Timon's return to nature, his lonely cave by the seashore, his resting back on nature's infinities, not only recall earlier nature-retreat motifs in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, *As You Like It*, *King Lear*, and *Cymbeline* (in each instance associated with ingratitude) but also forecast *The Tempest*, where Prospero, Ariel and Caliban are, if we remember Ariel's office as denunciatory angel, all aspects of Timon himself, while also corresponding to Nietzsche's Zarathustra and his 'beasts', the eagle and serpent. *Robinson Crusoe* tells a not dissimilar story of social severance and lonely, hermit-like self-communing with a family of animals. Timon's retirement to nature points also to those nature-retreats of a later poetry, the craggy heights and launching cataracts of Goethe, the seas and mountainous solitudes of Wordsworth and Byron, the ethereal and crystalline ascents of Shelley, with, to draw nearer our own time, the ice-peaks and avalanches of Ibsen and mountain strongholds of Wagner; to the sea of *Moby Dick* and to the impassioned earth-cravings of D. H. Lawrence. American literature provides two powerful analogies. Melville coined the term 'Timonism' for his own experience; and Robinson Jeffers traces out the curve of Timon's destiny by the Pacific. Shakespeare's play compasses, as does the life-work of Byron – who actually planned 'the sketch of a modern Timon' (Preface to *Childe Harold*) – the main pulses, satiric and romantic, the negative and positive thrusts, of European poetry.

The pattern of *Timon of Athens* by which the hero is projected by a false and iniquitous social group into a state of volcanic savagery and spiritual sublimity, and therefore into the state of great poetry itself, reflects the reason why poetry must pierce to the depths and speak only

from them. While personality remains socially rotten, money-theory is of no creative leverage; but Timon's curses, together with his new, symbolic, gold, most comically reform the bandits he urges on to theft. Timon acts on people for good, not ill; from the depths, or heights, of his scorn radiating positive power.

We must, indeed, respond not merely to the language but also to the drama, which involves visualisation. Timon's deliberately assumed nakedness during the latter scenes is deeply significant, confronting human vice with the physical impact of an essential humanity; which may, since the Fall in which we are all involved, be felt as a super-humanity. In Timon, in whom so many earlier tragic heroes are compressed, Shakespeare has set down his own psychological autobiography. The plays witness a strong homosexual idealism compacted in the burning phrases of the Sonnets, and capable of working up to so fiery a miniature drama as that of Antonio and Sebastian in *Twelfth Night*.¹ Now *Timon of Athens* has practically no feminine interest at all. There are, it is true, the two 'mistresses' of Alcibiades corresponding to the hetero-sexual revulsions of the later sonnets, and some ladies who engage in a dance disguised, significantly, as 'Amazons'. And yet Timon himself has no individual love of either sex. He is rather a universal lover. He is gentle, like Byron's Sardanapalus or Nietzsche's Zarathustra, though strong like those, and indeed he holds repute as having been, in the past, a fine soldier. As with Theseus in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* and in Coleridge's *Zapolya*, hunting is used here by the poet to point a virile yet pacific strength. Timon is a creature of manly sweetness and, it would seem, chastity, resembling that chaste integration symbolised by *The Phoenix and the Turtle*. He is himself once called a Phoenix, like Queen Elizabeth 'the bird of wonder' and 'maiden Phoenix' of Cranmer's prophecy in *Henry VIII* (v, v, 41).² He is, really, supersexual, as Nietzsche's Zarathustra is supersexual. We have already seen how precisely Nietzsche's 'Ape of Zarathustra' corresponds to Shakespeare's Apemantus. Now Zarathustra, in talking variously of the 'spirit of poetry' lusting (iv, 14) 'to show himself naked' (remember Shelley's peculiar and recurring emphasis) and of the Superman rejoicing 'to bathe his nakedness' in a 'burning sun of wisdom' where gods are 'ashamed of all clothing' (ii, 21), has defined a tension and resultant corresponding closely to Timon's story. Just as Hamlet aims to settle his problems by play-production, Timon becomes an actor, his return to naked savagery driving to the limit one aspect of the exhibitionist urge, which is really the impulse towards self-universalisation, dormant within all histrionic and poetic power. The integrated superman is, as in the New Testament, driven back on such

¹ See also my remarks on *All's Well that Ends Well*, pp. 122-4.

² For Yeats' reference of the Superman to the Unicorn see my note on p. 185. His drama *The King's Threshold* is a miniature *Timon* with poet-as-hero.

a simple giving of himself; and, just as the crucified Christ challenges through the centuries man's self-seeking head-culture not by argument, nor even alone by poetic speech, but pre-eminently by his body, so Timon, through a dramatic conception of staggering simplicity recalling the contrast of coin and human life in *The Merchant of Venice*, hurls at man not only metallic gold but also the other golden powers of the human form.

The long falling movement of *Timon of Athens* is indeed less a human narrative than a cosmic exploration, like Shelley's *Prometheus* or the *Book of Job*. The individual soul has proved unable to realise its own perfection in social intercourse and the world of sense-enjoyment; and beyond Swiftian rejections looms the yet darker record of a complete mental and emotional severance from all temporal commitments whatsoever, calling down through a succession of mighty speeches that sense of the numinous, of other-worldly powers and presences – what Nietzsche called the Dionysian as opposed to the Apollonian – usually attending only the final impact of great tragedy. Timon's hate is nearer prophecy than neurosis and his denunciations are Hebraic. At the last he is, like Wordsworth's Newton, felt as 'voyaging through strange seas of thought, alone' (*The Prelude*, III, 62); more truly at home with a wild nature, a surging ocean, and imagery of sun and moon, than human purposes. Into such infinities his story fades. The New Testament shows Christ similarly withdrawing, as Nietzsche's Zarathustra withdraws, from city life to sea or mountain, with phrases of lonely disquietude and bitter prophecy. The comparison of Timon with Christ is twice hinted by Shakespeare's phraseology. Timon, a universal lover, endures a slow crucifixion: he is a Christ who cannot, at the last, forgive.

It is true that a cursory reading or normal production of the play will scarcely awake the profundities here suggested. They are there, none the less, though needing a sympathetic hearing for their reception and, on the stage, a production deliberately aiming to render explicit what is darkly present.¹ The play has not the intimacy of *Hamlet*, the human warmth of *Othello*, the subtleties of *King Lear*. Timon's expansive generosity may, to an age unacquainted with aristocratic ideals and the patronage so important to Shakespeare, seem as childish as his later anger seems unreasonable. But the super-state, the Christ-state, may certainly appear unwise, even childish, as in Dostoevsky's *The Idiot*. It is, however, true that Timon's original error in judgment characterises neither Christ nor Zarathustra, whose stature he only later approaches. Unlike Nietzsche, Shakespeare gives the superman integration tragic definition; but a similar experience is shadowed.

¹ My own productions are: Toronto, 1940; London (the later scenes), 1941; Leeds, December, 1948. See also my *Principles of Shakespearean Production*, 2nd edition, Pelican Books.

All three, Christ, Zarathustra, Timon, are universal lovers. Shakespeare's rough text scarcely meets the gigantic conception. The artistic form is peculiar, sometimes drawing close to a morality-structure in stiffness of symbolic intention, at others vast and Aeschylean. It is divided into two parts exactly corresponding to Nietzsche's principles of the Apollonian and the Dionysian. The emotional meanings rise in rough-hewn slabs and blocks. Nevertheless, to anyone responding correctly to its esoteric significances, *Timon of Athens* probably rises as far above as it is usually considered to fall below Shakespeare's other tragedies. The opposition of financial greed (in the 'usurious' senate) and a superlative hero, together with the symbolic use of gold, forecast Wagner's *Ring*. As certainly as *Hamlet*, which preceded, as this concludes, the succession of sombre plays, it stands central in Shakespeare's life-work, as a heart in a body; and therefore central in the prophetic literature of Renaissance Europe.

III

AS SO OFTEN in the Shakespearian play sharp psychic conflict is forced up to armed military battle, so, reversing the process, we can, beneath the late mighty opposition of Great Britain and Germany, feel projected on to the plane of history a split within humanity which this very warfare may be, unknown to ourselves, labouring to heal and drive towards a greater health and more inclusive sovereignty than any yet known to mankind. Of that health Shakespeare and Nietzsche are joint precursors, though both remain overshadowed by the as yet unapprehended royalty of Christ. Thus *Timon of Athens*, in which an effete capitalist order is deliberately opposed by a virile militarism, with Timon himself overarching the conflict like a majestic Titan, is a uniquely valuable warning likely to gain importance in the years succeeding the conflict it so acutely forecasts. In it judgment is pronounced on our petty conventional insincerities and supposed justice, our insidious self-seeking and miserable, because rootless and sapless, virtues, from the golden centres of physical and cosmic power.

In this book we have studied many psychic directions, good, bad, and indifferent, and yet it may seem the almost unanalysable something such study leaves out that differentiates the integrity of the Shakespearian art-form (which we can best approach, as a unity, through inspection of those subtle and intricate symbolisms I have so often been at pains to elucidate) from the disjointed, fractured, quality of the Marlovian or Miltonic attempts in *Faustus* and *Paradise Lost*. So, too, the fluidity, the artistic relaxation of Goethe, in the second part of *Faust*, and the grandiose flamboyance of Wagner must be differentiated from Nietzsche's *Zarathustra*, the most authoritative exposition

of psychic integration the modern world has produced. The peculiar disjointedness of *Faustus* and *Paradise Lost* derives from the impact of an English, Puritan, will to integration in unhappy conflict with a Germanic power-thrust, whereas Goethe and Wagner are, in contradistinction, always at home with themselves, content, as it were, with their own peculiar extravagancies. Normally, the German mind faces essences without knitting them into a firm texture within the growing and immature, but never finally realised, personality; and, normally, the English temperament, as we know it, rooting deep in Puritanism, attains a fairly valuable integration, on not too high a plane, without knowing how or why its own selfhood comes to birth. The Puritan tradition is more adept at integration than understanding of those things to be integrated; and the integration mastered is thus too often premature and Pharisaical. Close equivalences occur in literature. German philosophy, appallingly aware, aspires to a highly imaginative truth never quite, outside Nietzsche's poetic resolution, realised; while in England the implications of her own superb but semi-conscious poetic achievement are consistently ignored or slighted, with a criticism concerned mainly with the poetic, that is the integrative, process or style in isolation, and too often invalidated by blindest ignorance of those substances for which the integration is desired. The English critic would do well, very often, to turn to German philosophy if only to learn what the poetry on which he claims to pronounce judgment is about.

Though England can learn much from Germany, the Germanic relaxation remains symptomatic of a psychic discontinuity. Its eternity-craving is partial and irresponsible, without due respect for the nature of past and future, that is, for time; especially for the slowness of time. It is over-hasty, like Lady Macbeth's ambition, trying to 'seize the future in the instant' (I, v, 59). Such a failing appears often in individual persons as a lack of money-sense, with rash generosity and consequent borrowing alternating; and of this tendency Timon himself, albeit a British creation, remains a noble example, though the type may sink to the dishonourable behaviour of Shaw's artist in *The Doctor's Dilemma*. Germany's readiness to dishonour commitments is not to be dissociated from the strong artistic strain in the national psyche. One must not talk too glibly of good and evil; and we should not be surprised at Germany's self-devotion, at some future date, to a pacifism as fanatically uncompromising as her recent militarism. She appears powerful in instinct and transcendental perception, but weak in those integrating factors, which should serve to compact these, which are (i) the sense of sin, a recognition of inward discrepancy in time, fear of one's own past or future not acceptable to the present judgment; and (ii) the sense of humour, a recognition of discrepancy in simultaneity and therefore, we may say, in space. Or we may distinguish them as (i) a

consciousness of personal responsibility and (ii) a conscious and therefore purposive irresponsibility, which is vastly different from its unconscious and negative analogy and indeed itself the obverse facet of the sense of sin. Both are eminently British. They correspond roughly to my earlier chapters 'The Piercing Crucifix' and 'Eros and Psyche'; and both reflect successive stages in advance to golden wisdom and life-power. The richest eternity, for us men on earth, is only attainable through a living in time and space, an expansion rather than a rejection of all reasonable responsibilities; which at once involves many denials and the moral order, itself dependent on the ability to take a long view and a wide one. One must live horizontally as well as vertically. Only so responsible, or purposely irresponsible, a wisdom can finally be associated with the golden powers, though they may, in flashes, appear more brilliant, or rather flame more fiercely, when divorced from such compulsions. One can, for example, contrast the rash throwing of all responsibility on to a semi-divine leader in Germany, and its attendant access of an ephemeral national purpose, with the reserved tension between ideal and actual maintained through the centuries and across the globe by Great Britain's constitutional monarchy.

Therefore the true expression of the Germanic temperament is not poetry, but philosophy and music. In all literary, and especially dramatic, art the claims of common sense, which are the claims of logic and the cause-and-effect sequence, or time, interwoven with the obvious space-realities of sense-perception, exert pressure. Literature, as such, labours under a sternly realistic compulsion. The four pillars upholding my present effort towards a reconstruction of Christianity are Shelley's *Defence of Poetry*, Nietzsche's *Thus Spake Zarathustra*, Shakespeare's *Timon of Athens*, and Pope's *Essay on Man*. Pope's *Essay* does not stand alone; it is only part of the general challenge of his writings which culminate in those final satires so lucidly thought out, so controlled, and, when fiery, so pure in their integrated, Pauline, fervour that the very verse appears to live the Nietzschean doctrine of buoyant power. My selection may appear arbitrary. Many others, indeed, could be added: the Prophetic Books of Blake, Whitman's life-work and life,¹ Keats' *Letters and Hyperion*, Carlyle's *Sartor Resartus*, Powys' *Autobiography*, Lawrence's *Fantasia of the Unconscious*; and perhaps most important of all, in its blend of Nietzschean valuation with Christian feeling, Bridges' *Testament of Beauty*. Now, though all these works directly or indirectly attack our religious culture with a vital assertion, all are deeply considered; in all the critical faculty is present, though splendidly transmuted into a sovereign judgment.

¹ The analogies are extremely close. Hugh Fausset's excellent study (Jonathan Cape, 1942) includes numerous quotations relevant to our purpose. Note particularly Whitman's 'Square Deific' including Satan as self-will.

Timon himself, like Byron's Sardanapalus, is criticised within his own play: he may be nobly irresponsible, but the play is not. Though more comprehensively important than Shakespeare's other heroes, he is perhaps less superman than the primary aspect of that drive towards a noble and generous superhumanity which his story records. Something not dissimilar happens in the New Testament, which, as a book, records not merely the life of Jesus, but the relation born by that remarkable life to mankind, softening its transcendence to a temporal and historical relevance; while the elaborate structure of the Christian Church may be said to exert a definitely critical faculty in its approach, as Dostoevsky's Grand Inquisitor in *The Brothers Karamazov* freely admits. There is a danger in being carried away by any enthusiasm, however sacred, as St. Paul knew; and Prospero is as harsh to Ariel as to Caliban. Great acting, which shadows the perfect soul-state, is not purely ecstatic; and the highest literary art, unlike philosophy and music, is written from a poetic imagination within which worldly reason holds authority. The rough Johnsonian common-sense of England is not to be distinguished from her money-sense and business abilities; nor from her pre-eminence in great drama; while both may be felt as included in her sense of political responsibility and that symbol of national integrity and imperial expansion, the Crown.

And yet Timon himself remains, in his noble and un-puritanical irresponsibility, a terrible warning; and a warning, pre-eminently, to Great Britain. In every virtue lies secreted a corresponding poison, the final mechanisms of integration being its own last and most deadly obstacles. Money-sense may become miserly greed; moral responsibility priggishness; and art a dilettante enjoyment or pass-time ambition – a danger emphasised by Timon's scorn of poet and painter and Zarathustra's anxiously critical self-scrutiny of himself-as-poet. The very throne of judgment may become the seat of a controlling dishonesty. It may, indeed, seem better not to start the quest of integration at all than come near it and fail; and that is why Christ expends his bitterest attack, not on the crucifiers who 'know not what they do', but on the intelligentsia, on leaders of society, on the established church. So does Timon:

Religious canons, civil laws are cruel;
Then what should war be?

(iv, iii, 60)

The curse of Timon is more to be dreaded than the arms of Alcibiades; and it will hover threatening as the sword of Damocles above man's civilisation in centuries to come when the armies of Hitler are forgotten.

Timon is only one nakedly projected expression of a certain princely essence beating through the bloodstream of all Shakespeare's work. Hamlet and Timon are courtly types; and Shakespeare's characterisation of royalty throughout reflects the inclusive and courtly ideal

of Tudor society. Therefore, when a Timon or a Prospero is cast out by his fellows, Shakespeare outlines for us a perilous rejection; a rejection, moreover, of some especially princely essence. And yet Timon, as we have seen, is, as a person, of an irresponsible type, whilst the crown functions in the community, corresponding to royal, or other central, symbolisms within the Shakespearian play, as the very principle of integration. We are faced therefore by a seeming contradiction. *What, then, is the precise relation of Timon's irresponsibility to the integrity we are discussing?*

The paradox is clearly one of central importance; for Timon's magnanimous irresponsibility must be felt as *conditioning the only integrity worth having*, any integration which stops short of generosity being more pernicious than vice. This is the statement, also, of the Gospels, with their repeated attacks on Pharisaical self-righteousness; of both St. Paul's Epistles and Nietzsche's *Zarathustra*, with their grand confessions of 'foolishness'; and, of course, of many another, indeed almost all, great writers and teachers. Likewise, a certain uncritical generosity is a necessary preliminary to understanding of literature itself and the closely allied symbolisms of established religion and national unity. In his cosmic and instinctive stature joined to a certain grand irresponsibility, Timon is certainly Germanic; yet, in his radiation of power without brutality or destructiveness, since even in his hatred a destructive action by him is inconceivable, he represents that positive good to which all established moralities such as those of the Puritan tradition point. He is compact of opposites, alternately great in love and in hatred, with all the reserved power of the puritanical self-sufficiency somehow existing in vassalage to a most unpuritanical generosity. He exists along that Nietzschean knife-edge where opposites coincide; where the Germanic and the English, the physical and the spiritual, violent energy and integral calm, all co-exist within, and at each instant of, his Nietzschean story of frightening liberality and creative anger.

Throughout my book I have played on two main positive impressions: those of human nakedness¹ and of gold, or rather of the gold-essence so often to be distinguished from more deceitful manifestations. Timon in his later scenes, naked and digging gold from earth, expresses both. He represents the human essence as opposed to its conventional trappings; the gold-essence as opposed to its perverted currency; the princely essence as opposed to its many degradations. He is innately royal, and his generosity, once offered and when desecrated for ever

¹ The image is a natural flowering from the peculiarly human concentration of this book. Writing of Ibsen's treatment of the same theme in relation to art in his last play, *When We Dead Awaken*, Shaw observes that 'the artist who adores mankind as his highest subject always comes back to the reality beneath the clothes' (*The Quintessence of Ibsenism*). See also Fausset's *Walt Whitman* (v, ii, 256) and Eric Bentley's essay on Lawrence in *The Cult of the Superman*.

withheld, is at once the crown of instinct and the one condition of its own surpassing. He exists, moreover, as does, too, the Christian Cross, as a pivot between the personal and communal integrations, representing precisely that personal will to generosity which alone makes for integral health and wealth and eternal purpose in the community; and indeed no finally valid integration, of man or his society, is possible without the rule of an un-self-seeking and indeed foolish magnanimity. Only thereby may we attain to Pope's dream of the perfect political order (*Essay on Man*, III, 289-305) wherein 'jarring interests' are dissolved in a music analogous to that of nature itself in which all things 'serve' rather than 'suffer' and 'strengthen' rather than 'invade':

More powerful each as needful to the rest,
And, in proportion as it blesses, blest.

To Pope, as we have seen, 'forms of government' are nothing, but the way of administration everything. A certain principle of magnanimity is involved corresponding precisely to that gracious bounty which the king himself, as source of all good and wealth to the community, must always be supposed to symbolise, whilst also touching that eternal otherness to which the later Timon aspires. In the king's person, as in Timon, the temporal and the eternal interlock. The king in England is, indeed, to-day symbolic of the superman-integration in its more communal reference, which he does not, however, claim as a man to embody, as did the Germanic 'fuehrer'. His presence asserts the indissolubility of individual and community which forces Shakespeare on from Prospero's island back to Milan and thence to the composition of *Henry VIII*. This it is which most obviously prevents the facile and seemingly inclusive acceptance of all instincts from proving humanly satisfying, and causes the fascinating paradox of Germanic philosophy, at once so valuable for the individual soul and so appallingly dangerous to society. As Timon overarches both Alcibiades and the Senators, so we can feel the integration to which he points as scorning, as does Nietzsche also, both the Germanic and the English short cuts respectively of rash acceptance and premature rejection; Timon is rather total *ex*-pression. In him full psychic virility is maintained, though divorced, as an early remark ('I myself would have no power', I, ii, 36) witnesses, from any will to domination. He is, like the king, the nation's servant, expressive of pure personality, which is selfless, communal and universal.

The king's crown is a solid halo, its golden beauty an incarnation of sunlight and its rondure emblematic of the eternal, while the continuance through long time of his symbolic office and all its various ancestral trappings independently of any one human manifestation further asserts the superpersonal, yet never wholly extra-temporal,

significance. Such, however, is human nature that its very time-sense quickly becomes all-sufficient, shrivelling and narrowing expansive radiance to self-seeking and in-grappling whether of individual or class; and royalty itself may become slave to the minor, petty, royalties of capitalist gold-accumulations, or their modern equivalents in ink and ledger-accounts, squinting their vision along a fabulous futurity. Timon's noble and much-wronged generosity and Nietzsche's intuition of the magnanimous will are thus both measuring rods with which we may assess not only the true worth of men and women, of books and religions, and of party programmes, whether Conservative or Socialist, Fascist or Communist, but of that royalty itself whereby all temporal riches and power are, through symbolism, attuned to divine grace.

But generosity alone is not enough; love itself dictates, on occasion, anger; and anger may, and often should, demand action. In Timon love becomes terrible, and the best comment on both his story and our own misunderstanding is Nietzsche's statement: 'So alien to you is the great, that the superman would seem to you *terrible* in his goodness' (II, 21). What new and terrible goodness may yet be needed for our salvation, it would be rash to speculate. The future of our world is dark. We cannot tell what 'new majesties of mighty states', in Tennyson's phrase, may arise to prove 'the warders of the growing hour',¹ guarding and guiding the troubled destiny of man; what 'Roman Caesars with the souls of Christ', as Nietzsche puts it,² must succeed the split of Church and State which we endure. Nietzsche's more daring political assertions are a necessary challenge, to be set beside Ibsen's recurring prophecy throughout his *Emperor and Galilean* of that 'Third Empire' which, when man is ripe for it, is to replace the conflict of paganism and Christianity:

The two one-sided empires war one against the other. Where, where is he, the King of peace, the twin-sided one, who shall reconcile them?

(*The Emperor of Julian*, iv, ii)

Compare Whitman's theory that from the mass-man and the individual 'a greater product, a *third*, will arise' (*Democratic Vistas*; Fausset, *Walt Whitman*, iv, ix). Or, in Nietzsche's words:

Our great Hazard – that is, our great and far-off Kingdom of Man, the Zarathustra kingdom of a thousand years. (iv, 1)

The need for some more comprehensive, more politically aware, more power-impregnated, faith is patent. The Sermon on the Mount, as isolated doctrine, does not and cannot provide a sole guide to national

¹ From the remarkable lines entitled 'Love thou thy Land'.

² In *The Will to Power*. Compare my quotation from Ibsen on p. 216 (note).

and inter-national action. Some new honesty, some new sanctity, is needed.¹

Yet Christ is not dethroned. Indeed, our various literary prophets are perhaps merely re-asserting, re-interpreting in contemporary phraseology, the old belief in the second advent of Christ, His return with power. Our central paradox was well defined by Philip Leon in a letter (recalling Blake's *Everlasting Gospel*) written before the war to *The Spectator*:

Mr. Joad's impression on re-reading the Gospels was rather like mine on first reading them. I first came to grips with them at the age of twenty-four, with no Christian background, with only a fragmentary acquaintance of the Elizabethan translation and with a long training in the appreciation of classical Greek. The effect on me of the Gospels in the original was lamentable in the extreme. As for Jesus, He struck me as a terrible person, much more like a Hitler or Mussolini, or the kind of power-man these admire, than like the image evoked for me by the phrase 'gentle Jesus, meek and mild'. I fixed on the same kind of objectionable sayings and incidents as Mr. Joad does. No doubt he knows that there are more favourable interpretations given of these. But he may reasonably ask, just as I asked, why he should accept these more favourable interpretations and what is to be the criterion of correct interpretation.

The answer, it seems to me, comes only if we first accept the God of the Sermon on the Mount, and seek and accept His will for our daily lives according to the standards of that Sermon.² As a result, a new sensitiveness to personality begins to develop in us, something like the wisdom and deepening we get from a shaking-up experience, and we attain to an understanding of all those objectionable points which make them consonant with the personality that spoke the Sermon. They are not, however, toned down in the least. The secret of the personality of Jesus and of the God he revealed is that it is goodness which is power and power which is goodness. We, however, especially in these days, are used to goodness which is aspiring in direct proportion to its impotence and to power which is dynamic in direct proportion to its criminality. Hence we cannot understand and are shocked by a combination of power and goodness, though this is precisely what we need.

The impression made on me by my first reading of the Gospels and on Mr. Joad by his second reading of them must, it seems to me, resemble exactly the impression produced by Jesus Himself on the Pharisees of His times, who were, after all, good idealistic, cultured people like Mr. Joad and myself. It is the impression which those who have reproduced the spirit of Jesus in the way called for by the spirit of their age have always made on the Pharisees of that particular age.

¹ Compare Bernard Shaw's statement: 'National Christianity is impossible without a nation of Christs' (*Man and Superman*, 'The Revolutionist's Handbook'). Shaw's social and political thinking (in such works as *Major Barbara*, *The Apple Cart*, *Too True to be Good*, *On the Rocks* and elsewhere) touches both Nietzsche and Ibsen and may often serve as a convenient introduction, with this reservation - that his subject-matter is topical, his technique paradox and the depths and heights of those masters replaced by humour.

² This is precisely the technique I am myself following, with *Thus Spake Zarathustra* corresponding to The Sermon on the Mount, in my reading of Nietzsche.

To this Jesus Nietzsche's gospel and Ibsen's *Emperor and Galilean* directly, and such modern poetry as that of Francis Berry, and in particular his *Iron Christ*, surely the most valid and most valuable narrative poem of our time,¹ indirectly and symbolically, point us. Even though such works be not readily accepted by our culture, that very loathness may be, as Mr. Leon's letter suggests, symptomatic of their authority. But the new Jesus, or Christ, is no easy conception. He will wield a love which is terrifying and a power which is magic. My present study is concerned less with desire for progressive social alleviation than for an age of miracle, of resurrection, a bold storming of the eternal citadel.

Where does England stand to-day? In Germany, in Italy, in Russia we have watched new ways of communal life assert fresh vigour in thought, ritual, and action. In contrast London has its Lord Mayor's Show, its coronation ceremonial, its church services, all deliberately archaic, almost academic. The remembrance of a long tradition behind such ceremonial is one with England's peculiar strength. But the excessive emphasis on the archaic in uniforms, coach, trumpets and liturgical phraseology reflects also a lack in contemporary purpose. Our dukes and duchesses shown at race-meetings and flower-shows on the films, the tea-parties and parasols, the general tone of our culture in its crystallised and aristocratically distilled expressions – for an aristocracy, and still more, the king, dramatically objectify a nation's soul – seem to belong to a world already passed by; a world of smug bourgeois respectability that, in the context of modern Europe, appears decadent and effete, without the seeds of life.

And yet such appearances may be deceptive. That nameless sovereignty running as a gold thread through our poetic heritage might still herald a newness as yet unrealised. Our national genius is queer and never obvious, and functions silently; while our crowned democracy appears as good a political equivalent as may be to the golden labyrinth of *Thus Spake Zarathustra*. Britain's peculiar greatness is one of Shakespearean balance and swaying progress, trusting the unknown somewhat as a navigator puts to sea, whilst manipulating that unknown with instinctive wisdom. There is a mysticism, a Keatsian 'negative capability' within her blunt, at first sight unimaginative, common sense; and drama within the purposive oppositions of her courts of justice and parliamentary system. On her, though no longer financially, yet still geographically and morally, the world pivots. The closely allied senses of the tragic – of which the sense of sin is an aspect – and the humorous are with her from the start, and from these she

¹ Mr. Berry's poetry lies in the tradition of the major writers referred to throughout my present study. His latest volumes are: *The Iron Christ* (Williams & Norgate); *Fall of a Tower* (Fortune Press); and *Murdock* (Andrew Dakers). I have commented at length on his work in my book *Hiroshima* (Andrew Dakers).

creates her less spectacular but enduring positives; while Germany, thirsting for the one burning positive, plunges directly through an almost comic extravagance of ambition to what has proved a tragic self-immolation. Yet, just as so-called evil exists in man as a force to be creatively pointed, so, within the wider patterning, Hitler may have been absolutely needed by the providential plan for the establishment of that world-order which Great Britain would never have herself dared so bloodily to inaugurate, but which, with her finer political insight, she and her allies may nevertheless be best fitted to conclude.

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